PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY 1979 $2.75

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE

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The International Magazine for Men/January 1979

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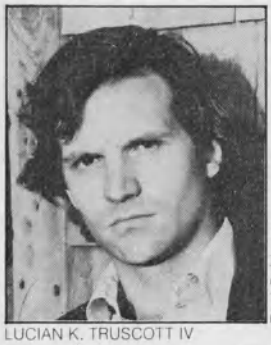

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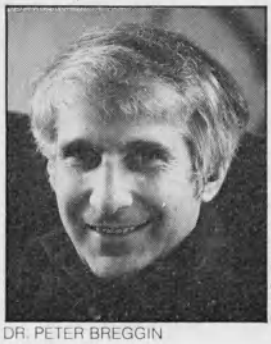

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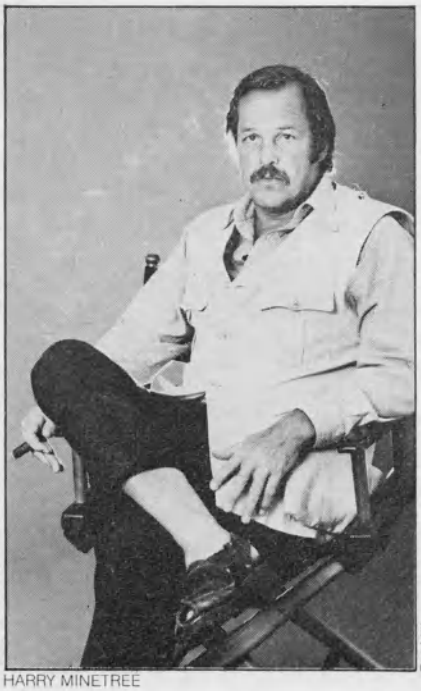

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HOUSECALL

The black man's struggle for freedom in Africa has been long and brutal, but the guerrilla war that is currently being waged in Rhodesia against the white-minority government is the bloodiest, most atrocity-ridden conflict in the world. In "The Last Days of Rhodesia" (page 50) **Harry Minetree**, a veteran journalist and an expert on Africa, reports on a war that has turned the country into a "moral black hole." Minetree interviewed many of the leaders on both sides of this struggle—including white Prime Minister Ian Smith, who broke with the British Empire in 1965, when Great Britain demanded majority (that is, *black*) rule in Rhodesia. Minetree writes that Smith's government, along with that of South Africa, is the last remaining bastion of white supremacy and will collapse between Christmas and the end of January. "And the black state of Zimbabwe will rise. It may be by ballot, it could come as a direct handover, but more than likely it will be from the barrel of a Russian AK-47."

After interviewing natives, mercenaries, white citizens, and various political observers, Minetree forecasts that a bloody civil war between the rebel forces of Joshua Nkomo, founder of Rhodesia's first black-nationalist movement, and those of his chief rival, Robert Mugabe, will follow the overthrow of Smith. Nkomo, whom Minetree considers to be "perhaps the only leader who will be able to fashion a viable society from the ruins of Rhodesia," is the subject of an exclusive *Penthouse* interview (page 58) conducted by Minetree in London and at rebel strongholds in Zambia. "I cannot characterize myself politically," Nkomo tells *Penthouse*. "I am just a freedom fighter. I have not reached the stage of being a politician, though, possibly, I might soon have to be one."

In "The Psychiatric Holocaust" (page 80), **Dr. Peter Roger Breggin**, a Harvard-trained psychiatrist, describes the little-known role of German psychiatrists in developing Adolf Hitler's extermination programs. Breggin, who is now in private practice in Bethesda, Md., and was previously with the National Institute of Health, was "astonished and shocked" when he realized that "without the support of English and American psychiatry, the extermination program would never have gotten off the ground." Breggin documents how German psychiatrists were carrying out mass murders—under the guise of "mercy killings"—*before* the creation of Hitler's death factories. Horrible to tell, American money helped promote the policy of murder and sterilization for reasons of "racial hygiene." Ernst Rudin, who became the chief architect of Hitler's racist legislation, was given a huge grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, which, as Breggin explains, "saved Rudin's work." Rudin went on to boast in 1940 that "not only at home but abroad as well, voices are heard which congratulate the German Reich."

Other abuses of power are sometimes less pernicious, but they are equally inherent in the system that spawns them. *Dress Gray*, a remarkable first novel by **Lucian K. Truscott IV**, an investigative reporter for the *New York Times*, the *Village Voice*, *Rolling Stone*, and other publications, deals with such abuses. Truscott is a West Point graduate, as were his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather before him. The novel, the setting of which is his old alma mater, concerns the solving of a young cadet's murder. "It's a book about power and sex," Truscott tells us, "especially about how the knowledge of power is passed from men to boys." This timely subject has met with an astonishing response, including prepublication earnings of $1.4 million in paperback and film sales.

In a lighter vein, **Jaime Mardis**, who is also a West Point graduate and the author of the highly acclaimed book *Memos of a West Point Cadet* (McKay), documents the compulsive sexcapades of the newly oil-rich Arab princes, who cheerfully avail themselves of all the sex that money can buy. Apparently, as long as it's for sale, almost anyone—including young boys, pubescent virgin girls, and top European models—is game. After all, how many pretty young things can say no to men who hand out Cartier watches, fur coats, and other assorted baubles as party favors? (One lucky girl earned $10,000 simply keeping quiet about one Arab suitor who *couldn't* get it up!) It seems that all the pleasure capitals of Europe have become enormous bordellos. Wide-eyed reporter Mardis, beset with rampant lust and blatant envy, tells all in "Sex and the Liberated Arab" (page 74).

Among the more liberated movie stars, sex has always been prolific offscreen as well as on, although the gossipy tidbits in "Love and Hisses" suggest that the sporting stars of yesteryear were more elaborate, not to mention dramatic, in their tastes and practices than the stars of today. This pictorial excerpt (page 133) is from **Penny Stallings**'s forthcoming book *Flesh and Fantasy*, to be published by St. Martin's Press.

It's pleasant to lose yourself in such nostalgia occasionally, but you can't turn back the clock. And who would want to, when you can celebrate a new year with our free, detachable, sixteen-page Pet-of-the-Year Poster in this issue? It features the statuesque **Dominique Mauré**, whose regal presence will perk up your expectations of things to come. As for our Pet of the Month, Dusty Jackson, and her equally irresistible companions, we hope that they'll inspire you to break a few New Year's resolutions before you've even made them!

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PENTHOUSE

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JANUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Dominus delirium

I suppose that when your readers finish reading my story they will think there is something wrong with me, but that doesn't worry me, because I love everything my lover and I do. To me, being dominated completely by a male has been an instinct that's been in the female makeup for thousands of years, and much as we may try, we can't completely do away with that instinct, even with a few years of women's liberation.

I am dominated completely and absolutely by my male. In fact, I'm his slave in every way. He uses my naked body in any way that gives him satisfaction, but at the same time he gives *me* a pleasure and a satisfaction that I've never known before in twenty years of continuous fucking. I am getting what I want, what I need, and what I enjoy. It's my whole life.

I'm a widow of forty—still attractive, with a really good slim figure and full boobs. I was born in a worker's cottage on a large sheep farm where my father was a shepherd and which I now own. My mother ran away with another man when I was about ten, and my father was kind but always was a real disciplinarian in his determination to put "an ingrained moral sense" into me so that I wouldn't become a slut like my mother.

His idea of discipline consisted of giving me a beating at least once a week. It was usually quite a ceremony. Before bed every Saturday night, I was made to go put on my nightdress, always with nothing on underneath. Then I would stand in front of him and pull my nightdress up, not just to my waist but right up under my chin. Then I had to lie across his knee, and with a little appeal for God's help, he would beat my bare bottom with a slipper.

When I was still young, I used to yell and cry, but even then the beating didn't seem to hurt me as much as my father thought. By the time I was fifteen, the ritual was becoming sexual with me, and although I still yelled, I moaned more, because as he beat me, I wriggled and worked on his leg. To tell the truth I was making myself come—often as many as three times, with gigantic orgasms that nearly threw me off his knee.

I now know that it had become sexual with him also, and although he never said a word, I could feel his rock-hard cock up against my belly as I lay across his knee, and often I could get the thing against my cunt as I worked off. Although he never spoke, by his breathing I could tell the pleasure he got from flogging my naked body. In fact, I often would hear him moan and his cock and body jerk, and I knew that he had come also.

As I matured, my breasts grew big and my nipples large and I had a very thick bush of hair around my cunt. When I stood ready for my beating, with my nightdress pulled up above my full breasts, I noticed that it took my father longer to get his slipper and sit down, and he stared at my nearly naked body all the time. About this time he also decided that the slipper was not doing the job properly, and he changed to a razor strap and made me strip naked for the beating. This remained the rule from then on.

He really flogged me with the strap, and the pain really caused me to come and come until it seemed as if I were having one continuous orgasm. Never during all those years did he ever take out his cock or touch me with it uncovered. However, as he beat me, he always held one of my tits—with a tight grip supposedly to stop me from slipping off his knee.

That was all many years ago, of course. In time I married a very wonderful man, who was older than I. We were married for many years. And though he sometimes playfully spanked me on the bottom, he never gave me a real flogging, which is what I craved and longed for. He died about three years ago, leaving me a fairly wealthy widow. However, because I was wealthy and was somewhat of a socialite in a bluenose farming community, I could not have much of a sex life until now.

It started a month ago, when I needed a man to help me around the farm and rang the labor department. The next day I went to answer the door, and the new worker was there. What a surprise! He was young, big, and very, very good-looking. He was a twenty-two-year-old Australian on a working holiday, and a month's work was just what he wanted. After several days I still couldn't get over the hots I had for him. Through the window, I would watch him working around the place and my cunt would get burning hot, open, and soaking wet for hours. I was determined, come what may, to get him right up inside it.

The following day I asked him in for morning tea. When he arrived, I'd bathed and was wearing a thin, almost see-through robe, loosely tied. I was naked underneath. While protesting that he was early and that he'd caught me unprepared, I sat him down at the table. I made sure that my gown fell open at the bottom, and I allowed

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him to get a full view of my legs, which are long and nice. In fact, judging from his sudden gasp of breath, I'd say that he must have gotten a glimpse of my cunt.

As I leaned over with his cup of tea, my gown came open at the top and he stared straight down, my big tits just inches from his eyes. "My God, they are lovelier than my fantasy," he said. "Would you like to see them all?" I answered. Then I pulled my gown wide open without waiting and let them swing out and shook them in front of his face.

"Last night, I dreamed you were my slave and I milked them," he said. "Do them, then," I said. A burning thrill ran through my body as he took a breast in each hand and held it tight. Pulling on them both, he allowed them to slip through his hands several times. Then he took each big, hard nipple in his fingers and began to pull each one alternately, stretching it as long and hard as he could. He carried on for one-quarter of an hour until I was nearly crazy with desire. I could hardly believe it, but without his touching me anywhere else, I had two shattering orgasms.

He stopped at last and said, "Come, slave, you haven't given me enough milk. A strapping of your naked bum might make you give more next time." My heart raced with excitement. How had he known that this was that I craved?

In the bedroom he made me strip naked, and as I stood there, he put two pillows on the bed. Then he started to strip. When he was naked, I couldn't believe my eyes. I had seen a lot of hard cocks, but none as huge or so beautifully shaped as this. It was gigantic, rock hard and jerking, with clear juice dripping out of the delicately rounded, circumcised cap. It was more glorious than an Arabian minaret. "Kneel on the pillows," he commanded. "Keep your knees wide apart and your head down on the bed." As I did what he said, I saw him pull his leather belt out of his trousers. Then suddenly I felt his fingers all over my wet cunt and then several deep inside. My pussy quivered as if it were the first tremors of an earthquake.

I heard him move back as he withdrew his fingers, and I trembled with pleasure as I waited for the belt. I heard a swish, and then it slashed across my naked bottom. I couldn't help myself. "Harder!" I gasped. "Harder!" That was all he wanted. The next lash landed, and it felt as if my flesh had split open. As he hit me with lash after lash, I screamed and jerked and then my body seemed to explode as I had one of the most body-shattering orgasms I'd ever had. I came again, and then he stopped. My bottom was just burning, and my insides were aching.

Then I felt his hands grasp my legs, and he turned me over and pulled me to the edge of the bed. He pulled my legs wide apart and put them over his shoulders. I knew that my cunt was big, soaking wet, and open, but even so I was afraid that I couldn't take all of that huge cock inside me. His fingers took the slippery lips of my cunt and pulled them wide apart. Then I felt that huge glans just inside. He grabbed the flesh of my hips and lifted me. I felt his muscles tense; then, with all his strength, he drove the whole length of his long, white desire up inside me. Then he gave me the hardest and wildest fuck I had ever had. I didn't know where I was or what I was doing as I jerked and twisted to every long, driving thrust. I just seemed to be torn apart, and I had countless orgasms.

After what seemed like hours of moaning and screaming, he burst inside of me, filling me with an endless stream of his juice.

For two or three days he stayed in the house, keeping me stark naked all the time. He went out only once a day to check the livestock. On the first day he bought some thick cord and a short stick and told me to cut the cord into eight lengths of three feet each and tie the lengths together, knotting one end to the handle. It dawned on me that I was making a whip for my own body. From then on, as he followed me around the house naked, every time I bent over, I felt the slash of the whip across my back or buttocks.

At any moment I would feel his fingers deep inside my cunt. Then, with his other hand underneath, holding my tit, he would work me off until I came. Other times my legs would be pushed apart and his lips and mouth would bring me off. Several times a day the instrument would be his cock, and he would fuck the insides out of me. Other times he would thrash my bottom, and he fucked me almost to unconsciousness every night. I must have come thirty or forty times every day, and even though I was just a wet, hot sex object, I had never been so happy and satisfied before in my life. He has left now for a few months, but he says that he'll be back, and I believe him. When he does, I'll be his complete slave again, to flog or to fuck as he will. To hell with what other women think or say!—*Name and address withheld*

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Cousin's cuisine!

I am a twenty-one-year-old male in my last year of college. Last summer several members of my family decided to go on a vacation, and I was fortunate enough to be included. We planned to be gone for almost two weeks, during which time we would visit the Rockies and several national parks. My nineteen-year-old cousin was asked along, and she decided to accept the invitation. She lives in a small town near us, in another state. We thought that it would be fun for her to join us.

We'd been gone for several days and were enjoying ourselves immensely. Conversations between my cousin and me turned lightly to sex and occasionally to our adventures. One particular day we were staying in a small motel in the mountains. We had had a full day, and we were all tired. Since there was no phone in our room, everyone except my cousin and me decided to look for a phone to call back home.

The television was on, and my cousin was lying on a bed, watching it and looking very tired. I offered to give her a massage to

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ease her tension. My mind began to wander over the experiences of the past few days and to recollections of the attire my cousin had been wearing. She almost always wore shorts and T-shirts that were very becoming to her figure. My cousin is a very attractive girl; even though she thinks of herself as being "flat," her tits are a very pleasing size. There were several days when I thought that she was deliberately teasing me, although she was very subtle about it.

When my thoughts returned to what I was doing, I decided to try something. I started massaging her tits and asked her if that helped her to relax. She looked slyly at me, but she didn't say a word. Her breathing quickened slightly, and she raised her top in order to get a better massage. I undid her bra in order to give her what she wanted.

I started nibbling and kissing her nipples until they stood up as if they were going to burst. Slowly, I moved down to her belly button and beyond. I removed her shorts to reveal her colorful bikini panties. My fascination with women's underwear made me stop for a second. I must confess that I have savored her aromas before when I discovered her used panties among the dirty clothes at her house.

I attacked that bikini-clad cunt with renewed vigor. She squirmed as I licked and chewed at her pussy through the cloth. The panties very quickly came off, and I finally tasted what I'd only smelt up until then. That beautiful cunt was soaking with her juices, and I licked feverishly at her pussy lips. She wrapped her legs around my head and pushed harder telling me to please her. The little man in the boat stood up to greet me as I kissed and licked at that wonderful flesh.

She shuddered as she came and came and came. Satisfaction showed on her face, but I was still unrelieved. Before I could screw her, we heard voices. It was my family, slowly returning. My cousin quickly gathered her clothes up and dashed for the bathroom. She dressed inside and when she returned acted as if nothing had happened.

When the others arrived, she came out, smiling and winking at me to let me know that she had enjoyed the experience. Then I went to the bathroom to relieve myself and contemplate. I was more than pleased with my rain check several nights later. I guess she's become more than a kissing cousin, but maybe that's what they mean when they say blood is thicker than water!—*G.D., Little Rock, Ark.*

Glad-hander

I've been reading *Penthouse* for several months, but I have yet to find anyone who shares my fetish. As an adolescent, I found that girls weren't attracted to me. Perhaps the reason was that I was a little overweight and quite clumsy. Nevertheless, I found sexual relief through masturbation.

I used to experiment with my foam pillow placed between my legs. I would shoot my wad into my imaginary lover. After drenching several pillow cases and disposing of several pillows, I decided that something had to be done.

When the idea of putting saltpeter in my mashed potatoes didn't excite me, I discovered the delights of masturbating into a baggie. After experimentation I found putting a little K-Y Jelly in the plastic, surrogate vagina heightened my sexual excitement. Now I masturbate every night into the innocent-looking contraption, which really keeps my meat fresh. What a discovery! Sex with no muss, no fuss, and no puss!

If I feel my cock begin to throb while I drive down the road, I pull over to the side, prepare my plastic lunch bag, look at a copy of *Penthouse*, and shoot my wad. It's fantastic!

I haven't given up on girls yet, although I do long to experience the delights of the warm, delicate vaginas that my friends talk about. My most recent discovery is a heating pad wrapped around my plastic bag, which encloses my penis like a corn dog!

I hope that I can enlighten other sexually frustrated men with my discovery. When you get blue balls from the nuns in your town, don't get mad, get Glad! As yet, I have nothing to substitute for sucking those delicately warm tits, but maybe next month. . .—*J.E.B., Paris, Tenn.*

The group

After many months of being prodded by my husband, I finally agreed to write to your magazine and tell about something that happened to us and still happens now and then when we get a chance to do it.

My husband and I are both twenty-five years old and in good shape. He says that I look as good as some of your models. And our sex life had been good but nothing special, until recently.

We both had fantasized many times about my trying other men to give us the special charge that we felt was needed. I'd fantasized many times about fucking and sucking other men, even several at one time, but had never gone through with the idea. One night, though, my husband and I had a few drinks and decided to go to an X-rated movie. I wore a short, loose skirt, with nothing on under it. I'm small, five foot two inches, and weigh 100 pounds, but my body is very well developed. I put my long, black hair in pigtails, and Carl (not his real name) said that I looked like a sexy teenage nympho, which turned us both on. We drove to the theater, with my teasing Carl all the way by slowly pulling my skirt up and down, never going further than my thighs. By the time we got there, he was about to explode. We sat down in the movie and watched all the sucking and fucking, and I got so horny that I began sliding my hand under my dress and fingering myself, much to Carl's delight. There were other men sitting around (one right beside me, in fact), but I didn't care. It felt so good and so sexy! Soon, four or five men were sitting around us, watching me, because I had now pulled my skirt all the way up, had slumped down in the seat, and was mas-

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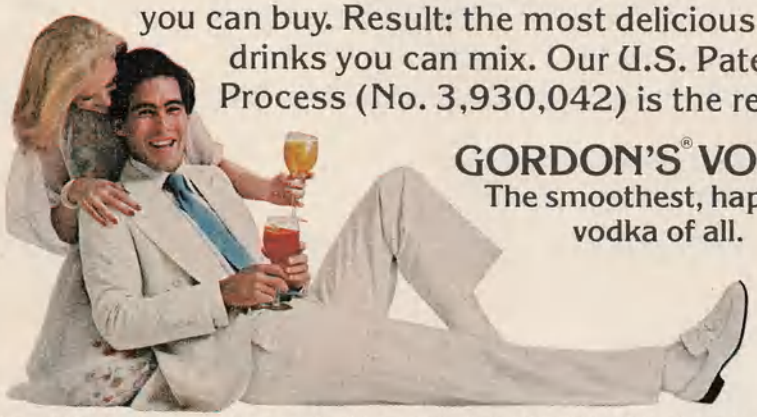

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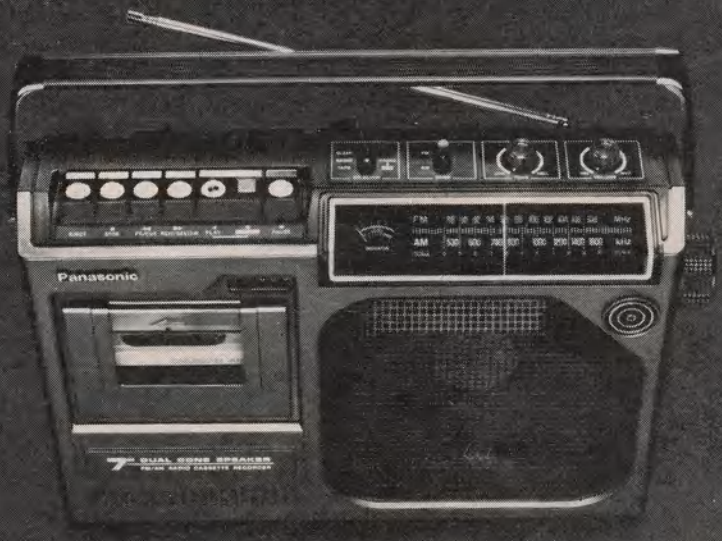

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turbating like crazy! I could tell that Carl was very excited by all these men watching his young, sexy nympho giving a show to all of them. A couple of the men began rubbing my legs and thighs, and when Carl said something about going ahead, they all began squeezing my breasts, saying dirty things, their minds and bodies filled with lust for me. It was fantastic, especially when I had a tremendous orgasm, which I think everyone in Alabama heard!

Two of the guys invited me and my husband to go out with them to their van. It ended up with five guys and Carl finally joining me in the van. It was completely carpeted, and it looked terrific! Carl sat over in one corner, behind the front seat, while he watched all five guys (all in their twenties and thirties, I'd say) begin pushing me on my back and pulling my skirt up. Cocks started popping out all over the place. Mouths and tongues began licking my juicy thighs, and my cunt was fingered by as many men as possible. One guy stuck his cock in front of my face, and I eagerly kissed, licked, and sucked his balls and then his whole cock. It was such a turn-on, blowing him while Carl watched and the others caressed me all over. One guy began licking and fingering my cunt, while another had gotten hard again and slowly but surely got his cock in my ass. He humped me good but not so fast that it interfered with my sucking Carl's cock. Others squeezed, bit, and licked my nipples and breasts until Carl grabbed my head and I felt his cock gush over and over, and it seemed as if I'd swallowed an ocean of salty come.

I licked Carl clean, and then I said good-bye to the other guys, much to their dismay. We've been back several times since, with me sucking and fucking many, many men—and women, too! We love it!—*Name and address withheld*

Shave 'n' shower

Among the splendid features in *Penthouse*, all of which I thoroughly enjoy, I get a particular thrill out of your letters from readers. Every normal, healthy woman and man is deeply interested in the subject of sex, and the wide range of letters telling of various experiences in this field are particularly interesting, especially to a horny girl like me. I am a legal secretary, age twenty-five; I am divorced at the present time. My measurements are 40-25-35. Needless to say, my boyfriend is a big tit man, and it really turns him on every time he looks at and sucks my size-forty tits. He calls them my twin peaks. He, too, is well endowed, with an extralong, thick cock, and if degrees were handed out, he would rate a Ph.D. I have another hidden asset that we both enjoy, and that is a snapper. In other words, I can control the muscles in my vagina so that when a man puts his hard cock all the way inside me, I can tighten my cunt around it and hug it in such a way that it causes both of us to explode in multiple orgasms. What bliss!

My man and I are always experimenting and looking for new ways to get an added thrill out of our fucking sessions, and I must tell your readers of a new stunt we tried recently, suggested by one of my girl friends. My boyfriend takes one of those hand-held shower heads that I use in the tub for washing my hair and makes me lie back in the tub, with my legs spread as far as they will go. I then hold open the lips of my cunt and he stands above me, turns the nozzle so that it is just one hard, warm stream rather than a spray, and aims it at my exposed, swollen clit. The sensation as the water hits my clit is marvelous and gives me several orgasms. When he has finished, we reverse positions and he lies on his back in the tub. Then I use that same showerhead stream on his cock and balls, which makes him so horny that he gets an immediate erection. Then we take a fast shower, jump in bed, and fuck the hell out of each other.

One final comment. My cunt has always been endowed with a heavy growth of pubic hair. My boyfriend asked me to let him shave it off. As he says, a bare cunt is ten times sexier than one that is completely concealed. I let him shave it, and we are both delighted with the result, because it is more exciting for both of us. I agree with him when he says, "How would women like it if men went around with their cocks and balls completely hidden under a mass of hair?" I would like to see letters from readers commenting on the subject of bare cunts.—*J.W., Stamford, Conn.*

Rainy-day womanizing

After reading your magazine for about a year, I feel that I must share my story with you. The experience would never have happened if it had not been for a rainstorm. You see, my wife, Linda, and I had made plans to go to the movies with some friends, Jack and Mona. The movie was an X-rated one at the local drive-in. As we were getting ready to go, one of those heavy thunderstorms that are so frequent in the Southeast moved in. Instead of going to the movie and hoping that the rain would stop, we simply postponed seeing it until the next night. But since Jack and Mona were already at the house, we decided that we should pass the evening playing cards.

As we headed into the kitchen to play, I noticed that Mona had on the shortest pair of shorts that I'd ever seen. Even though they were skintight, the cheeks of her ass bounced slightly as she walked. Making sure that everyone had a drink, I sat down to what I thought would be an ordinary night of poker. For some reason, I couldn't keep my eyes off Mona's thirty-eight-inch boobs. They seemed to be straining against the front of her T-shirt. Linda looked even sexier than usual. Although her tits are smaller than Mona's, they are firmer, with half-inch nipples when they are erect. After more drinks, I could see those nipples starting to become hard. Jack must have noticed them also, because he said that he was

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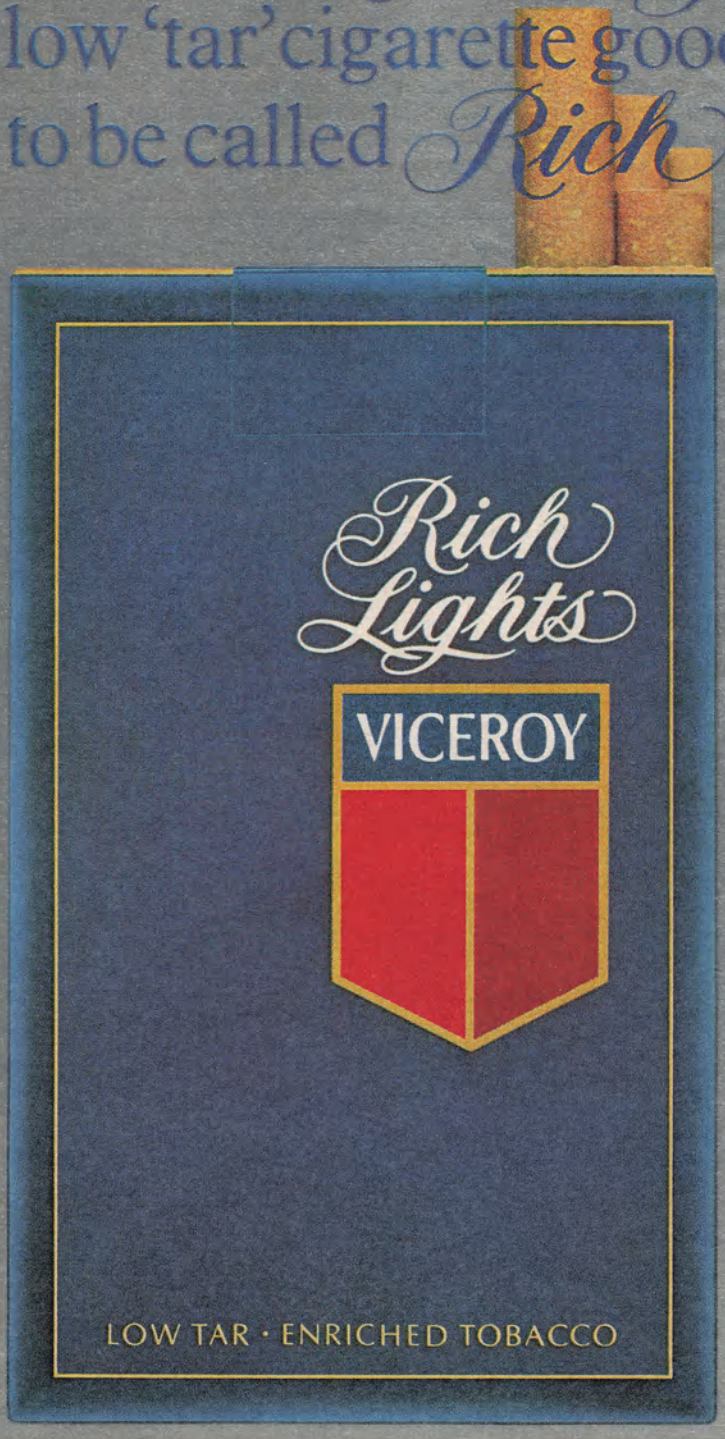

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getting tired of playing for such small stakes (we were playing penny ante). He suggested that we play strip poker. We all laughed, thinking that he was kidding. By this time Linda's nipples were so large that we all noticed them. As we continued playing poker, Jack repeated his idea. After about the third time, I seconded the motion. The girls still thought that we were joking, but they decided to call our bluff. As Jack dealt the first hand, I noticed that Mona's nipples, too, were now sticking out noticeably.

The game was routine while we all lost our shoes. I expected the girls to drop out at any time. But soon we were down to the basics, Jack to his underpants, and I to my T-shirt. Then Mona lost, and the three of us stared at her as she pulled off her T-shirt. Even though she still had on a bra, at least half of her tits were open to our view. I noticed that Linda was staring right along with us. Surely, one of the girls would quit before anyone was totally naked, I thought. But when Jack got up to remove his underpants and I saw Linda eyeing his long, circumcised cock, I realized that I had been wrong. My cock was harder than ever before, as all could see when it was my turn to lose. Linda was blushing as we all saw her loosen her bra. Soon it was Mona we were watching, as she let her huge tits free from her bra. Mona lost the next hand and had only one thing left to take off. Soon we were all naked and wondering what to do next. Jack said that we should keep on playing and that the loser would receive orders from the holder of the highest hand. With fresh drinks we resumed play, after moving into the living room.

Jack and I told the girls that if either of them refused to do anything that was asked of her, she would promptly be whipped by the other girl's husband. The first thing we had them do was to lean back, spread their legs, and show off their cunts. Both of the girls had their love juice dripping down their legs; so we told them to clean up each other's cunts. At first, they started to use their fingers to catch the flowing juices, but we insisted that they use their tongues. Both of them hesitated, but after two smacks on the ass with the belts from our pants, they started to lap at each other's cunts. Linda had also reached up and was pulling at Mona's swinging tits.

We realized that the girls were enjoying themselves even more than we were. They were in the sixty-nine position, with Mona on the top. Her ass was jutting up into the air very invitingly. Getting the okay nod from Jack, I went over to the girls and dipped my rock-hard dick into Mona's soaking box for lubrication and then began to work my cock into her tight, puckered anus. I had some problems because of the tightness, but she wouldn't pull away from the pleasure that Linda's tongue was giving her. Linda kept sucking on Mona's clit, and they both had tremendous orgasms.

When I came, Mona's ass was so tight that my come leaked out of the hole and ran down into Linda's busy mouth. Then Jack walked over and stuck his eight-inch tool into Linda's mouth. Mona's hands were all over Linda's body while my dick was still up her behind. Suddenly, she rolled over and took my soft cock into her waiting mouth. Then, as if to get even, she began to work her finger into my ass. What with this and watching Linda sucking Jack's perpendicular prick, I was hard in a minute. When Mona got up and left the room, I went over and started to suck on Linda's familiar tits. Suddenly, I felt something hard and large trying to enter my ass. Mona had sneaked into the room with a seven-inch vibrator. I'll never know where she got it from.

As it slid up my ass, I understood the thrill that women get when fucked. Taking the hint, I grabbed the thing from her and stuck it up her ass while I fucked the hell out of her. By now Jack and Linda were fucking away like something in a pornographic movie. As Linda neared orgasm, she reached over and went wild as she pulled, bit, and licked Mona's nipples. Mona went crazy. That's when I figured that Mona was into pain. Fucking her from behind, I easily reached around and started slapping her hanging boobs. She had the biggest orgasm I'd ever seen. It must have lasted at least two minutes. Soon we were spent, and Jack and Mona left for home. But whenever there is a thunderstorm, I still remember the night we played cards to "pass the time."

I wonder if any other card sharks have had an experience as exciting as the one that happened to me. If so, I'm sure that there are many folks who would love to hear about it.—*Name and address withheld*

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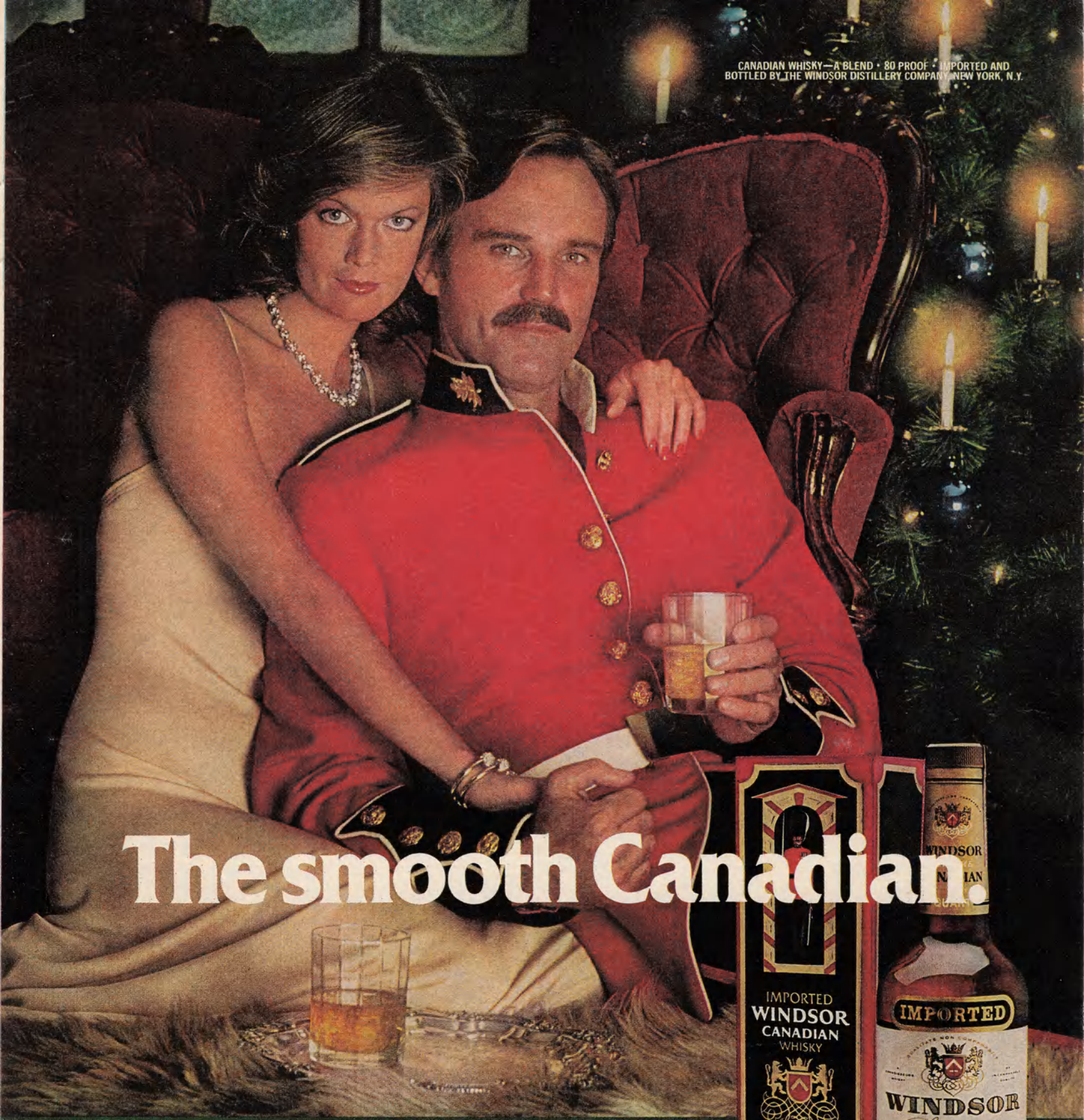
Illicit "R" and R

I am twenty years old, but since I first discovered the joys of sex, I've never met a more luminous lover than the one I wish to tell you about. I was married for four dreadful years when this man came into my life. My husband had done business with this man, and since he was away at night, I transacted some "business" for him myself. "R" and I were just very close friends at first. During his visits we would talk, and I became very fond of him. "R" is very attractive and has the sort of personality that would sweep any girl off her feet. He is very entrancing.

One night I walked him to the door and was preparing to say good night when a very sensuous smile came across his lips. He leaned over and took me in his arms, and his wonderful, full lips met mine. His tongue slid into my mouth somewhat cautiously, as if to feel my reaction. I met his kiss with such enthusiasm that he could not doubt how I felt. This kiss wrapped itself around my soul and sent the rockets in my head soaring. I was quivering with excitement from head to toe and cursing the fact that my husband would be home very soon. I didn't want a quickie with this man! No, I wanted to savor every inch of that beautiful body. I was also anticipating what that delicious, darting tongue could do in other places. He left and filled my night with wet, lonely dreams.



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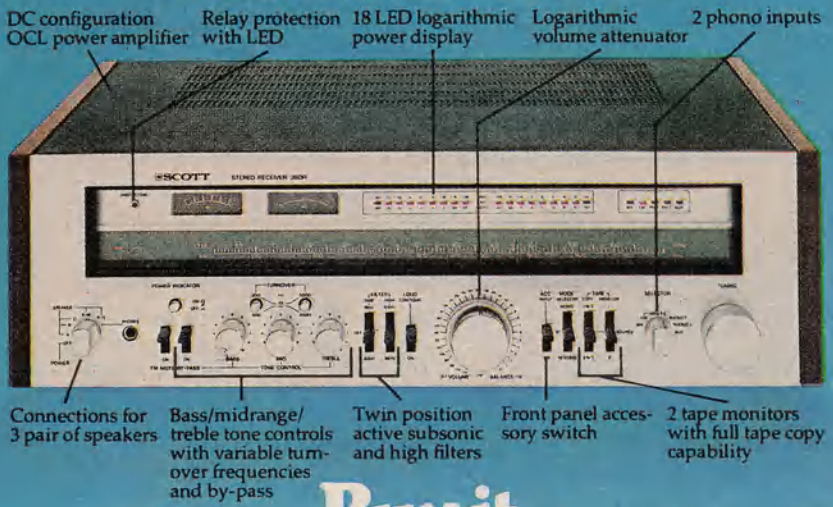
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The next evening he came over, and I was not alone. A young lady whom I had also been seeing was there. The night turned into an unexpected but very exciting *ménage à trois*. I can't go into the details of this experience, because it's difficult to remember precisely what transpired. What I remember most was the extraordinary passion of this man. But the night that is really imprinted on my mind is the next night.

He came by fairly early. We sat and talked, cuddled, and just enjoyed being with each other. It was not long before we headed for the bedroom and my water bed. So I undressed. His eyes made love to every inch of flesh I revealed. Those beautiful, blue "bedroom" eyes looked at me so hungrily that I thought I was about to be devoured.

I joined him on the bed, and he took me in his arms and kissed me with the same intense passion of that first kiss. I melted into him; my body was his. His wet kisses found their way across my shoulders and settled themselves on my breasts. He sucked them for so very long—so softly, so gently. His tongue flicked around my erect nipples, sending tremors from my spine to my cunt. I thought I had surely died and gone to heaven. His hand slipped down between my legs and found my very wet pussy. His hands, his fingers, teased me to an almost unbearable state of excitement. Then he pulled me close and placed his body over mine. The scent of his body, the softness of his hair, and the tantalizing things he was doing to me just drove me crazy. Without the use of his hands, he guided that beautiful long stalk, heart shaped at the end, into me and penetrated my tunnel of love. I realized a penis is the world's most perfect paradox. Nothing else so transforms the softest gentleness into animalistic strength. He would pump away at me furiously and then roll me into another position, teasing me by taking his cock almost completely out of my vagina and then inserting it again very, very slowly.

He would bring me so close to orgasm that I felt the quakes beginning in my stomach. Then he would tease me away from it. Finally, with long, lusty strokes striking my "hilt," he took me to the heights of my passions. I think the very ground below me shook, and I nearly created a tidal wave in my water bed. I came with an intensity I'd never before experienced. I believe that this was my first true orgasm. My body flickered with such fire! Slowly, his strokes became harder and harder and pounded deeper into me. His breathing became spasmodic, and I felt his cock throbbing inside me. I got so excited that it started all over again. He put me on top of him, and we started bucking together again.

Since that night, we've continued our affair. I had no other choice. I'd barter my very soul for that big penis. I'm sure you've heard the song, "Fooled Around and Fell in Love." Well, that's exactly what happened. "R" is an avid reader of *Penthouse*, and I'm sure that if you print this, he will read it. There will be no doubt in his mind that I wrote this. Thank you for allowing me to send this message to him through you.—*C.S., Atlanta, Ga.*

Burns his candle at both ends

Although I'm married and have a sexually satisfying relationship with my wife, I still have the urge to masturbate occasionally and have recently discovered a unique and satisfying way to do it. Indeed, I'm sure some of your readers would like to try it.

When I'm in the mood to perform this ritual, I always wait until I'm alone in the house. Then I go to the dining room and take the two candles from the candle holders on the dining-room table. They're about eight inches long and about an inch and a half wide. Then I go to the bedroom, strip naked, and begin turning myself on by rubbing my hands all over my naked body—chest, legs, ass, and cock while I stand looking at myself in a full-length mirror. I'm really crazy about my lean, masculine body, and within seconds I have a large, thick hard-on.

I then lie on my back on the bed, spread my legs, take saliva from my mouth, and rub it all over my ass hole. When it's well lubricated, I take one of those eight-inch candles and slowly work it up my ass. I fuck myself with about five inches of this shaft while I lightly stroke my ever-stiffening prick. The sensations I receive from fucking myself are so overwhelming that after a minute or two, a slight flow of semen runs out of my cock and drips onto my stomach. When I feel these juices starting to flow, I stop fucking myself so that I don't shoot my entire load at this point.

Then I scoop up the semen with my fingers and place it on the other candle. Any excess sperm I lick and suck off my fingers, savoring every drop. I have really learned to enjoy the taste of my own warm come. At this point, I reinsert the first candle in my ass, slowly pushing the rigid shaft as deep into my ass as possible. Then, while leaning over the side and holding the come-coated candle with my other hand, I go down on it with my mouth and tongue. I take as many inches of this cocklike instrument as I can while I lick, suck, and swallow every drop of my delicious discharge. My other hand plunges the other solid shaft into my ass, fucking it in long, rhythmic strokes. While I suck and fuck, I imagine that I'm in bed with two young studs—one fucking me with his big cock while I suck the other one to orgasm. I occasionally glance down at my body and see my stiff, pulsating dick rising up over my flat hairy stomach, just begging for relief.

I continue to work as many as six inches of that candle up my ass, fucking myself to the hilt. The pleasure I receive from feeling that thick, cocklike shaft fucking and sliding deep within the walls of my ass, coupled with the sensation of my slippery hands

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gliding my own sperm up and down the length of my throbbing meat, drives me to a complete, glorious orgasm. When I feel my warm, creamy load ready to shoot, I increase the pumping rhythm of my hand around my cock. My heart pounds faster and faster, and my entire body shakes, and I let out moans of ecstasy as my cock explodes a torrent of milky sperm down my shaft, dripping onto my balls and stomach. I then slowly pull the candle out of my ass, discard it, and just lie on the bed for a few minutes, rubbing my warm come with both hands all over my stomach, chest, and thighs while my erection returns to its normal size.

For all you guys who like to masturbate—and who doesn't?—this procedure will drive you to one of the most satisfying climaxes of your life. I guarantee it.—*Name and address withheld*

Keep on truckin'!

I'm an eighteen-year-old girl who met a twenty-four-year-old truck driver (I'll call him Rod). Rod came into the restaurant where I was working. I couldn't resist coming right out and making a move. I told him that I'd never ridden in a big truck, and that I'd really love to go for a ride with him. He seemed hesitant, but he finally agreed to the idea. I left work, and we went for a ride. We got to talking and decided that I would go on a run with him. Well, when Rod and I got around to it, we really hit the road. The adventure started at his place. We went out to dinner and then to his place to get some sleep before our big run. The magical hour of midnight came, and we headed out. We chopped up some coke, the biggest line I've ever seen or had. But then Rod gives everything big! We then smoked a couple of joints, and we were off in space.

I wanted Rod so badly that I asked him if I could go down on him. He answered, "Get down on my hog!" As I was sucking on his big, purple-veined dick, other envious truckers would go by and ask if they could trade trucks and the little lady on his doghouse. We'd just laugh them off and get back to our business. I do have to admit I hate giving blowjobs, because the taste of come gags me, but this guy's come was sweet as syrup. He must have pumped two quarts of it into my mouth, and that wasn't the end. We proceeded to tease and touch, and it ended up as the most beautiful time I'd ever had. While he drove down the road, I got on his lap and proceeded to ride him. What lasted for only half an hour seemed like an eternity!

Let me tell you this. Those seats and the bumps in the road really get you all shook up. We were rocking away, and Rod knows what his ladies like. The movement of the seats and his ten inches going deeper and deeper sent me into the best orgasm I'd ever experienced. I was screaming at the top of my lungs. I don't think I've ever heard a man come the way Rod did. It wasn't a scream or a moan. I just can't explain what it sounded like, but to this day I can still get all bothered thinking of the way it sounded. It was so beautiful that I later had him bite the lips of my clitoris so that I could be sure that it hadn't been another one of my fantasies.

We then stopped at a closed rest stop and proceeded to do another round of coke and dope. We looked at each other, looked out at the stars, moon, and grassy area, grabbed each other's hands, sleeping bag, and blanket, and made love under the stars. I had never before had anal sex, and neither had he. But that night we were howling like of couple of wolves at the moon. We could have stayed there all night but decided we would each get back to work. I've never met a guy that could satisfy me like Rod; so I'm trying to keep him around for a while.

So, please, if you're ever on the road, don't be snoopy and look in, as we like our privacy. And you know a trucker's home is on the road.—*Name and address withheld*

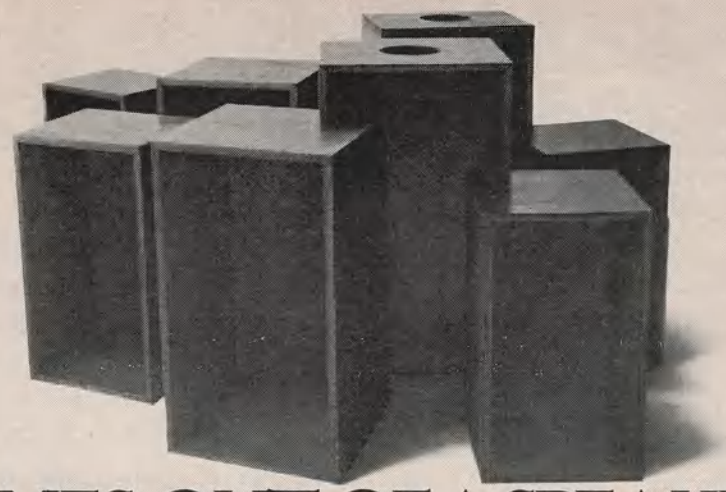
Conehead

I attend a small college in southern Virginia. Recently, I encountered a sexual phenomenon that I've never read about in *Penthouse*.

I'm a member of my school's football team and often venture down to the local ice-cream parlor after late-afternoon practice for much-needed refreshment. The parlor has many fine-looking waitresses, but I noticed one blonde in particular. Leslie is about five feet three inches in height, with small but well-proportioned breasts and a nice, firm ass. (Later I learned that she is an avid rider of horses.) I knew that somehow I had to capture her attention, but being quite shy, I was becoming extremely frustrated. Every time I would go to order my shake, an erection would almost rip my shorts off.

One evening, after an especially tough practice, I really needed the relief of a thick shake, and I hurried to the parlor in anticipation. Leslie came over to my table and asked for my order. I was staring at her and displaying a huge hard-on. I gave my order but noticed that she was not writing it down; instead, she was staring at the bulge at my crotch. I was embarrassed but repeated my order, which she finally wrote down and proceeded to prepare. She delivered my shake and then went over to the door marked "Employees Only," which was right next to the rest rooms. I couldn't stand the tension any longer; I had to talk to this girl. As I walked over to the door, I was half hunched over to conceal my obvious hard-on from the scattered patrons. As I entered the room, I could hear some soft moans coming from the back corner. I walked closer and through the half-open door could see Leslie's white pants, down at her ankles. She was sliding a sugar cone into her vestibule, and she was definitely turned on by the act, for she did not even notice me watching in amazement.

She was furiously stoking the ice



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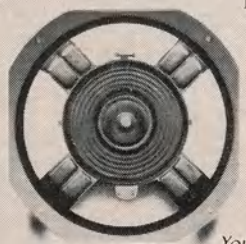

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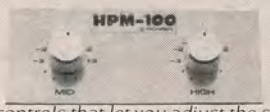

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cream holder deeper and deeper into her pussy with one hand, while applying a hard, rotating motion on her clit with the other. I instantly unzipped my fly and released my throbbing love gun from its tight prison. When she finally looked over and saw me, my hand was viciously working my tool. She moaned in ecstasy, and I knew that she was about to gush, because I was, too. Then, with one quick motion, she shoved the sugar cone completely up her quivering twat and begged me to "hone her cone."

I placed my head between her creamy thighs and wasted no time in partaking of her sweet and juicy treat. Slowly, I moved the cone in and out with my teeth, bit by bit. In a matter of moments she came, crunching the cone right in front of my eyes. She then sat me on the chair and licked my own cone with her voracious mouth. Then, sensing the onslaught of my orgasm, she placed herself on my pole and thrust until I filled her channel with my love juice. We then dressed and exited. As I finished my thick shake and paid for it, she said, "Please *come* again!" punctuating the statement with a wink and a grin. I then, appropriately enough, left her a huge tip.—*Name and address withheld*

Cuntry store horseplay

I'm a seventeen-year-old male. My parents had a little country store, which they sold last June to a couple with a "foxy as hell" daughter. When I first laid eyes on her, she was walking toward my horse next door. I said to myself, "What an ass that gal's got." I didn't think anything else of the matter, though, because I've already got a steady. Then, about three days later, I was riding my horse, and my throat got dry as hell; so I went to our old store for a beer, hoping to see this gorgeous gal again. When I got there, she was sitting on the ice-cream machine, wearing practically nothing.

She had a pair of gym shorts and a T-shirt on. It was then that I noticed her very fine tits, for she was wearing no bra. About three or four dudes were standing in front of her. One of them was talking to her, and the others were standing there, drooling over her luscious body. I tied my horse to the newspaper machine and went in for beer. When I came back outside, I noticed the dudes had left and she was petting my horse. While I drank my beer, we talked about horses. It seemed that she had always wanted a horse. Then she asked me if she could ride him, and I said, "What the hell?" So we went to the field next door. I sat on the well while she rode; she was a very good horsewoman. When she came back after about fifteen minutes, she asked me to get on; so I did. I got in front of her, and we started going down a little dirt road. Well, the bouncing of the horse and her tits on my back gave me a hell of a hard-on.

The horse took a slight jump over a tree in the road, and her hands went down on my crotch accidentally; then she moved them back up and wrapped them around my stomach. I told her to put them back where they were, and she started to fondle my cock for about a quarter of a mile. When we stopped, I had come all over my shirt and pants.

We got down off the horse by the biggest oak tree I'd ever seen in my life, which had a tree house that was as ornate as a mansion. It even had a carpet and a few bean-bag chairs in it. She said that she wanted to go see it, but I said that I wanted to keep riding the horse because it was so much fun. She smiled at me invitingly and said, "The tree house will be even *more* fun." Then she ran up the tree steps. I sat there for a minute or two and then proceeded up the tree. When I got there, she had nothing on except her earrings. She started to undress me, and then she gave me the best headjob imaginable. She was a pro! When I exploded into her mouth, we moved to a sixty-nine position, and her hot, dripping cunt tasted as fine as she looked. Her clit was the softest thing I've ever touched! After we fucked for God knows how long (it was pitch black inside the tree house), we rode the horse home. He knew the way; so we sat facing each other while I finger-fucked her and she jacked me off. Then we stopped and fucked again. Finally, we got home. We still go to the tree house about three times a month, and I'm glad my old man sold the store. His loss was my gain!—*Name and address withheld*

"Good news, I think. An economist just wished me a Happy New Year!"

Treasure hunt

The other night I was in the mood to be seductive with my lover (whom I'll call Bill) and do something I'd never tried before. He was on an afternoon shift; so I had all evening to think of something. Here is how it turned out.

When he got home, he found a sealed envelope attached to the door. It read, "Are you in the mood? Open." He did as the note said and read what was inside. It said, "For something wet and refreshing, open the refrigerator." When he did so, he found his favorite drink and, on top of that, another note that read "Take this drink and go into the living room for something warm and soft."

He took the drink and did as he had been directed, still not sure what "warm and soft" meant.

He found one of the light bulbs in the lamp had been replaced with a soft, green light, the oil lamp burning, and soft music filling the room. I was still nowhere in sight.

As he sat down on the couch, he was eye to eye with another note I'd placed on the table. It read, "Take off your shoes, drink your drink, listen to the soft music, and relax in the warm light from the oil lamp. If you're still not satisfied, try reading the message by the oil lamp." There was still no sign of me, but he was getting worked up anticipating what I was going to do.

The notes were short but very suggestive, and as I had hoped, they were turning him on. The note near the lamp said, "If

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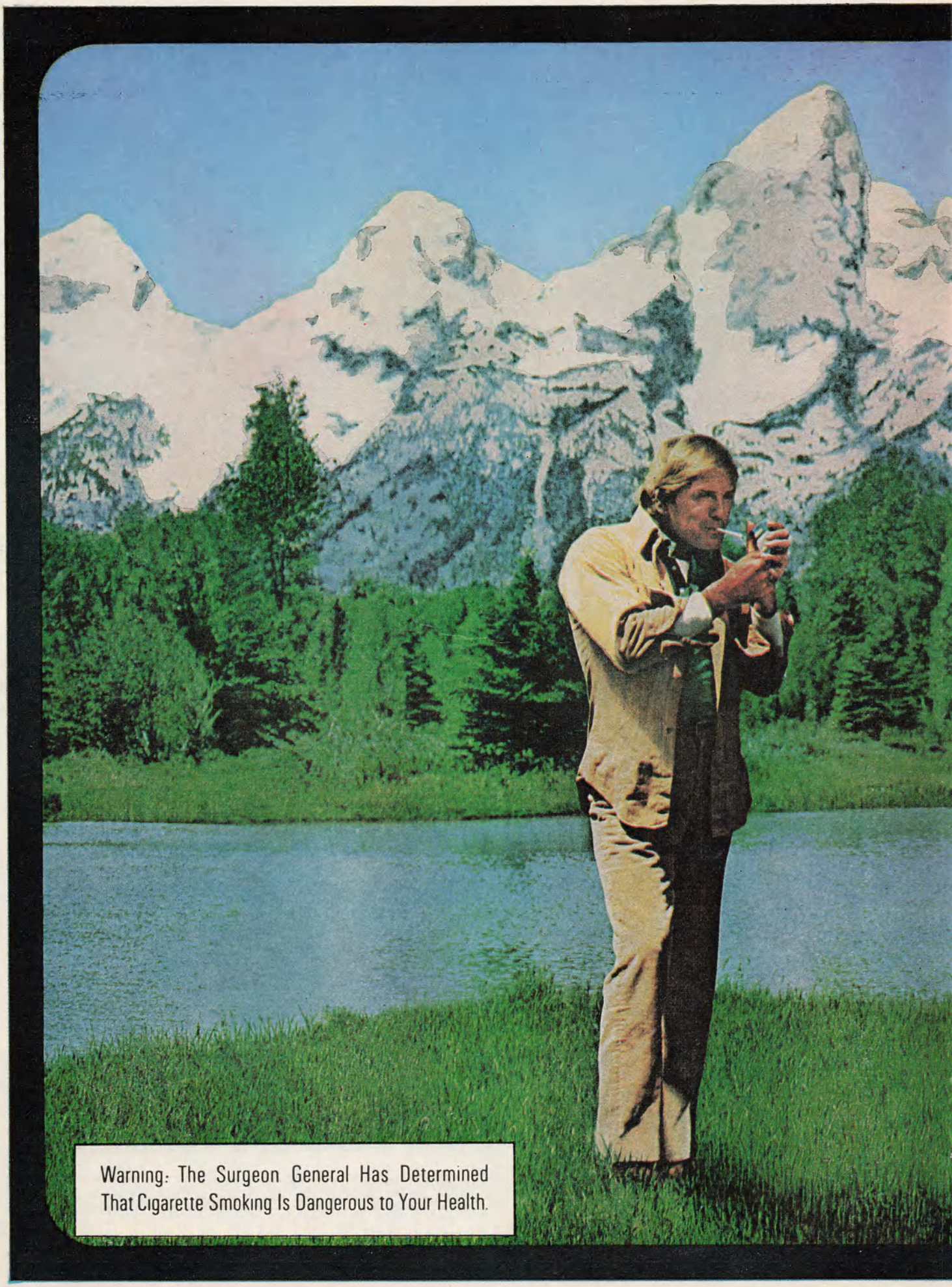
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there's still something missing, go upstairs, walk into our bedroom, kiss me, get me in the mood, get me wet, soft, and warm, and slip into something especially for you. I think you'll find it more than comfortable."

As he came up the stairs, his body was trembling (he informed me later) with anticipation of the way he would find me. When he finally looked in, he found the room lighted by only a small candle, giving off just enough light to show me lying on top of the sheet, sleeping softly, wearing only a sheer, long, black nightgown. I had fallen asleep, with my right hand still resting between my thighs—a way of telling him, even in my sleep, how much my body needed him.

I wasn't in a very deep sleep, and I felt him when he crawled into bed next to me, his nude body warm and trembling. He started kissing me all over. Needless to say, I was wet and ready at nearly the first touch of his warm mouth on my body. With the soft light glowing at my feet and the mirror from our dresser reflecting all that was going on, the situation was quite exciting.

Bill had the hardest erection I can remember him having, and his body was almost beyond his voluntary control. He rolled me over on my stomach, kissing and fingering me as his hard cock rubbed between my legs and back, spreading the juices I'd created for myself all over my thighs and bottom. His kisses were passionate but gentle, and his fingers were easy but determined.

I wasn't sure how much longer I could hold out. My body was now aching for his, and I started moving up and down, squirming at his touch, searching for his hard, erect rod, wanting it to enter me. My movements excited him to the point of near explosion all over the sheets. We could hold off no longer, and he put his long shaft into my throbbing, wet cunt, and we were soon in the doggy-style position, moving with the perfect, wordless rhythm that only two people as excited as we were could make.

Together we drained each other's love juices. Both of us were too weak to move, and he lay there on my back, without taking his cock out. There was so much come that it was running out all over our legs.

Once we had regained our strength, we rolled over to face each other, and as we lay there, holding each other closely, we talked about the notes I'd left. He revealed to me how increasingly excited he'd gotten with each note, knowing that somewhere he'd have my body, but not knowing how or when. Before the night was over, we had made love three more times. It is truly a night we'll remember for a long time.

If you have an adventurous or playful streak in you, you might try this. The results can be very interesting, if exhausting! I plan to play this game again someday, when he's least suspecting it. Only that time I will have an even more exciting finish planned.—*Name and address withheld*

Aggressive lady

I never thought that I would find myself writing to *Penthouse* "Forum," but recently I had the most fantastic sexual experience ever.

For the past four years I have been a cashier in a local supermarket. I am married, but my sexual experiences with my husband have been less than satisfying.

About six months ago, a new bagger was hired. (I'll call him Vance.) He is an extremely tall, good-looking, and friendly person. One day he wore a pair of tight-fitting slacks, and I noticed that he was quite well endowed. I decided that I wanted him to put that conspicuous cock inside me, but I had no idea what I was in for.

The next day I decided not to wear a bra. While he was bagging for me, I made sure that he saw my bare breasts when I bent over to tell him how nice he looked. He continued to bag at my register for the rest of the day; so I knew he had to be interested, too. I offered him a ride home, since I knew he had no car. On the way I pulled the car over to the side of the road. He asked me what I was up to. I pointed to the bulge in his pants and said, "If that's any indication, it seems we're after the same thing."

I carefully unzipped his pants with great anticipation and was surprised beyond my wildest dreams when I found ten inches of prime-cut meat. I was down on it in less than a heartbeat. It was the biggest cock I've ever sucked, but I managed to put almost all of it in my mouth.

Although he was only eighteen, I could tell that this wasn't the first time someone had sucked his cock. He started yelling obscenities like, "Suck it, you bitch!" "Swallow all of it!" and "Come on, you slut!"

While all this was going on, he started finger-fucking my asshole. Being dominated really turns me on, as I have a really domineering personality and rarely get treated like this. His explosion in my mouth nearly knocked my head off. He then told me to take him home. After I pulled up to his drive, he got out of the car, slammed the door, and said, "Thanks for the ride."

On the way home I started thinking about the delicious taste of his cock in my mouth, and I felt my pussy get wet again. I pulled over to the side of the road, pulled my panties down to my ankles, spread my cunt lips apart with one hand, and masturbated myself to orgasm, just thinking about the magic contours of his cock. I'm hoping the next time he'll drive me home, if you know what I mean!—*Name and address withheld*

Two-log fire

I'm an avid reader of your magazine, although my husband doesn't approve of having such material around our home. I have an experience to tell you about that he wouldn't approve of either, to say the least!

I'm a thirty-two-year-old housewife with a lovely home in a well-to-do suburban neighborhood. My husband is prosperous, but dull as far as sex is concerned.

One day I was sitting in the parlor, having a drink, when my husband telephoned to say that two men were coming over to look

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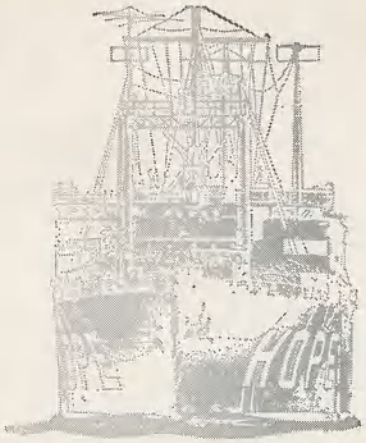

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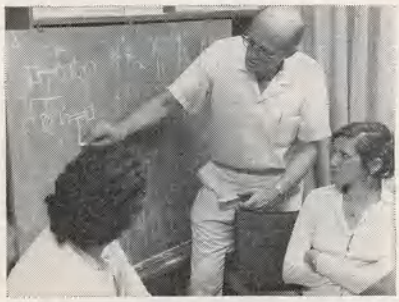

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Farm report

I want to thank you for publishing the fine article "Bitter Harvest" (September 1978), by David Harris, on the destruction of the American farmer. I am looking forward to the next installment [November 1978].

As a small landowner, cattle dealer, and small-cattle feeder, I was impressed with the tone of the article and its factual account of our situation. As part of my business as cattle dealer, I send out a sometime-monthly newsletter called the *Bull Sheet*, and in the letter I just finished I recommended that my readers buy a copy of your magazine and read Harris's article. Thanks again to David Harris for his research and for telling it like it is.—*Jim De Maranville, Goltry, Okla.*

Thank you, thank you, for David Harris's factual report on the American Agriculture Movement. In our almost yearlong struggle, his article was the first published that "told it like it is."

Please tell Mr. Harris that when the world is starving because our food is in Carter's and Brzezinski's World Food Bank, he may come to our farm (one mile north and two miles east of Pratt, Kans.) and we will feed him, because, as God is our witness, we intend to survive.—*Don and Jean Bergner, Pratt, Kans.*

The David Harris article about the rising protest movement of the American farmer is one of the most important pieces of magazine journalism in the last ten years.

Mr. Harris piles fact upon fact and detail upon detail and wisely resists the temptation to take cheap rhetorical and ideological shots.

I, on the other hand, cannot resist this temptation to do so: the president who said that he'd never lie to us has clearly told us less than the whole truth about our present position in the world economy. On a number of counts, this president can be compared with another engineer, Herbert Hoover. Curiously, however, I persist in what I hope is not a simpleton's delusion: that Mr. Carter, unlike Hoover, has the capacity to grow.—*Peter Young, Suffern, N.Y.*

I was born on a farm forty years ago, and raised on it, and I continue to farm today. I was more than glad to see David Harris's article "Bitter Harvest."

I hope that the general public will read Mr. Harris's well-written and well-researched article and become a little more aware of the problems that face the farmer. It is very difficult to discuss farm problems that face the farmer. It is very difficult to discuss farm problems even with those who have a farming background, and it is *very* hard to discuss them with those who don't know any more than the bits and pieces they read in newspapers and magazines.

Farm income must grow considerably and soon if any of us are to survive economically. Two out of three tractor dealers have their businesses up for sale but have no takers. The farmers simply have no money to replace their worn-out machinery or, for that matter, even to have it repaired. There are so many things that could show that the farmer has his back to the wall, but time and space do not allow me to elaborate.

Many farmers thought that Jimmy Carter would be the answer to their problems, but that remains to be seen. It is disappointing and disturbing to be seemingly ignored by the policymakers in Washington. There are no simple answers, but something must be done to encourage young people to stay on the farm. But how is that possible when a bag boy at the local supermarket can start at more money than I can afford to pay my workers for their long and hard hours?

I think I speak for the farmer when I say that we do not want a handout from Washington or anyone else, just a fair price for what we are selling. Unfortunately, we cannot pass on our higher and higher production costs to the consumer, and in most cases we have to absorb the loss. But we cannot do so much longer.

I'm looking forward to the second installment of "Bitter Harvest" and the chance to read David Harris again.—*Russell D. Edwards, Smithfield, Va.*

Quick-draw McGraw

As a fellow West Virginian, I was ecstatically happy to read the interview with State Supreme Court Justice Darrell McGraw (September 1978), for the truth of this oppressed state is stranger than any fiction. I wish to laud his personal courage publicly.

Freedom of the press works this way in West Virginia: Democrat-oriented political news is front page, with banner headlines and photos; Republican-oriented news receives small headlines, no photos, and very short articles. The Associated Press is also in on this conspiracy of silence. As the leader of the Food Tax Referendum Committee of West Virginia since July 3, I personally have had all my major news releases censored on television and ignored by twenty-six newspapers.

I have requested that the FCC investigate this under the Freedom of Information

It's that time of year when a special gift is especially welcome. Why does Lord Calvert stand out as a gift? Super lightness, superb taste. If you'd like to give something special, move on up to Lord Calvert Canadian.

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Act. My God, I can't believe this is America! A gutless, controlled dictatorship press in the United States? The land of the free and the home of the brave?—*Melvin Fullerton, Clarksburg, W. Va.*

I remain neutral regarding the opinions of Darrell McGraw while I await enough information to formulate my own rational analysis of big business versus workers' rights.

I resent, however, Mr. McGraw's reference to Thomas Jefferson in closing his interview. He refers, not to Jefferson's actual words, but to a common, sophomoric interpretation of Jeffersonian philosophy. Jefferson was indeed an agrarian and considered urban life a vexation to the spirit of independence. He abhorred the thought of too much money (meaning too much power) being concentrated in the hands of too few people. But the writings to which McGraw refers, espousing governmental control of large corporations, were merely philosophical—the product of Jefferson, the old sage, whose only desire was to die at Monticello in tranquillity.

In a practical sense, Jefferson's libertarianism would no more allow government to infringe on the freedom of corporations than it would allow miners to be controlled. Surely we have not reached a happy medium. But to use Thomas Jefferson's writings to justify specific contemporary ideas is a pastime of old historians who care little for their credibility or for their causes.

Mr. McGraw does not need Jefferson, and Thomas Jefferson certainly has no need for Darrell McGraw.—*William Miller, Durham, N.C.*

Riding the rails

Bravo for "Amtrak Blues" (September 1978), by John Maybury. I could not have put together a stronger case myself. As a service attendant based in Boston, I know all too well the deplorable conditions that crewmen face when they report for work.

As what I and many others believe to be a direct result of your article, all crewmen have been ordered by Amtrak not to "discuss wages, hours, schedules, hotel conditions, or personal opinions about management" with "passengers or media." It seems that you really did it!—*Name and address withheld*

I have just read "Amtrak Blues" by John Maybury, and I'm sure that Mr. Maybury, who worked for Amtrak in Oakland for a number of months, believes he is the champion of the downtrodden and a fearless crusader against evil.

Let's get something straight right from the beginning. Amtrak has been in an uphill fight since the day it was born. With a few exceptions, passenger service in the years before Amtrak in almost every aspect had been allowed to go to hell. In 1970 the railroads declared that it was costing them $400 million a year to run the nation's passenger trains, and they wanted no part of the responsibility. On May 1, 1971, a handful of those unspeakable bureaucrats that Maybury writes about inherited the whole can of worms. They received enthusiastic support from some old-time railroad employees. From many others they got apathy, resistance, and downright hostility.

Whatever truth may exist in John Maybury's article, and there is a glimmer here and there, it applies mainly to the condition of the rolling stock, stations, commissaries, repair yards, and track that Amtrak inherited from the private railroads.

The passenger cars were old. The average age was twenty-five years, and many of the cars were worn-out. In many parts of the country, particularly in the Northeast, nothing had been put back into the passenger side of the business for years. The number of riders had been falling steadily for almost twenty-five years, and the morale of all employees was at rock bottom.

Conditions on some of our overage long-distance passenger trains is rough on the passengers as well as on the crew. Crew quarters in some dilapidated old stations are not the best, but passengers share the same old buildings. Antique dining cars still use wood-burning stoves in kitchens whose design hasn't changed in forty years. But Maybury implies that he is the only one who has seen these problems and that they are being deliberately ig-

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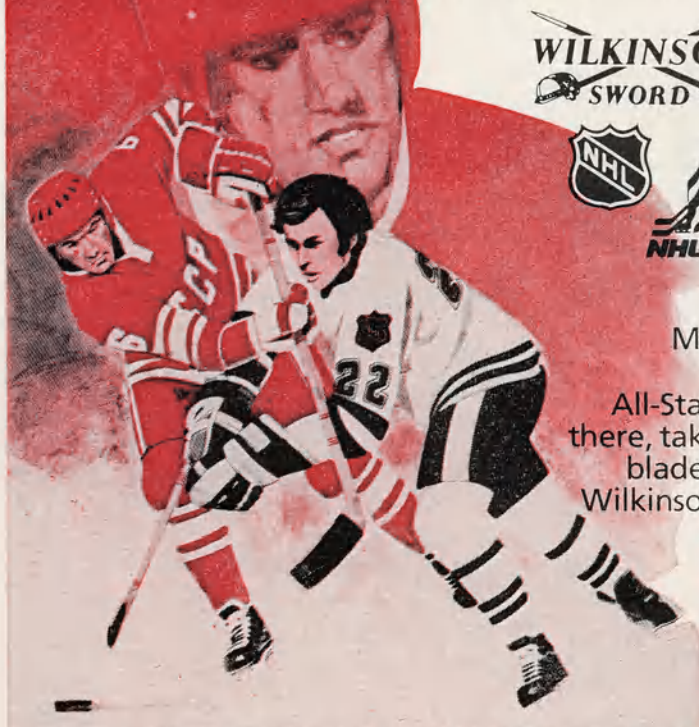

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nored and perpetuated. That implication is totally false.

The 250 trains that Amtrak runs every day are specifically mandated by Congress. For the past seven years, good Amtrak people, at all levels, have worked not only to move those trains over the track every day with whatever resources were available but also to replace the worst equipment and build for the future.

Amtrak has not won this battle by any means. But it has made a difference. In the first two years we did well just to keep the passenger service alive. Then, in 1974, when the gasoline shortage woke people up, Amtrak at last began to get funds for capital improvements.

We had to buy our first five new trains from France, because no one in the United States was making intercity rail passenger cars. Later we began building and buying locomotives and cars in this country. The Budd Company of Philadelphia built nearly 500 stainless steel "Amfleet" cars, which were intended for high-speed corridor use but which have been pressed into service on routes all over the country.

We bought turbine trains based on the French design and had them built in California. We ordered nearly 300 new double-decker long-distance cars. Completion of these cars, which are now being built by Pullman-Standard in Chicago, is now nearly two years behind schedule, partly because of a long strike at the Pullman plant. But when the cars arrive, starting this winter, most of the poor crew and kitchen conditions will disappear.

We've renovated commissaries and work areas that were admittedly archaic and unsatisfactory. A $38 million modernization program is underway in our Chicago yards and our equipment-overhaul facility at Beech Grove, Ind., includes a technical training center for maintenance employees.

New stations have opened all over the country. In a recent twenty-three-day period, brand-new stations opened at Miami, Rochester, and Canton, Ohio.

Bad track is a problem—perhaps the major one. But it's a national problem and not Amtrak's alone. The tracks over which Amtrak operates are owned, for the most part, by private railroads, many of which contend that they do not have the money to fix the tracks. A solution will have to be found if we are to have a strong freight and passenger rail system ready when energy shortages force us to find new (or old) ways of moving goods and people.

I don't believe, as John Maybury contends, that we have the worst rail passenger system in the world. But if that statement were even close to being true, it would be a disgrace far too big to be credited to any small group of "bureaucrats," no matter how venal or inept they were. No, all of us Americans decided back in the fifties and sixties that the auto was all we needed. We now can see the result of that attitude on public mass transportation.

Amtrak is holding its own and getting

CONTINUED ON PAGE 204

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"If it were harmful for one woman to perform cunnilingus on another, I'd be dead by now."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm a twenty-six-year-old woman, happily divorced and sexually active. I admit to one enjoyable hang-up—I go absolutely bananas over uncircumcised cocks. This has become quite an obsession. I'd never encountered a prick with foreskin until about a month ago, and it had an incredible effect on me.

I work four days a week as a secretary, and I had gotten in the habit of spending my day off swimming at the local "Y." On this particular day I'd been swimming for several hours when it was announced that the pool was now open for both men and women. I decided to stay in and see if any interesting men showed up.

I noticed Marc immediately. He stood out because of his lean, muscular body and rather longish, dark hair. He was in his mid-to-late forties and one handsome guy. Marc was wearing one of those little bikini suits, which really showed off his assets. Normally, a bikini turns me off, but on Marc it was different. The bulge between his legs looked especially interesting. He looked down, saw where my eyes were locked, and smiled at me. I could feel the blush sweep over my face at the same time I felt my nipples growing tight and erect. He slid into the water beside me.

Marc was from Chicago and was visiting for the day. My heart began to beat faster, and apparently I had the same effect on him. As he moved closer, I felt something hard push against my leg. There, awaiting my pleasure, was a rather large and ready prick.

"I know a place where we can talk," Marc said.

He took my hand and led me from the pool to a locked door well hidden in the back of the men's locker room. He explained that one of the businessmen he had been meeting with had lent him the key to their private locker. The room was rather barren. There were four standing lockers, a mirror, lots of towels, and a two-foot-wide bench, all on a carpeted floor. Without thinking I came into his arms. Our mouths and tongues melted together as our bodies touched and writhed. I felt that great bulge growing as he pressed himself against me.

Marc slid his mouth down my shoulder and let his tongue move over my excited nipple—his expert hand had released my bikini top before I knew it, and my full breasts were hanging free. He really knew how to excite a woman. My nipples were standing out like tiny pink cocks. Marc slid to his knees and allowed that educated tongue to move lower. His hands deftly moved my bikini bottom down over my hips. It slid to the floor, exposing my furry bush to his eager eyes and tongue. He gently spread my thighs and placed his long, pointed tongue between my already wet lips. My clit was standing straight out, stretching to meet his darting tongue. Suddenly, the rhythmic waves of orgasm swept over me. My hands, buried in his thick hair, pulled his wonderful tongue into me as I moaned in ecstasy.

I pulled Marc to his feet, and our lips met again, this time with the musky smell of my pussy adding flavor. To show my gratitude, I dropped to my knees and found myself staring at that very huge bulge. His cock was just semihard. It wasn't long but was beautifully thick. The best part was that the head was completely covered by the foreskin. With both hands I slowly slid that wrinkled cover back, revealing little by little the pink head within. Fascinated, I drew the skin back over the head. I placed my mouth over the covered prick and slowly and sensually slid my tongue into the opening at the end. Then, rotating

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my tongue in a circular motion, I edged the skin back by nudging it with my wet tongue. I removed Marc's cock from my mouth and inspected my work. The skin lay behind the flared, back part of the head, now bulbous and a deeper pink—almost red—in color.

I have never been so turned on by a man's body in my life. I continued to milk his cock back and forth, first covering and then uncovering the head. By now the head was so large that I couldn't get all of it into my mouth, and I pulled my head away. Still, I was able to bring the foreskin over about half the head as I continued to move my hands back and forth over the shaft. Suddenly, Marc's hips began to move. I knew he was about to come, and I was ready for it. Marc fell to his knees facing me and forcing his tongue into my mouth. He held my come-covered hands to his lips and kissed the thick juices away. Then, with the semen still on his lips, he drew my mouth to him. I pulled away, repulsed. "There's nothing wrong with the fluids of our bodies," he said, drawing me to him a second time. Our lips and tongues met, and the taste of him filled my mouth. It was incredible.

Afterward, we lay side by side, and Marc apologized for coming as he did. He moved down between my legs again, and I positioned myself so I could take his amazing cock into my mouth. I sucked him until he was hard and ready. "Can you put it in me with the skin over the head?" I asked, excited. He said it would be hard to do because of the size of the head. I watched as he moved the foreskin over the thick head as far as it would go. Amazingly, the entire shaft slid into me with ease. I had never been so excited in all my life.

Marc whispered in my ear that my pussy was moving his foreskin back and forth as the great cock slid in and out. "Let me see!" I cried. He pulled out of me and held his cock just inches from my face. He was right: as he withdrew, the skin was drawn a third of the way over that magnificent head. He put both hands on the long, wet shaft and pulled the skin back before my eyes. The glistening head shimmered in the light. "Put it back in and fuck me!" I begged in a voice I didn't recognize as my own. He placed the great bulb at the entrance to my pussy and drove it in to the hilt. I began to come, over and over, as he plunged into me harder and harder.

This experience has marked me for life. Marc left town on schedule, and I never heard from him again. All I can think of nowadays are uncircumcised penises. Am I sick? How can a woman tell by looking at a man whether or not he's circumcised? Are there some nationalities or races more likely to have "natural" cocks? This may seem ridiculous to you, but I'm now having difficulty reaching orgasm with circumcised cocks. Please try to answer my questions.—Debbie.

I'm happy to see that anyone can get off on something as simple and natural as an uncircumcised cock, but, really, what difference does it make? But then I suppose that's what makes it hot—the *difference*. In the United States uncircumcised cocks are becoming something of a rarity. If you really want your fill of these more "natural" penises, you should try a trip to Europe or South America. They're more plentiful overseas and down below. Screw with enough of them, however, and the novelty will probably wear off.

"Except for one small thing, he could have been the south's greatest leader."

UNDER HER THUMB

My problem concerns my intense submissive desires. While in real life I would be the last person to be used or stepped on, in fantasy nothing turns me on more than a beautiful woman treating me like dirt beneath her feet. I cream at the thought of some chick using me for her pleasure and then rewarding me by grinding her feet into my face.

I'm sure I'm luckier than most who have similar desires, because I have a fantastic girl friend who allows me some satisfaction. From the very start she knew I was "kinky" by the way I would kiss her feet while making out. One night, while watching television downstairs on the couch, I pulled her leg on top of me so that her foot was stuck in my face and the head of my cock rubbing her calf. I was nude, and Cynthia was fully dressed. As she continued to watch television, I buried my face in the sole of her foot and proceeded to get off on her leg.

All of this brings me to my problem. While Cynthia does allow me the occasional benefits of her leg, my groveling at her feet doesn't do a thing for her (and I can't say that I blame her). We are quite compatible and comfortable with each other in most other regards and are considering marriage, though we realize there may be others out there (however hard they are to find) who might be more compatible for each of us.

Are there other women out there who might get off on the power of stepping on a man and yet not be the domineering-bitch type in real life? If there are such women, where and how do I go about finding them?—S.R.T.

Because of society's taboo on submissive men, most males of your persuasion have to seek out prostitutes in order to find willing partners. Since even prostitutes often don't care to service such masochistic men, your only alternative, unfortunately, might be to frequent an S&M brothel. For many masochists the idea of having to pay a woman only adds to the sexual thrill. Others, however, just don't like the thought of paying for their sex. If this is true of you, the going is going to be a lot rougher—and I'm not referring to the degree of pleasurable physical abuse you are hoping to find. Most women you meet at bars, at work, and at parties just aren't into a man who enjoys groveling at their feet. No doubt there are a number of men who enjoy women as slaves, but society as a whole isn't liber-

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ated enough (yet) to accept the reverse situation—the man prostrate and the woman as dominator.

Have you tried contacting the Eulenspiegel Society in New York City? This is an S&M club that is quite acceptable—meaning they don't throw orgies—and they might be able to help you with your special problem. It's a hard life, but I'm sure you'll enjoy the ride—even if you're wearing the saddle.

It's unfortunate that outlets for one's masochistic pleasures are so clandestine. Even "normal" sex involves role playing.

A SWING IN TIME

I have a serious problem, and I don't think "Dear Abby" would understand. I have been married to Susan for six years. Before we married, we dated for three and a half years. Now Susan is twenty-five, and I'm twenty-eight.

Susan has not "known" any man but me. Though I can't say I was a virgin when we met, I wan't exactly a superstud either. During the years before our marriage, we had some of the best sex imaginable. More important than how or what, we discovered many fantastic variations and thrived on oral sex. We enjoyed sex at least twice a week and sometimes five times a week. The problem started when we got married. Though our honeymoon in the Bahamas was fun, it was not so because of our sex life. We had sexual relations once (not even on our wedding night), and that was more out of ceremony than desire. From that moment on, it was all downhill.

Over the next five years, sex became, at best, a monthly thing. It may be my fault, but I think I have tried everything. The only good thing to result is our little daughter.

When Susan went back to her parents' home in New York, my second problem occurred. Her name is Jesse. She's a sweet, innocent, and beautiful young girl. She reminded me a lot of what Susan was like a few years ago, and I couldn't resist trying. Jesse responds to every phase of my lovemaking. I can run my tongue across her vaginal lips for hours at a time and play with her clitoris for an eternity. She responds by running her tongue up and down my cock until it's ready to explode and then takes it into her mouth. She swallows my sperm as if it were champagne and caresses my cock and balls as if they were a beloved puppy.

I told Jesse what the situation was when I met her. I told Susan about Jesse after my first relations with her. Both accepted it. Each wanted to meet the other, and I arranged it. I introduced them to each other, and they got along fine. Susan especially seems to like the arrangement, probably because my bothering her for sex is less frequent and my attitude at home is much more relaxed.

Jesse is not so happy. She wants to live with me. She says that she doesn't mind sharing me, but many nights she stays awake wanting my cock. It really bothers her when she thinks I may be getting it on with Susan—and more so if she thinks I'm doing nothing and wasting it.

Jesse has gone so far as to ask Susan (they have become friends) if she could move in with us, and Susan is thinking about it. Do you think this could work out? Could Susan have latent lesbian tendencies? What would be the legal ramifications of having, virtually, two wives?

I really don't know what to do. I love Susan and wish our sex life was normal, so that I would not want another girl. I love Jesse, on the other hand, but in a different way—because we "fit" so well together. I don't want to keep them apart, because it looks like we could be one big, happy family, but I wonder how this arrangement will affect my baby daughter as she grows up.—T.P.

It seems like an ideal situation to me. Of course, it is more difficult for three to get along than two, which is probably the reason why so many of those communes back in the sixties are no longer in existence. But why not give it a try? The worse that can happen is that Jesse will leave you. Then again, maybe Susan will leave you. On third thought, maybe Susan *and* Jesse will leave you together. That's just the chance we swingers always take. Monogamy is sometimes easier—but never as much fun, in my opinion. Those who disagree will enjoy the following two letters.

MORE MONO MANIA

I'm a twenty-year-old mother of one ten-month-old, beautiful girl, conceived in wild, passionate love with the most gentle, loving, imaginative man I've ever known. The first time I saw Sam I loved him. I was dating a very good-looking guy, and the other girls couldn't see why I wanted to give him up, but they could have him. All I could think of was that dark, well-built Indian, Sam.

I finally got Sam, although he was quite shy at first. One thing led to another, and soon we were exploring each other in every way, learning each other's needs, hopes, and dreams. He began touching me, during one of our long and passionate kisses, in places I'd never let anyone touch me before. I began to feel the need to touch and see him. I'd seen pictures of men naked, but Sam's beautiful, brown cock and balls were the best I'd ever seen.

We went together for a couple of years. Then, after Sam graduated—I guess he needed some time to himself—we broke up. It really was for the best, because it gave us both a chance to meet new people and grow up a little. Although we kept in touch, we lived in different worlds. He started seeing me again around the time of my graduation and soon asked me to marry him. We ran away and got married. That was two years ago, and these have been the happiest years of my life.

Last night, when I was licking and sucking and kissing his magnificent cock, he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

The Chivas Regal of Scotches.

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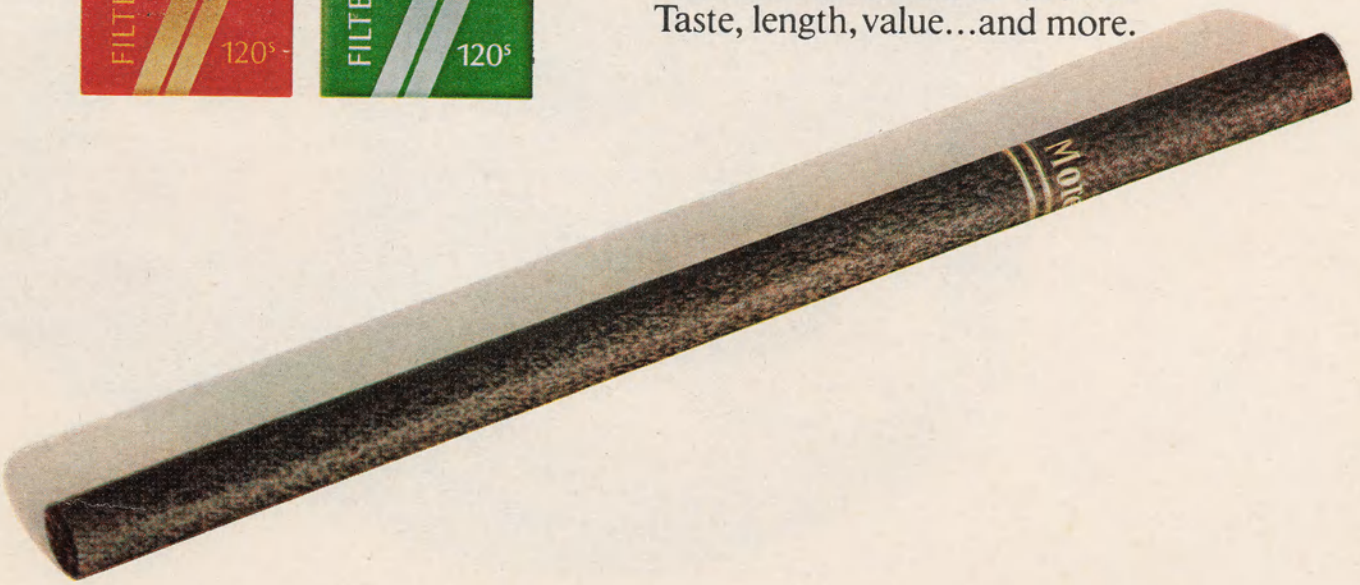

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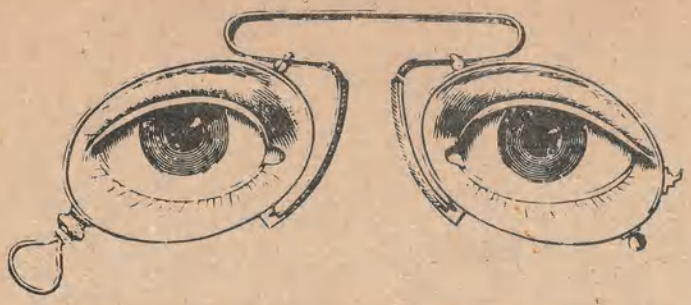


VIEW FROM THE TOP

STALKING THE NEW STEREOTYPES

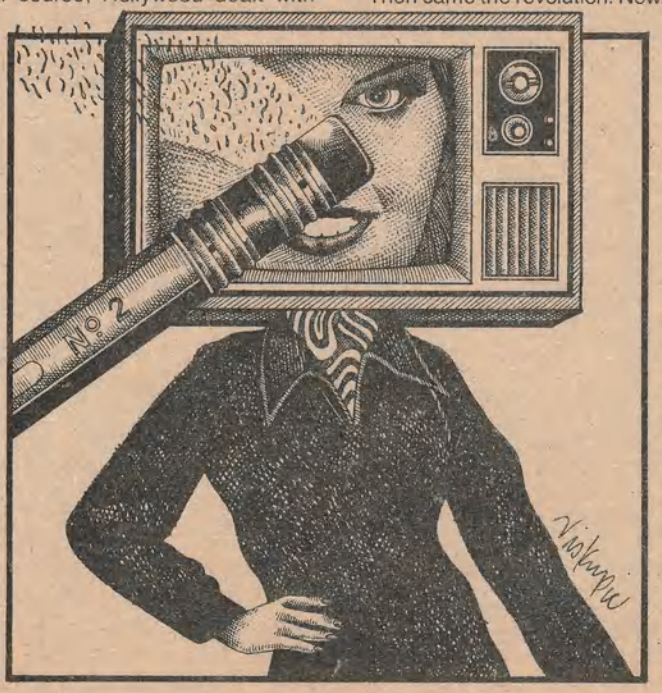
BY NICK TOSCHES

I once knew a young lady whose naked body resembled crudely cut tallow and who carried on magnificently about her search for identity. In chivalry, I offered her the use of my own, as I could not recall using it much of late, but she refused, and I was dearly hurt. The last I heard, she had been impregnated by a three-card-monte dealer and moved to a kibbutz for unwed freethinkers, somewhere near L.A., where she searches still.

The search for identity has grown into a pestilence. Although that pack of grinning paperback psychologists who weekly jog through the pages of *People* may tell us to search within, the answers lie elsewhere, for the culprits of this pestilence are the media, who deface and erase our identities at whim.

The media, for reasons of commerce, do not want us as we are; so they portray us according to their fancy and transfigure our identities with an eye on salability, making new and improved stereotypes of us just as their advertisers make new and improved sanitary napkins.

New stereotypes for old is the business of the media. Consider the New Homosexual. Until recent years, the media perpetrated the stereotype of the sissy, who was not so much a creature of sex as of comedy. In 1948, the year Gore Vidal's *The City and the Pillar* was published, Milton Berle first appeared in mock drag before an NBC camera. Throughout Mr. Berle's distinguished heyday, he frequently wrought his art in the character of a misbegotten sissy, wearing a garish print dress and whore-smeary lipstick. America's upwardly mobile guffawed in the low tones of eager knowingness, while their children beheld Uncle Milty in soft, flannel fear. Of course, Hollywood dealt with homosexuality in a more adult manner. In *A Very Special Favor*, Rock Hudson pretended to be a sissy in order that Leslie Caron might save him through vaginal therapy. The *pièce de résistance* of the media, however, was Liberace. There he sat, glimmering in the soft light of his Louis XIV candelabrum. Sure, maybe he painted his poodle's nails red, but at least he loved his mother. Anyone who dare not walk the stereotypical line was banished to that darkling plain where is neither life nor Merv Griffen.



All that has changed. The media have now invented the **New Gay Murderer**, a sex-crazed homosexual who stalks our civilization in black leather and chains, deployed like an avenging cock-gunner in forbidding waterfront dives whose names—the Spike, the Ramrod—are the sound of evil's will. Newspapers once told of hairdressers in cashmere, of interior decorators whose Siamese cats were chosen to complement beige walls. Now they tell of gay atrocities, of California trash-baggings and Texas butcherings. The media have put Liberace to the pasture of pension. They now embrace the maniacal gay killer of *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*. And somewhere at *Newsweek* an editor sits smoking filtered cigarettes and writing a survey of gay S&M fashions. She strives for newness, alliteration, and accuracy.

What the media have done to blacks grimly suggests that stereotyping is a cyclic thing. The media began their impudent affair with blacks by inventing shuffling darkies whose eyes and teeth shone in darkened theaters, as their voices rang with songs like the 1910 hit "Plant a Watermelon on My Grave and Let the Juice Soak Through." Then Charlton Comics published *Negro Romance*, for surely Buckwheat and Farina must have their literature. In 1950 CBS brought *Beulah* from radio to television; the following year, *Amos 'n' Andy*.

By the mid-sixties the media had recast blacks, for equality was now a good investment. (The media's concept of racial equality is best expressed in the sententious words of Sammy Davis, Jr.: "All men are created bland.") We were now presented with the spy-scholar of *I Spy*, the black one-of-the-guys of *Hogan's Heroes*, Lieutenant Uhura of *Star Trek*, the electronics expert of *Mission: Impossible*, and the American history teacher of *Room 222*. Bill Cosby appeared on talk shows once a month to answer affirmatively the question, "Gee, you actually went to college; isn't that right, Bill?" Sammy Davis, Jr., gave his power sign, and the media slept the sleep of the just.

Then came the revolution. Newsmen refused to speak with any black man who was not wearing a beret and a bandolier. The results were frightening: *I Spy* was canceled, then *Mission: Impossible*, then *Star Trek*. Arose from the flames of the revolution a new media creature: Linc of *The Mod Squad*. Eldridge Cleaver fled the country.

Now the cycle has come full, and today we have the **New Black Entertainer**. Once again the media have turned down the lights to let eyes and teeth shine. The Motown-Casablanca coproduction of *Thank God It's Friday*, where black performers like the Commodores and Donna Summer grinningly entertain a predominantly white crowd of partygoers, is frighteningly close in form and spirit to such prewar films as *Stormy Weather* and *Tales of Manhattan*. Only the music has changed—for the worse, at that. And although CBS withdrew *Beulah* and *Amos 'n' Andy* from syndication in

1966, the seventies have so far given us two black series, *That's My Mama* and *What's Happening!!*, that feature Beulah-type mamas. Throughout all this Sammy Davis, Jr., the media's token Proteus, has remained visible. At first, he yelled, "Peace and love!" Then he yelled, "Power to the people!" Nowadays he sagely yells, "Plop, P!op, Fizz, Fizz!"

Occupational stereotypes have also undergone surgery beneath the media's knife. Ten years ago rock stars were portrayed as grubby and rebellious ingestors of chromosome-damaging substances. Now we have the **New Rock Superstar**, the chic and conservative sipper of poolside fizzes. From revolution to Revlon. How did Rod and Britt feel when they awoke that chill, Kafkaesque morning and found that they had been transformed into Steve and Eydie? Kick out the jambs, motherfucker, but be careful not to scuff your Guccis.

Stewart: conservative chic.

Our media have about-faced on the union-man stereotype. The poor, soot-faced, oppressed workers of old movies like *Strike* and *The Agitator* have been replaced by the **New Union Slob** of *Blue Collar* and *F.I.S.T.* Magazines now run ads for the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, ads that tell of workers victimized by unions. Perhaps this has something to do with the media's own dealings with printers' and cameramen's unions. We must turn to Tom Brokaw, or someone like him, for our answers. As it is writ on the wall of the M-G-M cafeteria men's room: "Life is funny."

Criminals have risen from scum to celebrities with the guiding hands of the media. Instead of getting dragged to the electric chair, like Cagney in *Angels with Dirty Faces*, the **New Celebrity Criminal** now gets a lavish amount of money to tell his story. Oscar Kendall, a man who was arrested in 1976 for raping a number of women while he posed as photographer Richard Avedon, is to receive $100,000 for the rights to his biography. Jerry Rosenberg, a man who has been in prison since 1963 for the murder of two cops, sold movie rights to his life story. He wrote the screenplay in Attica, and production is now under way. William Faulkner, whose advance for *The Sound and the Fury* was $200, was obviously in the wrong line of work.

Sometimes factions of the media change their own stereotypes. Critics, those perfidious, show-closing bastards of old, are now the **New Admen**. Regard Pauline Kael wetting her panties over Robert Altman. Judith Crist simply rearranges her words of polite pleasance for each new film (unless Clint Eastwood or Charles Bronson is in it). If you take Rex Reed at his word, you might believe there are at least twenty ten-best films every year. Clive Barnes, it seems, merely rolls two dice, the sides of which bear shabby adjectives. (On Neil Simon's *Chapter Two*: "Downright hilarious. A lovely, touching, moving play!" The noun *play* is one of the few in his vocabulary, but he employs it well.)

Athletes have altered their stereotype with the aid of the media. Once our cultural hard guys, they now have agents and remove the hair between their eyebrows with wax. They once spat globs of tobacco juice; now they cap their teeth and engage in sensitivity encounters. Twenty years ago, Yogi Berra endorsed Yoo Hoo. Now Joe Namath lies there in panty hose, dreaming of his next Brut check, the epitome of the **New Athletic Shill**. Rare is the professional athlete, like Ted Simmons of the St. Louis Cardinals, who would not put on a Playtex girdle if propositioned. Some of them, like David Kopay, even step out of the closet if the advance is big enough.

There is no telling where all this will end. Even the dead are not immune. The old stereotype of the dead was: "They're gone; that's it." Now the **New Dead** are made to revive themselves shortly after expiration and tell their afterlife experiences to Tom Snyder.

No one is safe. They can change us in our sleep. You will jog. First a few times around the block, then a mile, then. . . . Then you are in *People*, playing tennis with Richard Benjamin.

Identities, stereotypes, swarm over us like the fast, pastel flashes of a stroboscope. Try to stay whole. In times of stress, remain nondescript, lest you become **New**.

Sylvester Stallone as the New Union Slob in F.I.S.T.

SCENES

DAYS OF OUR LIVES

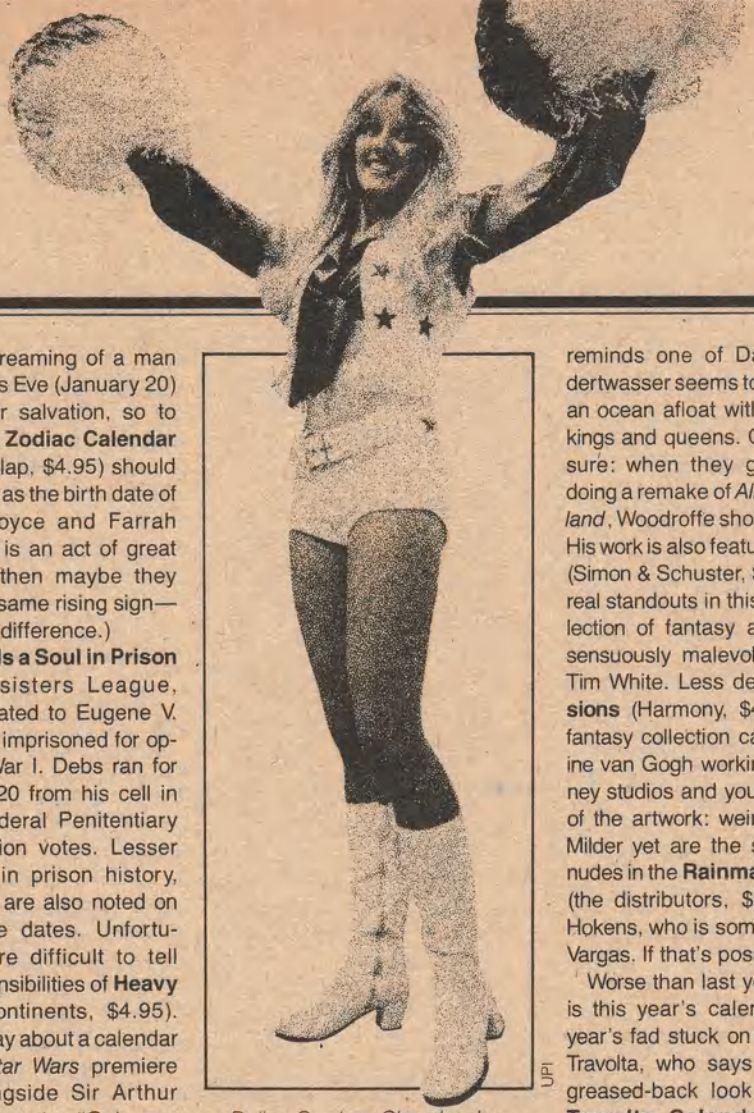
One day archaeologists will open a time capsule found floating over the San Andreas fault, and leafing through a stack of Rod McKuen calendars they will wonder why any people would want to celebrate Monday, the worst day of the week. Nineteen seventy-nine is almost upon us, and it's good to remember that the last year of any decade has usually been a relatively benign three hundred sixty-five days. True, the stock market once took a dip, Hitler invaded Poland, Tokyo Rose got hers, Nixon fought Khrushchev over a Westinghouse, and Ted Kennedy went late-night swimming off Chappaquiddick. But things could always be worse.

For the most part calendars can be broken into two categories: those that celebrate Mondays and all our other traditional holidays, and those that give attention to less momentous occasions, like the circumcision of Jesse James or the birth of Women's Lib. The latter type are always more fun, and **Mad Haines' Calendar of Criminal Capers** (Two Continents, $4.95) is one of the best for trivia of a lethal persuasion. Where else would you learn that Mr. George "Brides in the Bath" Smith was hanged on Friday, August 13, 1951, or that ground glass got to Mrs. Pritchard on January 5, 1865? Andy Donato's illustrations are appropriately gross, and Mother's Day is not mentioned once. Also inspired is **The Druids: Another Kind of Time** (Cahill & Co., $4.95), which claims that

young virgins dreaming of a man upon St. Agnes's Eve (January 20) have seen their salvation, so to speak. That the **Zodiac Calendar** (Grosset & Dunlap, $4.95) should note February 2 as the birth date of both James Joyce and Farrah Fawcett-Majors is an act of great courage. (But then maybe they don't share the same rising sign—it makes all the difference.)

While There Is a Soul in Prison . . . (War Resisters League, $3.95) is dedicated to Eugene V. Debs, who was imprisoned for opposing World War I. Debs ran for president in 1920 from his cell in the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary and got a million votes. Lesser achievements in prison history, such as Attica, are also noted on their respective dates. Unfortunately, it's more difficult to tell where lie the sensibilities of **Heavy Metal** (Two Continents, $4.95). What can you say about a calendar that lists the *Star Wars* premiere (May 22) alongside Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's quote: "Only one percent of humanity actually goes to hell"? Hopeful, we suppose. Then there's Len Hollreiser's **The Sports Fan's Calendar** (Crowell, $3.95), which lists a broken record for every day of the year. Too bad the art is so heinous that Billie Jean King ends up looking a lot like Casey Stengel with glasses. Then again . . .

Surprisingly, among the art calendars, **The Egyptian Calendar of the Gods: King Tutankhamen** (Grosset & Dunlap, $4.95) gives space to our more traditional holidays but not to Tut's birthday. The class act here, however, is the impressive **Buried Treasures of Pompeii** (American Museum of Natural History, $4.95). The photo reproductions are so good that you almost wish you had been there. The big days are even noted in the **First X-Rated Coloring Calendar** (Two Continents, $4.95): St. Valentine's Day is observed with a cock-in-the-box drawing, and a Beardsley-like ode to cunnilingus is used for Mother's Day. Regarding good taste, we're not prejudiced, but the girls in the **Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders** calendar (Dell, $5.95) look like a bunch of rejects from a touring company of *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. Also to be avoided is **The *Woman's Day* Chocolate Lover's Calendar** (Workman, $4.95). Just gazing over its photos is good for a pimple.


UPI

Dallas Cowboy Cheerleader.

UPI

War resister Eugene V. Debs.

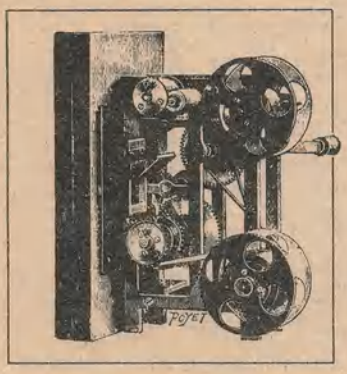
If calendar art is any indication, fantasy will soon replace sci-fi as the hot, new trend. And the **Patrick Woodroffe** calendar (Simon & Schuster, $4.95) is sure to be a classic. A field of broken statues reminds one of Dali, and Hundertwasser seems to have inspired an ocean afloat with playing card kings and queens. One thing's for sure: when they get around to doing a remake of *Alice in Wonderland*, Woodroffe should get the job. His work is also featured in **Dragon** (Simon & Schuster, $4.95), but the real standouts in this calendar collection of fantasy artists are the sensuously malevolent beasts of Tim White. Less demented is **Visions** (Harmony, $4.95), another fantasy collection calendar. Imagine van Gogh working for the Disney studios and you have an idea of the artwork: weird but benign. Milder yet are the silky Valkyrian nudes in the **Rainmaker Calendar** (the distributors, $6.95) by Earl Hokens, who is something of a hip Vargas. If that's possible.

Worse than last year's calendar is this year's calendar with last year's fad stuck on it. Enter John Travolta, who says that his new greased-back look in the **John Travolta Calendar** (Windmill, $4.95) may "bring back the glamour of Valentino." For us it recalls the acting ability of Crawford and Streisand, who without their hairdressers would be back in Bayonne, waiting on tables. Nineteen seventy-eight was also the year that the camera discovered dance, or vice versa, and so now we have the **Dance Calendar** (Workman, $4.95), complete with Herbert Migdoll's rather gooey *Turning Point* photos and text by Robert Joffrey that serves the Joffrey Dance Company quite well. This should do for ballet what *Valentino* did for Nureyev's acting career. Also sure to die is the Incredible Hulk. (Imagine the Jolly Green Giant with a terminal case of the crabs and you get the Hulk.) The Incredible Hulk also stands for the ego of its creator, Stan Lee, who has treated us to the pictures and birth dates of the Marvel Comics staff in the **Incredible Hulk Calendar** (Simon & Schuster, $4.95). Speaking of guts, there's the **Pumping Iron Calendar** (Simon & Schuster, $3.95). Quotes and biceps by Arnold Schwarzenegger are featured. Arnold's body is big, and his mind is . . . well, take it from Arnold: "Actually, it never comes across my mind, you know, that I am something special. Barbara reminds me sometimes. You know, she says, 'Do you realize that you are as good in your field . . . as President Carter is in his?' I have to think about it, and it goes through my mind again, and I think: yeah." Yeah.

How long before secretaries take down their "Beat of a Different Drummer" posters and put up the **Gorey Endings** calendar (Workman, $3.95)? Ah, how post-Norman Rockwell–decadent we've become! But pursue the postured cynicism of Edward Gorey far enough and you come up with the calculated whimsy of the **Cat Calendar** (Workman, $3.95), which must be a lot like the cat book Woody Allen told Diane Keaton to forget about in *Annie Hall*. If publishers would only put out a calendar with the word *death* in its title.—*Robert Hofler*

Arnold: something special?

FILMS



PAIN AND PLEASURE

It begins with an invitation. Eva (Liv Ullmann) asks her mother, the famous Swedish concert pianist Charlotte Andergast (Ingrid Bergman), to visit her and her clergyman husband at their country parsonage in Norway. The mother, weary from work and age and from watching at the deathbed of her longtime lover and companion, Leonardo, an Italian cellist, gratefully accepts—despite a history of strained relations with her daughter and the fact that seven years have passed since they last met.

So, one lovely day, in a flurry of luggage and high fashion, Charlotte arrives at the quiet house. And within minutes she learns from the calmly solicitous Eva that another daughter, Helena (Lena Nyman), wholly paralyzed and unable even to speak from an irreversible disease of the nervous system, is already ensconced in a bedroom upstairs. The restful visit is about to become a mother's nightmare—which is the subject of Ingmar Bergman's superb new movie, ***Autumn Sonata***.

Autumn Sonata represents one extreme of Bergman's style, an extreme that we remember best from *Persona* (1965) and that he has refined to an instrument of great concentration and purity. Perhaps three-fourths of the film is in close-up, usually medium close-up and usually juxtaposing the two women, mother and daughter. The principal relief from such close-ups comes through tableaulike flashbacks—the hospital room where Leonardo dies, scenes from Eva's sad and lonely childhood, Helena's last days as a functioning human being—that are never more than illustrations for dialogue or memory. The effect is to enhance the presence and aura of the women, who are not only fictional characters fatally bound by the drama but also two of the movies' greatest actresses. The film is never unaware of this. The story of the glamorous Swedish performer who deserts husband and family to join an Italian artist of course recalls the real-life Ingrid Bergman. And the child who plays the neglected Eva as a little girl in the flashbacks is Linn Ullmann, daughter of Liv Ullmann and Ingmar Bergman. This is by no means simple self-indulgence; it is part and parcel of the ways in which the film builds its meaning.

Ingrid Bergman naturally began her career in Swedish movies. But for most of us, I'd guess she'd be the Scandinavian accent to the beautiful image of a rather dignified sexiness—especially during the 1940s, in films like *Gaslight*, *Casablanca*, or *Notorious*. An even more interesting period followed, in the 1950s, under the direction of Roberto Rossellini, but it is not so well known, because she was being semiofficially boycotted in this country on idiotic grounds of personal immorality. To see her now, sixty-four years old, still very beautiful, speaking her own language in what may be the most demanding and the finest performance of her life, is to realize again what an incredible interdependency the movies are—and to what an extent an apparently self-contained "chamber" film like *Autumn Sonata* can draw on what has been lived before and outside it to make sense of the life within.

Ingmar Bergman has said that his film is about love, "love as our sole chance for survival." Perhaps. But from where I sit, it seems to be about pain and suffering—and I wouldn't say it gives good odds on anyone's chances "for survival." Mostly, the pain is emotional—the pain that Eva felt from her mother's indifference and that she now turns on Charlotte with an unrelenting intensity approaching torture. Sometimes the pain is physical, as for Helena, with her disease-wracked body. And occasionally it will be both together, as in the film's climax; and that can bring such a cacophony of accusation, self-defense, and outright agony as to render the situation absurd rather than moving. Ingmar Bergman is no perfect artist, and you often do have to accept his ridiculous to get to his sublime. But you can get to it, and whatever the embarrassments (even a whole movie's worth, as in his recent *The Serpent's Egg*), there will be an extra measure of splendor for redemption.

Thus the most wonderful passage in *Autumn Sonata* isn't the overwrought climax but rather a scene in which the film takes time to play through a Chopin prelude on the piano twice—once so that Eva can show her mother what she can do, and once so that Charlotte can demonstrate her own interpretation. Charlotte's description of the music as "calm, clear, harsh," expressing "pain, not reverie," might almost be a motto for the best parts of the movie. And the camera's treatment of the playing—especially one uninterrupted, virtuoso sweep from a hand on a keyboard, along an arm, up to Ingrid Bergman's face—might epitomize its method. For all its deep feeling and sincerity, *Autumn Sonata* is also a work of theatrical virtuosity and even wit. It *wants* to call attention to the off-camera lives of its leading ladies, to the careful deglamorizing of Liv Ullmann, even to so small a coup as showing that the hand on the piano keyboard really belongs to the star of the film.

Bergman and Ullmann.

Many people won't know about Walter Gutman, at least not in this context, because his films, all eight of them, are generally short and shot in 16 millimeter and because they are subject to somewhat specialized release. For example, the latest, ***The Erotic Signal***, just an hour long, opened this season's American Filmmakers Series at New York's Whitney Museum. That's not quite Radio City Music Hall (at this stage I'd say it's a bit more viable than Radio City), but it is prestige. And Gutman can count some vocal fans, including *New York Times* critic Vincent Canby and me.

Some years ago Walter Gutman made money, and a reputation, in the stock market. He even wrote his own successful tip sheet—*The Gutman Letter*—which, given the

The Erotic Signal: *a respect for sexual preferences.*

preferences of its author, had as much to do with art and thought as with the financial averages. A good occasional painter and a friend to artists, Gutman had for a while backed some independent movies. But his talent became apparent only when he began making his own films, both erotic and dramatic-historical. Here are some titles: *Circus Girls*, *Muscles and Flowers*, *The Grape Dealer's Daughter*; and, on the other hand, *Benedict Arnold*, *Martha Washington*, *The March on Paris of Generaloberst Alexander von Kluck and His Memory of Jessie Hollady*. Gutman likes women, preferably strong women—acrobats, lady wrestlers. He also likes history, especially historical anecdotes. And he happens to be seventy-six years old. That last fact is important because it confers on one who is crazy about women the image of being either heroically foolish or very wise. Gutman suggests a good deal of both—along with a genuine respect for anyone's sexual preferences, including his own.

Walter Gutman wrote, directed, and photographed *The Erotic Signal*, which is how his movies usually get made. As with the rest of them, he narrates it, too—which is *why* they get made, since he seems a born talker with a fund of observation that doesn't always match the image on the screen. Somewhere near the middle of *The Erotic Signal*, while we're watching an exceptionally pretty naked young aerialist (Mia Wolf) on a trapeze, Gutman begins expounding on the beauty of strong girls' arms. This reminds him of a certain portrait of Diane de Poitiers (1499–1566), mistress of Henri II of France. His discourse then branches off into musculature in Renaissance paintings of women generally, into the private life of Henri II, and finally into an inspection of the Chateau d'Anet, which Diane had Henri build for her, a key monument of sixteenth-century French architecture. Somehow we have moved from a girl on a swing to ivy on an ancient wall—which connect simply because Gutman, the most absent-minded of pornographers, wants them to connect.

Erotic signals may come from feet or backs or—of course—muscles. Gutman has stories about them all. Sometimes the stories are weird, like his account of finding a girl's severed foot—really—in a New York City trash pile, and sometimes they are inspired. But his form in general amounts to a kind of filmed essay, more acceptable than most because it is so open and so relaxed and because it appreciates that the movie image can be a means of contemplation so long as some busybody filmmaker doesn't tell us what to look for.

His dramatic films—the histories—look like inspired home movies. His erotic films—which I prefer—really are home movies, by a man with a remarkable ability to make himself at home. Not exactly hidden in each is the question of the artist's relation to his subject matter—or, if you'd rather, the director's relations with his female star. In this case I'd suspect the director gets taken advantage of, which I'd also suspect he doesn't mind, because he's both too smart and too foolish to ask for anything less or more.

As with everything else, there must be a morality pertaining to how old men should love young women. With a sense of humor, surely, and much indulgence, and with a film conviction that you're making a fool of yourself for a worthy cause. Gutman seems to have all three, especially the last. And he has something more, because even the voyeur of the well-rounded leg or arm muscle can prove himself a visionary on the magic screen.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

HEALERS AND MORALS

The human body is a machine without parallel. It is superior to that of all other animals in the quality of its control mechanism, the brain, and superior to all merely mechanical machines in its brain, in its durability, and in its capacity for adaptation.

The body is also a thing of exceptional vulnerability, absurd inefficiencies, and wayward willfulness. Its talent for self-destruction is seldom matched in nature. Its design, while more or less sublime, features such inexplicable mistakes and irrelevancies as the back, which was not made for walking upright, and the appendix, which has no discoverable purpose except the enrichment of surgeons. H. L. Mencken contemplated the bod and concluded that it must have been invented by a committee, the cosmic secretariat. This was the only way he could explain the elbow.

Well, medicine rolls merrily along, as we are all made increasingly aware by the controversies that surround its every exertion.

In the United States most physicians are petty capitalists, operating medical practices for personal profit. This arrangement has the sanction of tradition, but it has become less defensible as times have changed. It is the source of many problems in health and medicine that seem peculiarly American. The doctor's education is heavily subsidized by public funds. He does his heaviest hitting

in public or charity-owned hospitals. He has no hesitation in petitioning for government relief—as he did, for example, in dealing with the malpractice insurance crisis of recent years. Yet he bravely, and greedily, insists on his status as a private practitioner, doing his medicine for profit.

One result of this system is that doctors seldom know as much as they need to know. Because the average physician insists on individual responsibility (and profit), he functions—or tries to—pretty much as a one-man band. Whatever his specialty or claimed area of expertise, he acts as though he knows everything to be known within it—what treatments to impose, what pills to prescribe, and what other experts to call in.

An unusual, and persuasively damning, account of one way in which this system of assumed medical infallibility breaks down is offered by William A. Siler in ***Death by Prescription*** (Sherbourne, $11.95), written with Michael R. Sawdey and Barbara C. Meihoefer. Siler is a pharmacist. Like almost everyone else within medicine, he knows more than enough horror stories. Those he tells in this book all involve drugs given to the wrong patients, with homicidal or otherwise damaging results. The book has a simple message: pharmacists are not just whey-faced pushers of Bufferin and Preparation H but trained professionals, more knowledgeable about drugs than most physicians. Yet they intrude on the doctor's power to prescribe only at peril to their profits (if they own drugstores) or their jobs (if they work in stores or hospitals). Siler's book is really about the doctor as corporeal deity. It is somewhat gothic in tone but well worth your time if you enjoy being spooked and outraged simultaneously.

A more extensive survey of the same general subject—the doctor as God—is John Guinther's ***The Malpractitioners*** (Anchor, $10.00), a thorough and hair-raising account of medicine's recent troubles in the courts. Guinther offers a long roll of actual lawsuits, taken from assorted legal and medical sources: the welfare mother's daughter who died of a burst appendix while she was being refused treatment except for minor illnesses; the infant stricken blind and retarded by spinal meningitis while the doctor insisted he had tonsillitis; the woman doomed to an early death because an absent-minded technician reversed an X ray, so that her *healthy* kidney was removed.

Illustration by Robert Altemus

Siler wants doctors to consult more with druggists. Guinther stresses the need to weed out incompetents. Both authors buy into the present medical system but want it reformed. Yet their books can also be read as more fundamental indictments. Given the power at their disposal and the information they must try to retain, all doctors must behave incompetently sometimes. And it would appear that they must also give the greatest leeway to each other to heal or maim or whatever: the ethic of private practice requires mutual nonintervention, a condition most readily demonstrated by the proliferation of quacks and the ineffective exposure of such charlatans from within the trade.

Malpractice suits are a sorry way to police medicine. They can be employed only after the fact of damage. They do not automatically prevent repetition or cost incompetents their licenses. They cause good doctors to practice expensive and cautious medicine out of fear of the courts. And they are intrinsically unfair, given the limitations of juries in judging such matters.

Yet the doctor who insists on his right to a private practice and who refuses to police his own profession must somehow be held accountable. Malpractice suits may be the best means now at hand. When state legislatures rush in—as all of them have in the past few years—to limit the doctor's liability for malpractice, they are really meddling in the world of business. What a great hoopla would ensue if legislators offered similar consideration to hardware store owners or siding salesmen.—*Patrick Owens*

DOGGIE PAPERS

Remember those wonderful, free wheeling years of self-exploration, self-awareness, and self-indulgence so aptly dubbed the "Me Decade" by Tom Wolfe? Well, if the Me Decade had a mascot, it was certainly that most vain, hedonistic, and self-reliant of creatures, the cat. But, inevitably, the Me Decade has approached its autumn. Spiritual questers are returning to jobs. Men are returning to wives. And generic man is returning to that most loyal beast, the true pal of home and the nuclear family, that ancient ally that has patiently waited out all the foolishness. I refer, of course, to *Canis familiaris*.

Take it as a sign of the times: dog books are here again. You will argue, naturally, that everything you ever wanted to know about dogs has been written (and read): a complete library of canine lore, books that tell how to select, adopt, train, heal, show, care for, love, even sell a dog. All this is true. But two new books offer some pleasant surprises.

While the ***Dog Catalogue*** (Macmillan, $16.95) is reminiscent of the *Cat Catalogue* (or, traveling back to the sixties, the *Whole Earth Catalogue*), the material is bright, informative, and chock-full of goodies. Crammed into 300 slick pages is a doggie ragout of trivia, medical how-to, lore and legend, book reviews, gadgetry, travel tips, and enough uplifting tales of Blackie and Ol' Yaller to convert even a loutish canine kicker like W. C. Fields into a psychotic zoophile. (Zoophilia has been defined by a certain Dr. C. L. Dana as a "passion for animals, a disease attacking morbid lovers of pets.")

Here are tips on getting Spot to do tricks (*not* the LBJ way—hoisting the yelping White House beagle, Him, by his ears, a stunt that obliged photographers and horrified a nation). Here are obedience-training hints, strategies

UPI

Amy Carter With First Dog Grits, a mutt.

ranging from dropping the Yellow Pages to dribbling Tabasco sauce in the offending pooch's mouth. Dread losing the lovable guy? Here's how to have him tattooed with his own personal ID. Can't *bear* to be without him? While filming in England, Dick and Liz Burton once rented a $2,500-a-week yacht to be with their quarantined Pekingese and Lhasa apso. *You* can transport that gentle giant of a Saint Bernard from San Francisco to Place d'Etoile: round-trip Paris vacation, *ex*cluding Left Bank hotel, a mere $1,454. If poochie refuses to heel, here, too, is the address of the Problem Puppy School.

It is possible, however, that having browsed this diverting, enlightening encyclopedia, you will fall into a state of profound melancholia. You will have read of an eccentric Rockefeller-Dodge heiress who left a yearly $50,000 to feed choice ground sirloin to her prized purebreds. You will have learned where to have your toy poodle's toenails manicured. You will learn the rigorous AKC rules required to register your Neapolitan mastiff. Then you will gaze in muted horror at the scruffy, unnameable beast foolishly licking your shoe and may, at such time, consider swapping the alleged dog for a cat.

Not to fear! Another book addresses itself—with love and respect—to the great Silent Majority of Dogdom. ***Mutt*** (Clarkson Potter, $6.95) is *the* essential book to have when one is forced to field that most embarrassing query, "What's *that*?" *That*, you reply proudly, is a mutt! Don't think of the paperless pooch as a mutant societal reject; think of him as a marvelous, one-of-a-kind, customized creature with the smarts of a Lassie, the bark of a German shepherd, the heart of a Saint Bernard, and the warmth of a beagle. Think mutt! urges this consciousness-raising volume. And when pressed, you may always quote George Bernard Shaw: "I like a bit of the mongrel myself," said GBS, "whether man or dog."

Armed with this delightful book's info, you will be able to confront even the snootiest Borzoi owner with such facts as: mutts live longer than purebreds, and mutts can be every bit as famous as AKC pedigrees. Take Benji, or the heartwarming saga of Sandy—rescued from a Connecticut animal shelter to steal the show as the star of *Annie*; and the nation's First Dog, Amy Carter's Grits, is (of course!) a mutt.

Because mutts lack any guaranteed quality control, however, this book provides useful hints on how and where to select your dream-mutt, tips on pounds and shelters, tips on mutt maintenance, plus a section on mutt roots (yes, mutts have a proud ancestry). In keeping with the democratic spirit of this book, an entire chapter is devoted to combating purebred paranoia by staging your own Mutt of the Year show. At a mere $6.95, this entertaining book is also democratic.—*Jonathan Black*

MIDEAST INCIDENT

On June 8, 1976, three Israeli Mirage fighter planes and three Israeli torpedo boats attacked the U.S.S. *Liberty*, a navy spy ship that was stationed thirteen miles off Gaza to monitor Arab and Israeli communications and movements in the conflict that came to be known as the Six-Day War. The *Liberty* sustained 821 distinct machine-gun and cannon hits as well as a torpedo strike, suffering thirty-four dead and some 165 wounded from a crew of 279.

The incident remains officially unexplained. Anthony Pearson, journalist and adventurer, first investigated it for *Penthouse* and now offers an extended report on it in ***Conspiracy of Silence: The Attack on the U.S.S. Liberty*** (Quartet, $9.95). No partisan of the quiet life, Pearson ran into no end of trouble in his investigation. His book deals with that, too, relating the uncommonly personal odyssey of a wide-ranging reporter in search of a challenging story.

Pearson hit pay dirt, after collecting an assemblage of clues, with a general at the Pentagon who confirmed or disclosed that the *Liberty* was traveling with the *Andrew Jackson*, a Polaris-class submarine.

The mission of the *Andrew Jackson*, if it should have come to that, was to destroy Israeli missile sites to prevent both nuclear and nonatomic attack on civilian populations and amenities of Baghdad, Cairo, and Damascus. Such an attack would have taken place only if Israel had virtually lost the war, which, of course, she won handily and quickly.

According to Pearson's Pentagon source, however, the Israelis did not know of this mission. The general thinks that the Israelis knocked out the *Liberty* to keep her from reporting Israeli troop progress. Or, as the general puts it, "I think they hit her simply to stop the ship from passing on to Washington the information that the Israeli Army was overrunning Jordanian territory, in contravention of every agreement made with the U.S. government, and was planning to escalate the war—despite the U.N. call for a cease-fire—attack Syria, and overrun the Golan."

Besides untangling such high jinks, Pearson relates the heroism of Capt. William McGonagle, skipper of the *Liberty*, and of the ship's crew.—*Tom Herron*

Reporter Anthony Pearson.

SOUNDS

BUSTING OUT

For the last four years, **Flora Purim**, the auburn-haired, Brazilian-born jazz singer, has been rated as the Number One Female Vocalist in the annual Readers' Poll of *Down Beat* magazine. Last year she played to nearly packed houses from Dallas to St. Paul, from New York to L.A.

"My career," she says, "is at its best."

But the thirty-six-year-old mother of two daughters—Niura, sixteen, and Diana, five—has serious problems. Seven years ago she was busted in New York on a narcotics charge. She spent eighteen months in a federal prison, then three years on parole. Now the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service is threatening to deport her.

Flora and her lawyers are fighting to keep her in this country on humanitarian grounds. If she were forced to leave, they contend, her career would be destroyed and her family life thrown into chaos. "I don't sing Brazilian music," she says. "I sing jazz music. The source of it is America, and the people who listen to me are Americans. My roots have been here for the last nineteen years. I've made a contribution, and I want to stay."

Flora's husband, Airto Moreira, also Brazilian, is one of the leading jazz percussionists. He has become a permanent resident of the United States, and he faces the unpleasant possibility of having to choose between his work and his wife. And, of course, there are the children for them to consider.

The odds are strongly against Flora. "In the immigration statutes there's a whole series of grounds indicating a person is undesirable as far as immigration is concerned," says David Grunblatt, one of her lawyers in New York. "Some of these provisions have waivers. Drugs happens to be one of the strictest—there are virtually no waivers available."

There is one possibility, however. The immigration authorities can respond to Flora's appeal by granting her case "nonpriority" status. That would put her into a kind of limbo in which deportation would be deferred on a year-to-year basis for the next ten years. Then, if she has had no trouble with the law during that period, she can apply for permanent residency.

"The 'nonpriority' list includes 2,000 people with much harder offenses than mine, offenses such as rape and murder," she says. "But these people were not deported, because they could show too much hardship."

Flora has always maintained that she was not guilty of the drug charge. The day she was arrested, she says, she had gone to a friend's apartment to pick up her twelve-string guitar for a recording session the next morning. Since her friend was busy in the kitchen with two men she'd never seen before, Flora says, she went into the living room and began watching "Kojak" with some other guests. One of the strangers left, and a few minutes later several men rushed in with guns and handcuffs and shouted: "Nobody move. This is the FBI."

"I thought it was a joke," Flora recalled in disbelief. "They didn't find anything on us, except in court they tried to say they found something in my bra, and I don't even use a bra."

The authorities claimed that Flora's friend had sold eight ounces of cocaine to undercover agents in the kitchen, and everyone in the apartment was charged with conspiracy to distribute the drug. The man actually involved in the transaction jumped bail, and in the end only Flora and another man stood trial and were convicted.

Flora, then in her late twenties, says she experimented with all the popular drugs. But a month after her arrest in the fall of 1971, she became a scientologist—"and they don't allow the use of drugs." In prison she gave speeches against drug use, and she continues to do so when she performs, from time to time, for inmates around the country.

Some music reviewers say that Flora's drug bust and the time she spent in jail put her in a class with such "lost or doomed" singers as Billie Holiday, Janis Joplin, and Bessie Smith. Now there was stronger identification with the pain and suffering of her Latin-blended, bluesy jazz, they say, and her career really took off. She moved to the top of *Down Beat*'s poll for the first time in 1974, the year she went to jail, and she made her most successful album, *Open Your Eyes, You Can Fly*, shortly after being freed in late 1975.

But jail was hard on her. At one point, she recalls, "I begged them to deport me. I begged them. I didn't want to be away from my family. I was suffering a lot. I didn't even want to know about music. I just wanted to be home with my family. They said, 'No, you are going to have to do your time. We'll deport you afterward.' I couldn't believe it. It isn't fair. I'm not guilty, and I did time for it. Even if I was guilty, I did time for it. Why punish me again?"

"It will be a shame if Miss Purim is deported," a *New York Times* critic recently wrote, "especially at a time when she is making some of the best music of her career."—*Joseph B. Treaster*

Raymond Ross

Flora Purim: "My career is at its best."

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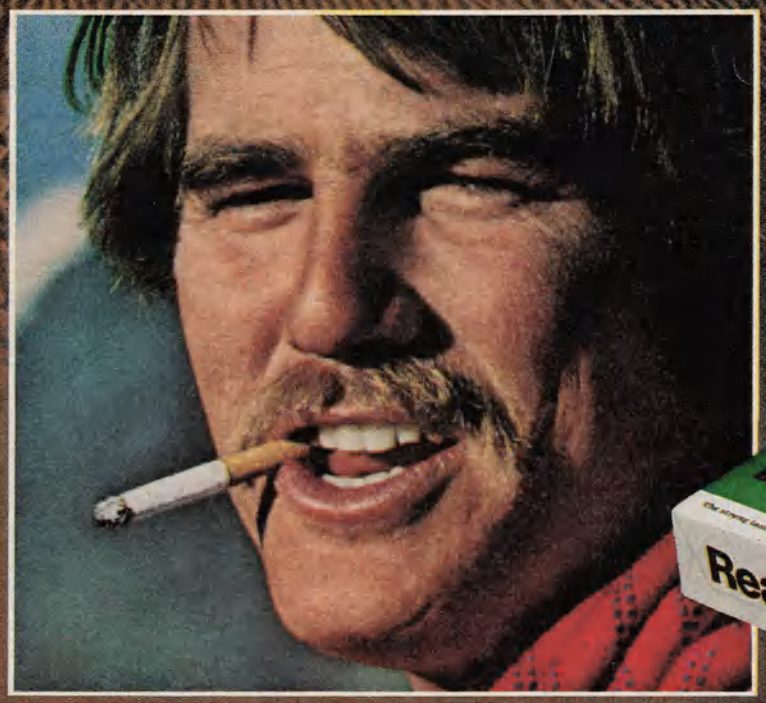

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By Harry Minetree

THE LAST DAYS OF RHODESIA

Time is running out on the only remaining African colony

We will be landing in Salisbury, Rhodesia, in approximately seventeen minutes. Please set your watches back forty years.—anonymous SAA pilot

They say in Africa that the most troubled countries have the fanciest airports. Not Rhodesia. Salisbury International resembles a warped film set from *Casablanca*. At the moment, more blood is being shed in Rhodesia than anywhere else in the world, except perhaps Cambodia. The black guerrilla war being waged against the white government of Prime Minister Ian Smith and three "moderate" (token) blacks has turned the country into a moral black hole. And it shows. The land around Salisbury, ordinarily the most beautiful in Southern Africa, has been burned dry to prevent ambushes. Small-arms fire cracks the silence of the veldt sharply and regularly. Armed patrols account for more than half the traffic on the surrounding roads. The whole place is dying.

For a while, the people tried to believe that the favorable kill ratios and successful anti-guerrilla raids reported by state-controlled radio and television proved that white Rhodesia was winning the war, that everything would be all right. But, inevitably, evidence that the government could not conceal began to erode the morale of the white minority: black slaughter in the Tribal Trust lands; villages raked by machine-gun fire and razed by torch; fleeing farmers, hysterical from grief and horror. Soon the tattered parade of refugees into Salisbury—first 100, then 200, then 500 a day—corroborated what Radio Rhodesia had denied. The official word was that Salisbury was secure from terrorist attack. It was repeated daily. And then, one day, blue-coveralled police reservists—barbers, bakers, unstrung schoolmasters—appeared with ancient shotguns and began cordoning off random areas of the city, searching cars and pedestrians, bayoneting loose earth in parks, looking for buried weapons. Now official good news is assumed false; the most frightening rumors are assumed true.

Near a fenced-off structure at the north end of the airport, two of Jack Mallach's four DC-9's are taking on sides of prime Rhodesian beef destined for Europeans who prefer tender steaks to the tough economic sanctions (trade restrictions) that the United Nations imposed on Smith's racist government thirteen years ago. Mallach, one of many free-lance sanction busters, has come a long way since the sixties, when he airlifted mercenaries around Africa in a whacked-out, yellow Constellation. But mercenaries are back in fashion. The hundreds of "foreign nationals" fighting with Smith's security forces will find plenty of work through supermercenary "Mad Mike" Hoare in South Africa.

The so-called internal settlement that Smith devised nine months ago, when negotiations with the black rebels broke down, orders an election to install a black-majority government by the end of the year. It's like taking aspirin for cancer. Guerrilla leaders Joshua Nkomo, the moderate Socialist who heads ZAPU (the Zimbabwe African People's Union) on the western front, and Robert Mugabe, the enigmatic Marxist-Roman Catholic who commands ZANU (the Zimbabwe African National Union) in the east, maintain that Smith's settlement, which guarantees special rights for whites, is a sellout that will perpetuate the political domination of Rhodesia's 7 million destitute blacks by 240,000 whites, who enjoy one of the highest living standards in the world. Nkomo and Mugabe have demanded dominant roles for themselves and their guerrilla forces in the transition to majority rule. It is a political stalemate that is fast generating a military slaughter.

So far this year, more than 3,000 people—700 in September—mostly black civilians, have been shot, bayoneted, or burned alive. Guerrillas shoot white farmers, cut off the lips of informers, and force their wives to eat them. The Selous Scouts, autonomous dirty-tricksters, disguised as guerrillas, ravage and burn African huts.

Missionaries who have aided the guerrillas have been raped, castrated, and disemboweled. And bandit gangs under no one's command pillage and loot the coun-

tryside. The rich farmland of the Cashel Valley, once Rhodesia's peaceful showplace of agricultural production, has been abandoned to tsetse flies and elephant grass. The road through it is closed. Government soldiers now desert the army in groups rather than fight for Smith, and the war, which is still costing the nearly bankrupt government $2 million a day, has long been lost.

In its last days Salisbury still seems a well-scrubbed West Texas town, replete with big-breasted women and cowboys who have foregone jeans for khaki shorts. Business is good. Never mind that 1,000 guerrillas have infiltrated the city, losing themselves among flower vendors and park idlers ... waiting. Never mind that arms caches are everywhere. Despite sanctions, the shops are well stocked—George Davis Hatters offers an assortment of smart trilbies; Woolworths does a brisk business in servant yardboy wear. (The yardboy uniform is a work suit made without a fly, the Rhodesian denial of black-male sexuality.) There are new cars, too—Datsuns. A few moneyed blacks are already dealing for the distributorship.

The white Rhodesians are dressed à la mode, but through circumstances of enforced isolation (extreme right-wing conservative, nineteenth-century values) and the government's diabolical designs, Rhodesia's whites have remained rich but ignorant, locked in a moral time warp. "Look at it this way," a banker explains. "What would you do if your country was running headlong to hell and you couldn't get your money out? You would buy a gun—several machine pistols are available for under $300—and then you would buy yourself, say, a hat. That is unless you had already made 'arrangements' in Switzerland or were working a fiddle with the government, getting kickbacks from arms purchases in France."

There was no precedent for the birth of Rhodesia. In the late nineteenth century an eccentric misogynist named Cecil Rhodes directed his unspent sexual energies toward delivering gold and diamonds and a great uncharted chunk of Southern Africa to his dwarf queen back in England. He traded rifles for mineral rights to the California-sized high veldt just north of South Africa and then chased off King Lobengula and made body servants of his sons. In time, Lobengula returned the rifles. "I am defeated," he said. "Take these and go." But it was too little, too late.

There was a steady, level influx of settlers, mostly from South Africa until after World War II, when a mass of ex-military men who wanted no part of British socialism set out for the more commodious colonies. The officers migrated to the polite white islands of Kenya, while the enlisted men chose the wilder terrain of Rhodesia. Then, in the late fifties, thousands of white Kenyans fled to Rhodesia rather than recognize the Mau Mau and the impending black independence. Thus a second postwar infusion of hard-line white supremacists arrived in Rhodesia, steeling an already firm resolve by the white inhabitants to resist the twentieth century. They considered themselves the cream of the British Empire, which they had helped serve in the Battle of Britain and which they now intended to perpetuate so many, many miles from White Hall's liberal sphere.

And there was no precedent for Rhodesia's demise: in 1965 a butcher's son of moderate intelligence and monumental obduracy broke with Britain rather than bend to a Foreign Office dictum that the colonial government grant the vote to black Rhodesians. In 1972 black guerrilla attacks began in earnest and accelerated to an all-out war in 1975. It was then that the United States, anxious over expanding Russian-Cuban influences in Southern Africa, entered the fray with Henry Kissinger. After Smith and the guerrilla leaders met unsuccessfully in Geneva, the war resumed on two loosely coordinated fronts—against Joshua Nkomo's guerrillas from Botswana and Zambia and Robert Mugabe's from Mozambique. Their combined armies were called the Patriotic Front.

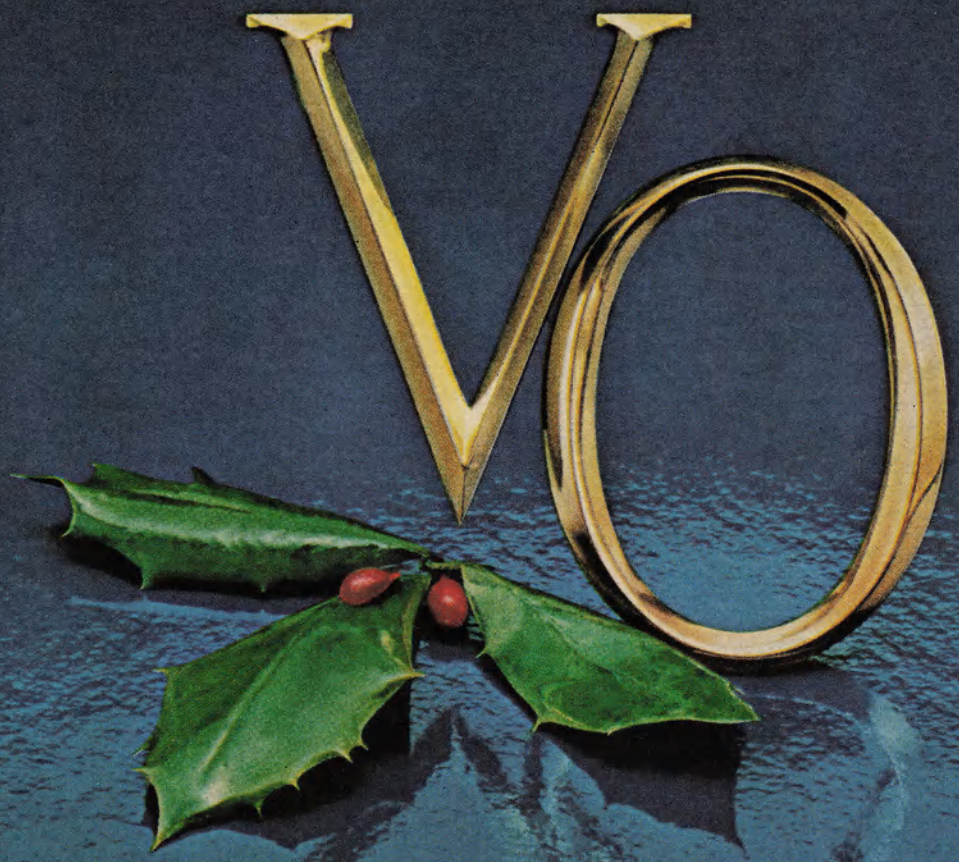
On March 3, 1978, Smith announced the formation of a multiracial transitional government, the business of which would be to lay the groundwork for majority rule to commence on December 31, 1978. The Executive Council of this government included Smith and three Africans: Bishop Able Muzorewa (a popular figure with questionable leadership ability), Rev. Ndbag Sithole (an old-line nationalist who had lost most of his influence to more militant factions), and Chief Jeremiah Chirau (a semiliterate, malleable, well-intentioned Uncle Tom). The order of business was as follows: (1) to effect a cease-fire, (2) to write a constitution, (3) to present the constitution to a referendum of white Rhodesians, (4) to hold free elections, and (5) to install a duly elected black president of Zimbabwe on December 31. Smith, however, retained the authority to dissolve the transitional government and the overall plan at any point.

Now, after thirteen years of international boycotts and six of war, Ian Smith is sinking straight-backed into a mire of his own making, and he is taking the country with him. One day, between Christmas and the end of January, white-minority-ruled Rhodesia will go down and the black state of Zimbabwe will rise. It may be by ballot. It could come as a direct handover. But more than likely it will be before the barrel of a Russian AK-47 attack rifle that the penultimate racist government in Africa—Rhodesia, the last colony in the British Empire—will disappear.

At the hotel door, you are searched for explosives and weapons. "We had everything," the businessman says. "A beautiful, bountiful country with a great future. Our

"Did you take something for that headache, son?"

The Standard of Giving.



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racial relations were good. Then something went wrong." This businessman looks genuinely bewildered. "What happened? What have we done to deserve this?"

The black security guard who searches you works twelve hours a day for thirteen cents an hour. His family of five lives in a single, concrete-block room and exists on a diet of cornmeal and greens. Millions of blacks are without jobs and, now that the war has spread throughout the countryside, without garden plots on which to grow food.

The hotel manager arrives in a $30,000 Mercedes with lacquer so deep that its color is lost in the sun. The security guard salutes. After the manager is gone, the guard admires the Mercedes, smoothing his black hand along its heavy chrome trim. He is, of course, the invisible man—one of the exploited multitude that the whites will have to reckon with when they corporealize with the advent of freedom.

In April of 1976 Patriotic Front guerrillas machine-gunned three tourists near the Limpopo River, and for the first time Rhodesia's whites knew that their country was surrounded by hostile black forces. In the beginning their fear was tempered with stiff-upper-lip arrogance. That day Maj. Eric Channing-Renton, an eighty-seven-year-old curmudgeon who wrote and privately published treatises on Tory invincibility, declared, "Nothing would give me greater pleasure than a rollicking good, fair fight—no pistol shooting, mind you—with these dastardly black cowards who have the audacity to call themselves terrorists."

Sixteen months later three Patriotic Front guerrillas engaged a police patrol in a shoot-out. "We heard the police firing their big guns," reports an eyewitness. "So many of them, shooting into the house for so long. We were sad to be killed like that, and we ran away. But then we heard the guns of the boys . . . the guns of the boys! They were surrounded, and they were dying, but they were fighting like heroes." The contact, the first in Salisbury, took place three miles from Ian Smith's offices.

That same day Lady Anne Semple, grande-dame mother-in-law to the conservative duke of Manchester, knocked back a neat whiskey in her hotel suite, lifted a one-lens lorgnette to her good eye (the other had been lost in a hunting accident in the Congo), and smiled from the corner of her mouth. "I came down from Kenya when I knew the end was near. I mean, really, considering my life in British *colonial* Africa—doing full curtsies for the sultan of Zanzibar—don't you think it only appropriate that I should die of a gunshot wound here in Salisbury?"

The attitudes of Rhodesia's remaining whites fall somewhere between the posturing of old Channing-Renton and the cavalier resignation of Lady Anne. The thread that runs true is a profound sense of loss, less for the lives of individuals than for the collective, ineffable spirit of a nation created from mopani forests and wasteland. It is an unarticulated sense of loss, because nobody really believes what is happening. Since the war has progressed beyond the point where profits can be drawn off and exported with impunity, the transnationals who control Rhodesia's major industries have begun to bid for peace. Accommodations are being made with all the aspiring black leaders. As for the three members of Smith's internal settlement, Bishop Muzorewa is being advised by Allegheny-Ludlum; an Arab consortium has given $4 million to Jeremiah Chirau; and Neville Romain, an ex-CIA agent of South African origin, is organizing Reverend Sithole's affairs. Nor are the Patriotic Front guerrilla leaders immune: Tiny Rowland, of LonRho Industries, contributes to Joshua Nkomo's expenses, and even Robert Mugabe, the one idealist of the lot, has made oblique overtures to John Hillis, president of the Rhodesia Industries Association. Still, the specter of a post-Smith civil war remains and may in fact be exacerbated by the prospect of winning a rich off-white economy rather than ruins.

"Will you knock it off, Grimsby!? You're not the only one who could stand a cold beer!"

People like Dudley Blancke have their work cut out for them.

Blancke, a big ole boy from Hot Springs, Ark., recently rented a mansion out on Salisbury's Mt. Pleasant Drive. The place has a swimming pool, a tennis court, and bent-grass grounds festooned with orchid creepers and jacaranda.

Blancke walks with an ebony cane—the totem of a football injury (plastic hip joint)—and talks from the soul of an nth-degree Rotarian, calling every man friend. His laugh rolls big and easy over a partial plate—also caused by a football injury, when he was kicked in the teeth—and his interests and sympathies are broad. He is, one would assume, a *good* big ole boy. But he is for sure a top troubleshooter for Union Carbide, which has purportedly stopped buying Rhodesia's chrome ore but still furnishes batteries for the army's radios. Blancke is also a mining engineer who can evaluate a vanadium-rich terrain through the bottom of a whiskey glass and a voracious intelligence gatherer whose effective disguise is crystal-clear transparency. A formidable opponent to his counterparts pitched up from the home offices of multinationals Anglo-American, LonRho, Unilever, Messina, Allegheny-Ludlum, and God knows where all.

This afternoon he is sunning on the back lawn, editing a Telex to the home office and burning out last night's party in celebration of his high score on the machine-gun range with some mining folks. Two Americans arrive, a black and a white—young professors from the Carnegie-Mellon Institute to the University of Rhodesia. They are playing tennis when three other guests come laughing, bearing local wine. One is a wry banker, who remarks on the Paul Mellon connection. "I began *my* career in Belfast.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

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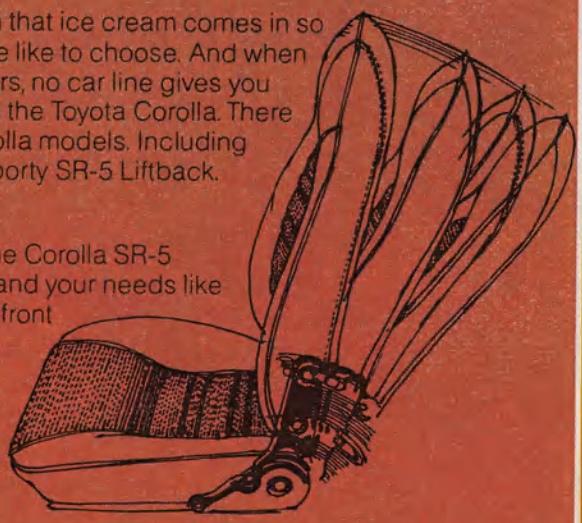

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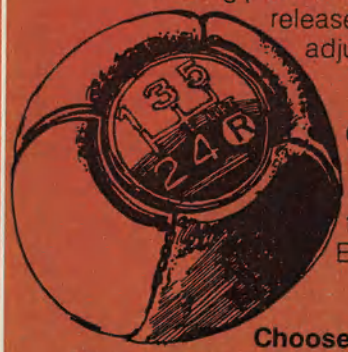

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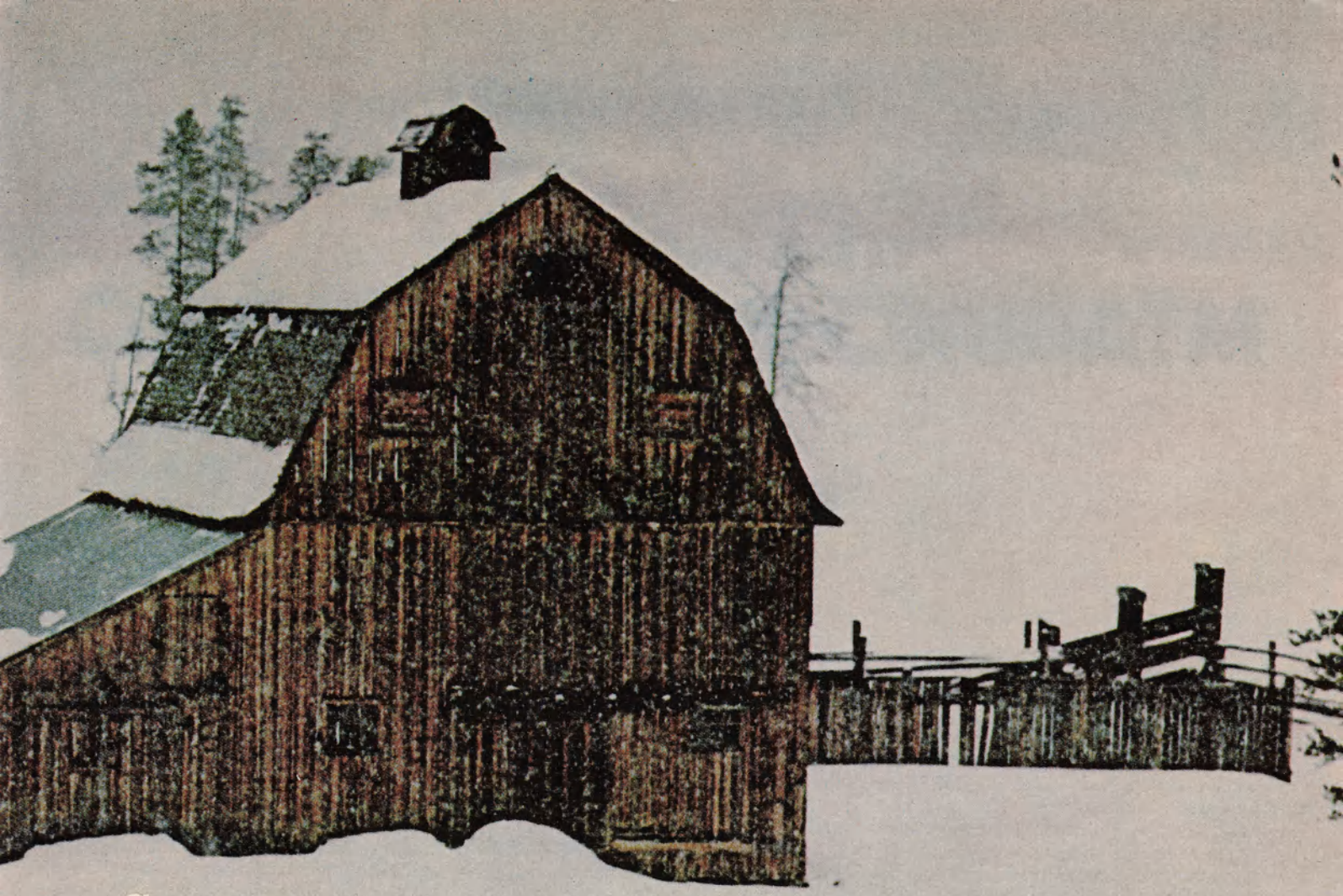

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A Penthouse interview with

MTABUKO JOSHUA NKOMO

"We decided we were going to take arms and fight."

Rhodesia's first black-nationalism movement, the Southern Rhodesian African National Congress, was founded in 1957 by a forty-year-old former schoolteacher named Mtabuko Joshua Nkomo. Nkomo went on to organize several progressively militant organizations to combat the increasingly repressive governments of white-minority-ruled Rhodesia—or Zimbabwe, the name preferred by the liberationist blacks.

ZAPU, the Zimbabwe African People's Union, is Nkomo's most durable movement and the one he currently heads. It was founded in 1961 (but two years later the Reverend Nbdaningi Sithole and Robert Mugabe left to form ZANU, the Zimbabwe African National Union). Nkomo wanted to circumvent Rhodesia's white government and organize international support for his cause, while Sithole and Mugabe believed the most promising course was to organize blacks within Rhodesia. The two factions were also separated by ideological and tribal differences. Nkomo's ZAPU followed a political theory of compromise with the white capitalists, while ZANU was firmly committed to a socialist revolution.

The tribal differences were a natural outgrowth of the leadership. Rhodesia's major tribal nations are the Matabeles and the Shonas, and there has been friction between them since before the turn of the century. Nkomo is a Matabele, and so are the majority of the ZAPU membership, while ZANU, after the tribal origins of both Mugabe and Sithole, is predominantly Shona. In 1964 both parties were banned and their leaders jailed. Nkomo was sentenced to ten years and six months in prison.

In 1965, meanwhile, Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith, rather than bend to Britain's demands for majority rule, broke from the British Empire and set up an illegal government based on white supremacy.

Despite incarceration, Nkomo managed to keep ZAPU alive, and in 1968 his followers initiated the first black guerrilla action against Smith's government. By 1974 the war had progressed to such an extent that Smith released Nkomo and the ZANU leaders from prison in an attempt to reach a peace settlement. But Smith's conditions for an agreement proved unacceptable to the blacks.

A few months later Robert Mugabe split from Sithole and formed a new, more militant ZANU based on the principles of Marxism. Nkomo went to Zambia and assumed leadership of the ZAPU army, while Mugabe took command of ZANU guerrillas in Mozambique. Forming a loose military alliance under the banner of the Patriotic Front, ZAPU and ZANU freedom fighters began a coordinated campaign against the Smith government: the defeat of white Rhodesia took precedence over any political and tribal differences between Nkomo and Mugabe.

On October 26, 1976, after a long, arduous effort by the British and the Americans, the leaders of the Patriotic Front met with Ian Smith in Geneva. Again the effort came to nothing. The war escalated. The white Rhodesians were losing. Mediations failed. Then, in March of 1978, Smith arranged a so-called internal settlement between his government and three black politicians who were in opposition to the Patriotic Front—Sithole, Bishop Able Muzorewa, and Chief Jeremiah Chirau. The plan, according to Smith, was to grant universal suffrage and elect a black president of Zimbabwe while ensuring "certain rights" for the whites. For their part, the black leaders promised to bring about a cease-fire, but the Western powers and the United Nations refused to recognize the settlement as anything but a Smith ploy. And the war increased in intensity.

In mid-August of 1978, Smith and Nkomo held a secret meeting in Zambia. The only significant aftermath was the downing of a Rhodesian airliner by ZAPU guerrillas, followed by a highly suspect accusation from Smith that ten of the survivors were machine-gunned on Nkomo's orders. Nkomo's response, underscored by Mugabe, was to state that the idea of mediation was now "dead and buried" and that the matter could be resolved only by the annihilation of Smith's forces. Smith retaliated by bombing twenty-five ZANU bases inside Mozambique.

The war continues, with the Rhodesian

Photograph by Michael Evans/Contact

Security Forces hamstrung by international trade boycotts and limited manpower—offset somewhat by the presence of foreign mercenaries—while the Patriotic Front, replenished by a steady stream of young blacks fleeing Rhodesia, receives arms from Russia and China and spiritual support from the Western powers.

However the future leadership of Zimbabwe is determined, Nkomo is the all-around favorite to head the majority black government after Smith is defeated (most observers expect the white government will fall early in 1979). But the extent of Mugabe's ambitions are as yet unknown, and experts suggest that a civil war between Nkomo's ZAPU and Mugabe's ZANU is inevitable.

Joshua Nkomo was born in June 1917 in the Semokwe Reserve in western Rhodesia. His parents worked for the London Missionary Society, his father as a driver (later as a teacher), his mother as a cook. After completing the education available to African children in the reserve, Nkomo worked as a delivery boy and a carpenter until he had saved enough money to enroll in Adams College in Durban, South Africa. A white clerk at the college recognized the young man's potential and, when his savings were depleted, gave him a job and helped pay his school fees. In 1944 he enrolled in the John Hofmeyr School of Social Science in Johannesburg.

In 1947, Nkomo returned to Rhodesia, where he organized the black railroad workers and became a founding member and the first president of the African National Congress. He was highly active within the organization and emerged as a popular hero by fighting the Land Husbandry Act, one of several laws that prevented blacks from owning land. In 1958 he was the ANC representative to the first All-Africa Peoples Congress in Accra. From that time, he traveled throughout Africa and Europe, eliciting support for the blacks' cause in Rhodesia. Several times in the early sixties he was jailed for civil disobedience, but he was inevitably supported by moderate Rhodesian whites. In 1960 he was elected president of the National Democratic party, and in 1962 he became president of ZAPU. Thirteen years later, in September 1975, he became president of the African National Council.

Harry Minetree, who has written extensively on the politics of Africa for numerous publications, interviewed Mr. Nkomo over a six-week period in London and at various ZAPU installations in Zambia. He reports: "Joshua Nkomo is a large man with a broad vision. Easy to anger, easier to laugh, he is a man whose personal suffering has served to temper his resolve to free 7 million Zimbabwe blacks from the political domination of Rhodesia's 240,000 whites. He speaks of Prime Minister Ian Smith, his archenemy for so many years, as a misguided human being, a flawed specimen, rather than as a hated enemy.

"Nkomo is unquestionably a leader, perhaps the only leader who will be able to fashion a viable society from the ruins of Rhodesia."

Penthouse: Is it true that black unity in Rhodesia is based solely on a hatred for Smith and that tribalism and civil war will dominate after the Smith government falls?

Nkomo: No. We were struggling long before Smith was anything. Many years ago a small group of people from Europe and other parts of the world, because of their superior weapons, gained importance in our land. They settled near black people and made decisions for them. This went on for years, until the black people accepted that these settlers had a right to direct them and to impose restrictions on them. The black people were contained; they were not

able to express their actual feelings.

We are a part of the opposition to this, of the feeling that we have been usurped by these settlers, who have been knocking us around, taking away our best land, telling us what to do, denying us the ordinary things of life—interfering with our farming, our cattle, almost everything. This is what caused us to decide to sacrifice our lives.

It all started when the white man came, during the time of Lobengula. The wars started first in Matebeleland—the settlers against Lobengula—but later, in 1897, the whole country was at war. All the blacks were against the white settlers. Then the British came in and suppressed us. Since that time the white military has sat on the country, on the black people. They were always there, with their arms and complicated administration. They were able to cow the people down for all this long time. Then came the 1923 referendum of white people to determine the future of the country. And finally the British gave the black population what was called self-government.

So it has gone on: all the legislation from that time has been aimed at subduing the black man. It's a long history of suppression and oppression, of the black man being kept down by violence. And this is why many of us became very angry. We realized that it was no longer possible to talk to the white people about change. We decided we were going to take arms and fight. The Western powers, including America, said no, they could not support violence. Yet they had supported violence in suppressing us; they had provided military assistance to hold us down! So we could not believe the story that they couldn't support violence. Of course, we understood why the Western powers said this: they were financially involved in Rhodesia, and they wanted to protect their investment.

Almost 99 percent of the capital in South Africa came from Britain, and of course Rhodesia was owned by Britain. There are Britons today who hold huge tracts of land in Rhodesia—absentee landowners who live in Britain. The biggest ranch in Rhodesia today is a British-owned ranch—the Nuenetsi Ranch, with 2 million cattle. Then there's the Wiltshire along with many other estates owned by British top brass. So one understands that self-interest was the main reason for the British allowing white Rhodesians to suppress the blacks. Back in the early days of colonization, the British enunciated a policy that because Southern Africa was suitable for white settlement, it had to remain a white man's preserve. This is not my assumption—it is in history books!

Because the weather is good, the soil is excellent, everything is nice, the British claimed our land. Early on, in Zambia, the British enunciated a policy of native supremacy—the native opinion was to be supreme. But as time went by, the British realized that if they were to remain firm in South Africa, the white settlers in this part of the world would have to be drawn into a big bloc. Thus they concocted the Central African Federation, bringing in Nyasaland, Malawi, Northern Rhodesia (Zambia), and Southern Rhodesia (Rhodesia). This bloc was stabilized by the presence of the Portuguese in Angola and Mozambique. The policy of the Portuguese was, finally, that these two countries in Southern Africa were overseas provinces of Portugal, and Portugal had no intention of giving up these "provinces." Therefore Britain felt very firm and safe in Southern Africa, very firm and secure.

Then came the question of Southwest Africa—Namibia. Southwest Africa was mandated to the British by the League of Nations, but Britain chartered it over to South Africa and inserted a clause in the agreement that has made it difficult for Namibia to get independence. This is what has given South Africa such a strong hold on Namibia—it was arranged by Britain. This is why the World Court was unable to free Namibia from South African control. Britain wanted to maintain this bloc for her-

Photographs by Harry Minetree

self; so she finally gave it to the Boers.

Then, finally, in 1974, Mozambique and Angola failed, and the Portuguese were forced out. Britain had to rethink her Southern Africa policy, to reorganize and devise a way to maintain the whole with a different cover. The English had to change and talk the language that the black Africans talk—they were forced into it. The next thing they had to do was to promote people in whose hands their investments would be safe. Hence this working toward what is known as an internal settlement. It's not an isolated thing—this Smith and his three blacks. Of course, the British were involved in devising the internal sellout. The Soviets were worried, but I wasn't. I told Mr. Vance this.

Penthouse: Do you feel that the holdings of the absentee landowners in Rhodesia should be confiscated?

Nkomo: This is no problem. That land goes back to the people. And it will be used in like manner by those people in the country who think they can use land.

Penthouse: Do you see yourself as a Socialist, a Social Democrat, a Communist, or a Democrat?

Nkomo: These are the terminologies you in North America use. We are on this globe together. We have to be ourselves, you know. We get a few ideas from you, a few ideas from other people. But finally we are ourselves. We have a past, traditions—and our people have a way of life that is different from any other way of life. But we are all together in this thing, and we have to influence each other now.

Capitalism is one thing I cannot compromise on, whether our people accept its principles or not, but I know they agree with me, because we come from the same way of life. We don't believe in trading land or selling land—no. And in any government that I lead, you can be certain those practices must go. That does not mean we will be taking people's land. It means that other people who haven't got money will have a chance to use land, which is the common property of everybody. And if they have to pay some rates or rents, that will go to a general fund of the people. In this way citizens can use as much land as they want; no one can take it away from them. Our system is this: once you use land, that land belongs to you. But you have not bought it. You cannot sell it to someone. The land belongs to the people, but everything on that land is yours.

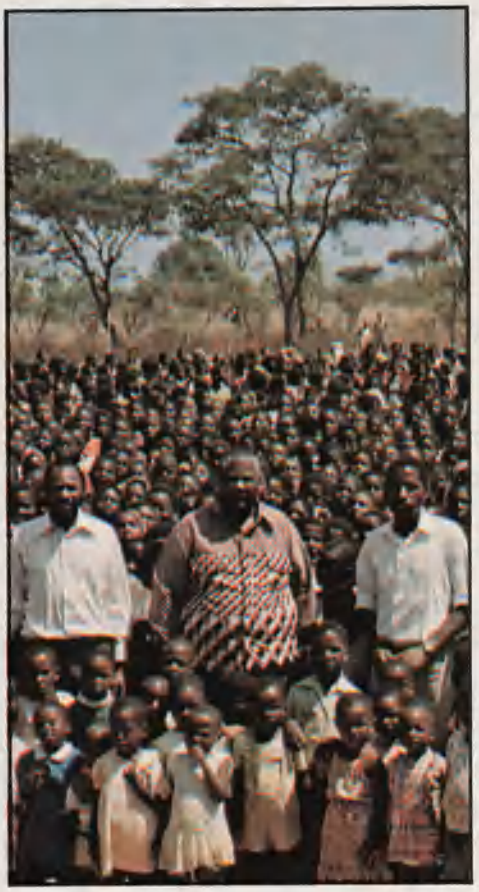
Penthouse: Are there any political differences between you and Mr. Mugabe?

Nkomo: I don't think there are. People have said that Mugabe is a much more hardened Communist than Nkomo. I don't think that's so. He has made certain hard-line statements, which he's entitled to. But when it comes to the future of Zimbabwe, the cause for which we both stand, we are one. I cannot characterize myself politically. I am just a freedom fighter. I have not yet reached the stage of being a politician, though I might soon have to be one.

Penthouse: Do you have ambitions to be president of Zimbabwe?

Nkomo: The government of Zimbabwe will be that which the people of Zimbabwe want. We have been fighting for many years for one-man-one-vote, and we still say this is the way: universal suffrage. Running for president of Zimbabwe is not my preoccupation. I started on this journey when no one could have dreamed that a black man would ever sit in the Rhodesian parliament. But we fought to bring change and to give the people of our country the right to determine their future. And that is still my aim.

If I'm given an opportunity to stand for president by these same people, I will stand. If they give this to someone else,



then so be it. I've sacrificed three-quarters of my life for this thing, and I want to see it through. I'll be very satisfied to sit back, if I'm still alive, and see a young man run that country where human beings are cooperating with other people around the world *as themselves*. Now this is what I want to see. Whether it will be conducted by me or by somebody else is immaterial. But *it must be real*. Anything that is a shadow I'll repulse.

Whether that leader be black is not important. I'm not fighting against the white man because he is white. To me his color is an accident of creation. What matters is what that individual thinks about the mass of people. And I'm sincere when I say that.

Penthouse: Do you have plans to join forces with Mugabe and his following?

Nkomo: Mr. Mugabe and I recently met as the leaders of the Patriotic Front—an alliance of ZANU, which he heads, and ZAPU, which I lead. The idea is that we move toward a complete unity, that we have a single party with one-man leadership. Of course, this means that our two armies will have to merge. The importance of this is that we are moving toward the independence of Zimbabwe—and you cannot get into a country with two armies.

Penthouse: What is your opinion of the foreign nationals, including the Americans, fighting with the Rhodesian Security Forces?

Nkomo: People who join armies that are not their national armies are mercenaries. One has got to go through the process of becoming a citizen; then one joins the army properly. Those who just come in and join the army, no matter what they call themselves—we regard them as mercenaries. The so-called fire-force groups in Rhodesia, the ones who use helicopters, are formed completely of mercenaries. And that is the biggest problem to us—the helicopter men. Also the ones who fly the Alouettes and the Hawker Hunters—manufactured in the Western world and many of them flown by Americans. Those are the chaps, their elite group. Most of them are foreigners, and they wreak havoc on us.

Penthouse: How will you deal with them in the event that they are captured?

Nkomo: They are criminals. We will treat them as criminals—straight and simple.

Penthouse: How has the Rhodesian government dealt with captured guerrillas?

Nkomo: Oh, they've captured our men and tried them and hanged them. Smith has been open about treating them as criminals—Rhodesian citizens who have turned against "their" government. He does not honor the conventions of war. A lot of young men have been hanged, and I have no reason to believe that they are not still being hanged. When the government began hanging four or five people every week, they stopped announcing the executions. They are still having trials. One of our chaps was sentenced to death last week. Of course, hundreds have been hanged. Four of our men, in the executive of ZAPU, were hanged for alleged recruiting. One of them was in prison with me. It's a terrible thing.

Penthouse: What will happen to members of the executive council—Smith, Sithole, Muzorewa, Chirau—and such members of the government as Van der Byl, Jack Gaylord, Lardner Burke?

Nkomo: I imagine some will leave the country on their own. As far as I am concerned, their fate depends on what they do from now on. If they realize that they won't win, take steps to end the war, admit that the objectives of the winning side have to prevail, and say, "Yes, I step off voluntarily," then we won't go cutting off their heads. This has to be one of the conditions of our agreement—that we won't cut their heads off.

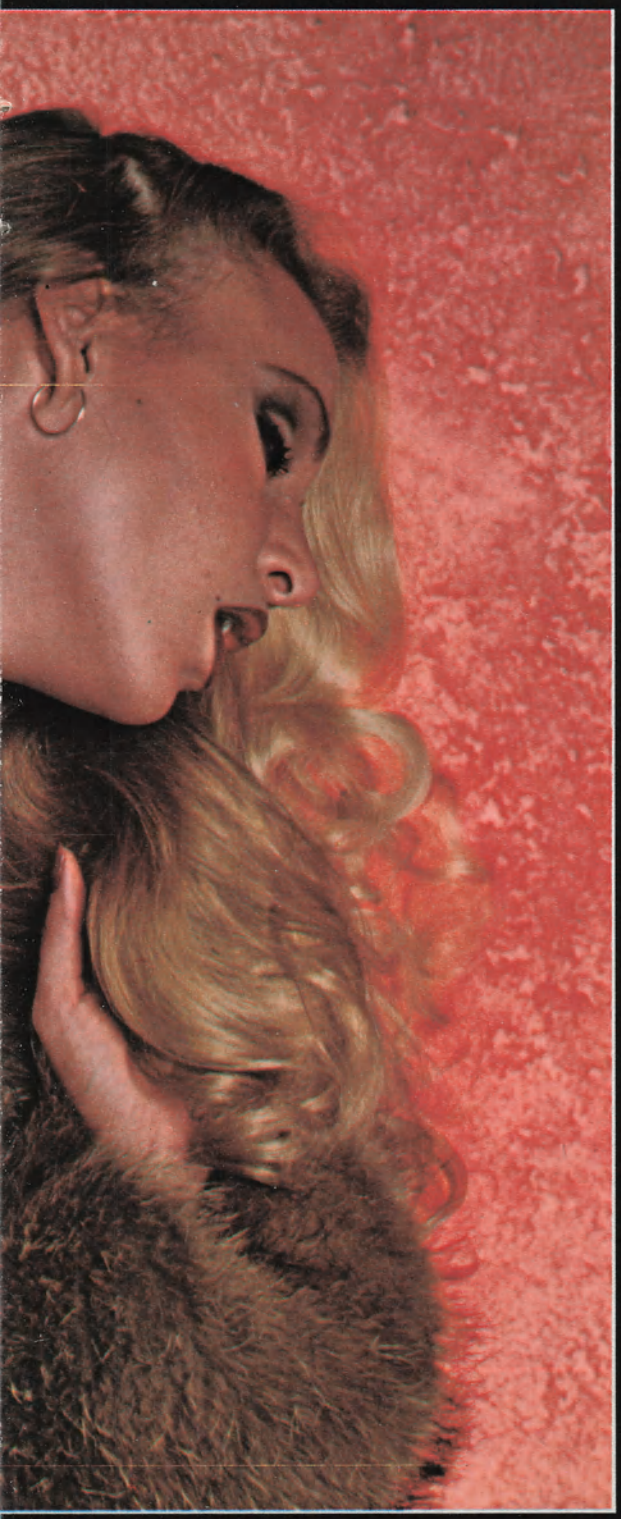
If Smith realizes he's been wrong and comes and says, "Now, chaps, I'm sorry about this," that has to be taken into account. But there are certain of his people who have behaved like animals—the ones who have burned women and children alive in huts, herding them in and then setting the hut on fire. Those fellows go beyond

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

FUR-GIVE & FUR-GET

"I'm my keeper's favorite pet, his greatest weakness as well. I give his life *texture*, or so he says, and he can't keep his hands off my 'silky' blonde hair or my 'satiny' skin. Well, *I* like textures, too . . . the gorgeous, furry, expensive kind. To Charles, my body's a masterpiece, and he insists it ought to be draped in the best. Who am I to argue? (Charles feels bad when he's forced to spend holidays at home; I deliberately pout and cry and threaten to leave him. Next thing I know, it's the doorbell—and another floor-length piece offering.)" "Fur-give and fur-get" say the pun-derous, hand-written notes—and Charles pelts her with further ceremonial evidence of his contrition.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONNIE HERTZ



"Often I spend my nights without him," says she—"but with treasures like these, I'm never really alone. They hug me with warmth and contribute to my most delectable fantasies. It's hard to get bored when you've got a sable, a mink, and a rather contented beaver to keep you occupied all night."

Sometimes, stretching out
to enjoy herself, she'll think of her
absentee lover—how he
paws and bites and scratches her.
"You're ravishingly lovely,"
he'll moan whilst ravishing her
over and over again. Thinking of him,
she touches all the places his
hands last caressed, tracing all the
patterns of pleasure only to
shudder over her self-inflicted passion.

Furs from Lex Daniels, Amsterdam, Holland.

"It's really beyond my control . . . Alone, I'm a feverish fox; with Charles, an insatiable wildcat. History, he claims, will brand me a great and legendary lover. Seen in that context, my little fur fetish seems rather noble: diamonds may be a girl's best friend, but my coats are not fur behind!"

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SEX AND THE LIBERATED ARAB

Flashing petrodollars like the scimitars of their forefathers, Arab princes, escaping from the religious austerity of home, descend upon Europe in increasing hordes to indulge their insatiable lust.

By Jaime Mardis

Arab princes are just like any other men — when you come *down* to it," theorized Yvette, a beautiful, young French Canadian.

The auburn-haired, succulent-lipped seductress sipped a Dom Pérignon champagne cocktail across from me at a Paris terrace-café and went on. "Except that, well, you know . . . they've got so much more *money*."

I had to take her word for it. As an innocent twenty-year-old, Yvette had landed one of the richest ministry princes in Saudi Arabia during the first big Arab assault wave on European pleasure capitals in the spring of 1974.

Things come easily to Yvette. Whenever she adjusted her sleek, golden thighs under her crepe skirt, it wasn't too hard to imagine why. Yvette has that kind of natural, burning sensuousness that drives men mad and liberates their money. As it was, I'd already gambled away half of my expense money by hunting Arab princes in a casino, and here I sat, buying Yvette and her friend champagne at fifteen dollars a shot.

In one week of royal research, I'd been shaken down twice by security guards at the London Hilton and discreetly kicked out of Chez Régine in Paris. The latter incident had been my closest contact with an Arab prince—King Khalid's brother—who'd taken one look at my notebook at the next table and left with his entourage. The club's management asked me to do the same.

Tracking down an interview in the private world of the Arab superrich requires the same luck that Ali Baba had in finding the treasure cave of the forty

KUHN

thieves. The friend of the wife of a friend had introduced me to an English girl, Gillian, who in turn introduced me to Yvette. The secret password, however, was a little bit different from Ali Baba's.

"Why don't you have another drink?" I offered.

Yvette and Gillian, a delicious blonde, readily accepted.

"I mean, what girl *wouldn't* swoon over a prince?" asked Yvette, recalling the beginnings of her Cinderella saga on the French Riviera.

An Arab stranger had approached her on the Cannes strip with an invitation to a reception at the Hotel Carlton. Yvette accepted. On arriving, she'd found only three other girls-in-waiting—and no party.

A servant announced His Royal Highness, the prince. Around forty-five and well-tailored, Prince Ibn Bin Charming wore a van Gogh beard and walked in, spinning a set of gilt worry beads. "When I saw him, I literally went weak in the knees," she remembered. "I guess I was too excited."

Something about her weak knees must have excited him. After appraising the horseflesh of the three other Western *hatchun* (slang for "cunts"), the prince politely dismissed them, via his servant, with gifts of $3,000 Piaget watches. Yvette was then escorted to an even more private reception on his $500,000 Riva yacht in the harbor. After she boarded the yacht, her weak knees grew weaker still, and before she knew it, the salty lapping of the Mediterranean in her ear had been replaced by His Excellency's tongue.

"It was all just unbelievable," Yvette told me. "Everywhere we went, people bowed. He had *so* many friends!" The prince had friends, charm, education, power, position, money, and lots of class. "He had so much class, why, he had more class in his little finger——"

She waggled her sapphire-studded pinky. I nodded that I understood. Yvette excused herself for a moment, and Gillian spoke up cynically. " 'Class,' she says. I went out dancing with them once, and His Royal Highness is more of a royal asshole, if you ask me."

Being English, Gillian has her own ideas about royalty. Her father had fought for the crown in Aden, and she'd adopted the British Expeditionary Forces' habit of referring to Arabs as WOGs (Westernized Oriental Gentlemen). "Do you want to hear a hilarious story?" she asked.

Another friend of Gillian's, an occasional prostitute, had been hired by an Arab delegate at one of the OPEC conferences. The conference took place at a Geneva hotel, and the girl had been hired to relax the delegate in between negotiations. "Apparently, they only had a couple of minutes," she said, "but he couldn't get it up in time, and she got ten thousand dollars for ten seconds' work!"

Yvette sat down. "That's not true—she got only seven thousand."

"No, he couldn't get it up," Gillian repeated, giggling. "All she did was lay her hand on his thing, and he must've known right away that he couldn't get it up before the next meeting."

Yvette said, "I heard she didn't even unzip him."

Talk turned back to Yvette's Prince Charming, whose only problem, according to her, was overgenerosity. "See this silver cigarette case?" she asked. "That was his first gift to me. I saw it and said something like, 'Oh, that's nice,' and he *insisted* that I take it."

"Looks expensive."

"Of course it is. But that's their tradition, you see. If you compliment an Arab on something, he insists on giving it to you. Like, we were passing this jewelry shop, and I commented on some stupid, little bracelet, and he *insisted* on going in and buying it for me right there. If you compliment him on anything, he *has* to give it to you." Yvette grinned rather naughtily. "I had to learn to stop." From what Gillian had told me, Yvette had already complimented her way into a flat on the Seine, a wardrobe from Dior, and a Porsche from Stuttgart.

> Since an Arab considers any girl who'll go out to be a whore, he'll never be seen publicly with the same date more than once.

"Yvette, what exactly do you do to repay all this, uh, generosity?"

"Nothing really," she replied coyly. "I'm just my nice self."

In the business of fleecing Arab princes, it struck me that flattery will get you everywhere. I figured out how Yvette got everything she wanted, short of her own oil well. She simply kept complimenting His Royal Highness on his cock. So he gave it to her every night.

In the Islamic incursions into Europe during the Middle Ages, the invaders were promised paradise if they died and were rewarded with slave harems if they lived. In the current invasion, however, petrodollars are flashed like swords and produce exactly the same effect. No one is killed, and many are fucked.

Until the great Arab Oil Swindle, Beirut had been the traditional sin center of the Middle East. Lebanon, a former French colony, retained a Napoleonic legal code that permitted brothels, bars, and casinos. When Beirut fell victim to the Lebanese Civil War, the oil-rich simply moved their playgrounds to Europe. Led by princes, sultans, sheikhs, emirs, kings, and high-rolling merchants—and bankrolled in part by the first OPEC price hikes—the Arab influx by 1976 had reached invasion proportions. That year showed 365,000 Middle Eastern visitors in London alone.

Far removed from the *sharia* restrictions of their native lands, the Arabs initially tended to carry on like boys in a candy shop—best characterized by an unswerving taste for Johnny Walker Red Label, a habit of calling one card too many at blackjack, and marathon sex.

The Arabs rejoiced. Most Middle Eastern countries are governed by religious laws as severe as they are ancient. In Saudi Arabia—the most notoriously strict—alcohol, public cinemas, and even smoking a cigarette in public are forbidden. Women aren't to be seen outside unless they are escorted and veiled, and even then, if a girl shows too much ankle, the "Morals Police can punish her." Recently, two French secretaries were deported within twenty-four hours just for wearing short skirts. When the Morals Police caught up with a Jidda cabbie who'd raped a woman, they took him to the top of the highest nearby building and threw him off.

The most famous account of Saudi Arabian "puritanism" involved Princess Misha Bin Abdul Aziz, the twenty-three-year-old niece of King Khalid. The princess—who was married to an older man by family arrangement—had visited Lebanon and there had fallen in love with a relative of the Saudi ambassador, Musieh al Sha'en, a commoner. The royal family, suspicious of her, recalled the princess to Saudi Arabia. Her lover followed, to help her escape, and together they clumsily attempted to falsify her death by drowning—scattering her clothes along a Red Sea beach.

Three days later the couple showed up at the Jidda airport, with Princess Misha disguised as a man. According to one report, information from two Saudi National Airlines employees ostensibly abetting their escape from the country led to the princess's discovery; another version has it that a problem arose over exit visas. In either case, the dreaded *Muttawas*, the Morals Police, intercepted them at the airport and instantly shot Princess Misha to death for adultery. Musieh, the commoner, was then taken to the public bazaar and beheaded.

On my Laker flight from New York to London, I spoke to a stewardess who had flown the Mecca shuttles during last year's *Hadj* religious season. The stewardess was tall, blonde, and stacked.

"Yes, I met lots and lots of princes," she told me, after I had caught up with her in the tail section during the movie. "We were there for two months, and every night was just one big party. The princes were just lovable. We had the best treatment you can get—I mean, really out of this *world*.

"One prince offered a girl an MGB to go to bed with him, and another prince, who was the sweetest fellow you could want, offered me a whole handful of gold rings. I think it's perfectly normal; I mean, we were

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the *only* attractive girls around."

I tried putting myself in a prince's sandals. Beyond the palace walls I could see the Arabian sun beating down so fiercely that even the sand flies were grounded. Under my flowing *jallabia*, even the royal cock was having trouble gaining altitude.

I wasn't amused. Out of four permitted wives, I had a harem of three. Yet I couldn't get what is known in the West as a blowjob, because religious law forbids oral sex. A fast affair with my second cousin's second wife might be fun, but I knew that if I had one, I'd be losing my head—literally. Still, I'm so horny that I feel like going out and molesting some infidel stewardess just for kicks. But I know that the penalty for rape, like thievery, is as often as not the loss of the offending member.

The thought of being emasculated upsets me so badly that I flick on the royal monitor and watch my contraband videotape of *The Devil in Miss Jones*. By now I've seen Georgina Spelvin's *hatchun* in action so many times that it reminds me of camel pussy. I want out. I'll fly to London.

"My chap prefers 'em young," claimed the blue-suited chauffeur of a Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow parked outside London's Harrods, that stately store where the queen shops. The doorman had already rejected me. Consequently, I'd paraded into the drizzling rain without an umbrella around the waiting limousines, hoping for an interview.

"You know how the Arabs are; they think if a girl's young enough, she's still a virgin. But just between us two here, mate," the chauffeur said, winking at me, as I stood alongside his window, cleverly trying to light a wet cigarette, "you'll have trouble finding any girl in the U.K. over twelve years old who's a virgin *these* days."

"How come?" I asked him.

"Take my chap. He's a prince, you know. He likes them about fifteen or sixteen years old; that's all he goes after. He figures at that age they're all virgins, you see."

"Well, where does the prince get to meet a fifteen-year-old girl?"

"Oh, we'll be driving around town, just him and me, you know. Then he'll spot one he fancies. I pull the car over and say the usual stuff. 'Good day, miss, how far are you going? Can we give you a lift down the way?' "

"In the *daytime*?"

"Of course," he said, shrugging. "But you know how they are. The prince would never dream that a virgin would be out at night."

"Then what?"

"Then he invites them over for dinner, or for lunch, depending. The girls go. You know how it is. Their mum probably only gives them fifteen pence for the day, but with the prince they stand a chance of making a hundred quid."

That is, *if* they're virgins. The prince has a "bachelor" apartment, a hotel suite for his family, and a second hotel room for his game room. The way the chauffeur explained it, the prince collects hymens the way some men collect butterflies. The virgins never stay or last too long in the game room with His Royal Highness—often no more than a few minutes. After all, virgins are as disposable as a soft drink once they're popped.

"And what happens if the girl is not a virgin?" I inquired.

"Then there is a mix-up," he said.

"But what happens?"

"Not much, I guess."

"Anything ever go wrong for His Royal Highness besides that?"

"Well, one day, when he'd finished with this lass, she went and turned him over for about 25,000 quid [$50,000]. You know how the Arabs are; they're not used to people stealing. He had the money stacked in a suitcase, and when he looked around, the lass had taken off with it."

The prince never got back his money, nor did the girl get back her hymen.

"Virgins is all they're after from what I can see," the chauffeur continued. "I had a Kuwaiti sheikh a year or so back who came all the way here to *marry* one of them. She had to be a virgin, and she had to be English; nothing else would do. Three months I spent driving him around to restaurants, fancy nightclubs, everywhere you can name." The chauffeur of the Rolls Silver Shadow shook his head. "Unlucky bloke he was."

> "My chap," said an Arab's chauffeur, "likes them about fifteen or sixteen years old. . . . He figures at that age they're all virgins."

The sheikh finally gave up trying to find an English virgin and headed back to Kuwait. Too many other Arabs, it appeared, had struck oil before him.

My walking tour of London continued haphazardly as I tried locating a friend of a prince who'd moved from the Hilton to the Grosvenor House and back to the Hilton. Eventually, I wound up having a drink in the "Pleasure Precinct," Shepherd's Market, where, on the subject of Arabs, one tough hooker advised me to go to Hamilton Place.

Les Ambassadeurs, the Curzon, and other exclusive gambling clubs bordered this lane; and when the drunken, horny gamblers came stumbling out in the wee hours, a sampling of tender nymphets in miniskirts was there to greet them. Word had obviously gotten around about Arab tastes for teenage ass—Hamilton Place, at midnight, looked like a casting call for *Pretty Baby*.

Prostitution is legal in England, but soliciting brings a fine of fifty pounds. However, these girls made more than enough each night to cover the fines. Only five or six were cruising the elite gambling strip at this hour, and not one of them was more than seventeen. The little nymphets hardly dressed like virgins; but if you were drunk enough, I supposed, you could still pretend.

Putting on my best American accent, I approached a sweet brunette with bangs and dimples. "Hello there! I'm doing a story on——"

The sweetie responded in her best cockney accent. "You'll get nothing from us! Go 'way!" As I started to explain, she called to her friend down the sidewalk, "Don't tell him anything!" This nymphet, a pimply blonde in white vinyl boots, walked over, yelling, "Go on, mister! Nobody's going to talk to you around here!"

And nobody did, except the cabdriver, who took me back to my hotel. "Three o'clock in the morning's when they're all out there," he said. "Lines of 'em. All young, too. Even boys."

"What's that?" I asked.

The cabbie half turned his head. "Sure, didn't you know? Seems when these Arabs get drunk enough, they don't care what they take, and that's who the ponces are after. I've seen 'em at it. They'll stand there and say, 'Do you want a naughty boy?' Bloody Christ," he said, sneering. "I guess some of these Arabs must, or why else are they there?"

The varying makeups of royal families from Middle Eastern kingdoms and sheikhdoms and the sheer number of princes (the House of Saud alone, as an estimated 2,500) make it difficult to typecast an Arab prince. Many are Oxford products in Savile Row suits, some are Berkeley graduates in faded Levi's, and others resemble the bedouin extras in *Lawrence of Arabia*. Of course, a few high-stepping Arabs combine the old with the new in such outfits as a red-check burnous headdress, tweed jacket, swishing *thawb*, and Day-Glo platform shoes.

"Arabs are our most discreet customers," one French club owner told me. "Never any jealousies, never any incidents, and they never question the check. People think Arabs walk around with a big A-R-A-B stenciled on their foreheads. Wrong."

"But how discreet can you be," I ask, "when you've got three Korean bodyguards standing around your table with machine guns pointed out at the dance floor?"

"*Wrong!*" The nightclub owner waggled his finger angrily. "We tell them, 'Leave your bodyguards outside.' House rules. Last night we had a prince who tried to bring his men in. 'No,' I said. They stayed outside under the canopy, stiff as nails—just like that fat fellow in James Bond."

"Oddjob?" I suggested.

"That's him," he said. "I'll tell you one thing about Arabs and only one thing, young man: they never show up with the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

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THE PSYCHIATRIC HOLOCAUST

Good German doctors
provided both the theory and the techniques
for Hitler's extermination of
the Jews: they murdered hundreds of thousands of
mental patients *before* the Nazis
built the death camps.

By Peter Roger Breggin, M.D.

Most of us have wondered, "How could the Germans have murdered millions of Jews in such a callous and systematic fashion?" We have read what the history books and the popularized best-sellers have said about the German mentality and Hitler's rise to power, but somehow a piece of the puzzle has been missing. We have continued to ask ourselves, "What went on that permitted the development of such ghastly, inhuman practices?"

As a psychiatrist, I was astounded and shocked when I came upon the missing piece of the puzzle. German psychiatry played the single most important role in developing the ideology and practice of mass sterilization and mass murder. Without the support of English and American psychiatry, Hitler's racial programs might never have become so acceptable, and without the active efforts of German psychiatry, the extermination program would never have gotten off the ground.

German psychiatry was responsible for developing the idea of mass sterilization and mass murder, and German psychiatry systematically murdered 100,000 or more patients as a prelude to Hitler's extermination program—everything from the first extermination centers to the gas chambers and crematoriums. German psychiatry actually carried out the first wide-scale murder of the Jews and then trained the SS killers who later took over the task from them.

I had been researching the role of psychiatry in Nazi Germany for more than a year when my findings were made real to me through photographs of a psychiatric extermination center provided by New York publisher Robert E. Abrams. Twenty-five years earlier, Abrams had been a young American soldier in Munich, working as a public-relations officer. The war had been over in Abrams's sector for more that three months on that particular day in July 1945, and Abrams hardly expected to find himself confronted with a psychiatric crime of such hideous proportions that to this day it remains largely hidden from the public.

Illustration by J. Ingram Stone

Without advance notice, a German army physician appeared at Abrams's office door. Abrams invited him in and asked him his business. The physician had been a front-line medical officer in the war—a man devoted to saving German lives—and on his return to his hometown of Kaufbeuren, he had discovered that German psychiatrists were killing mental patients in the local state mental hospital.The doctor was so appalled that he now turned to his former enemy to stop German psychiatrists from waging their private war against German mental patients.

Abrams and another soldier picked up their automatic weapons and sped in a jeep to Kaufbeuren. They were about to liberate a state mental hospital from its doctors.

On arrival in the town, Abrams could see the facility standing on a hill in the distance, looking like every other state mental hospital in the world—large, old buildings suitable for the most economical incarceration of great numbers of inmates. Abrams asked some of the children in the street what went on up there, and they replied, "Oh, that's where they kill people."

The children were right. Abrams found that the mental hospital was a death camp complete with a crematorium and three ovens. His photographs confirm scenes indistinguishable from those in the horrifying newsreels depicting the liberation of concentration camps—dead and dying skeletal figures and crematorium ovens. As in liberated concentration camps, the records had been destroyed, but what remained showed a death rate of 25 percent during the prior year, some by poisoning and others by slow death through starvation on "scientific diets." The dead included 100 children, who were murdered during the eighteen months prior to Abrams's arrival.

Again, as was true of the concentration camps, the crematoriums had been feverishly busy prior to the arrival of the American soldiers, with an admitted 350 to 400 cremations taking place during the six months of 1945. But whereas the

deaths in the concentration camps had ended with the Allied victory, the self-righteous psychiatrists had continued their grim task of murder after the end of the war. After all, they reasoned, "euthanasia" was not a wartime policy of Hitler but a medical policy of organized psychiatry. The patients were being killed for their own good as well as for the good of the community. They would have gone on with their program had it not been for the outrage of one German physician who thought that it was his duty to save lives.

Abrams stresses that the psychiatrist who showed him through the "hospital" showed no remorse. He was a "good German," rather than a Nazi. He continued to exert his authority by shoving patients aside during the tour, until Abrams intervened and told the patients that they no longer had to submit to him. Abrams commented dryly, "All were sane enough to laugh hoarsely and to enjoy the change of status."

Records uncovered by Abrams at the hospital confirm that the extermination had begun as a part of a national psychiatric program before Hitler took on the systematic murder of the Jews. Hundreds of patients had been shipped off to psychiatric extermination centers prior to the end of 1941, when the national program was largely abandoned and local state mental hospitals took over "the action" on their own.

The psychiatric extermination program was not a hidden, secret shame of psychiatry—at least, not at the start. It was organized by leading professors of psychiatry and directors of mental hospitals through a series of national meetings and workshops. So-called euthanasia forms were circulated to individual hospitals, and final approval of each death was then given in Berlin by a committee of the nation's outstanding psychiatrists. By January 1940 patients were being shipped to six special extermination centers staffed by psychiatrists. In late 1941 public outrage and lack of enthusiasm from Hitler pushed the program underground, but between 100,000 and 200,000 German mental patients had been killed. From then on, individual institutions, such as that at Kaufbeuren, continued to act on their own, even admitting new patients for the purpose of murdering them. At the end of the war, many large institutions were entirely empty, and estimates from various war-crime tribunals, including Nuremberg, estimate the number of dead to be between 250,000 and 300,000, mostly inmates of psychiatric hospitals and homes for the retarded.

So avid were the psychiatrists that they followed the troops into occupied countries to continue the extermination of mental patients whom they called "useless eaters" and "lives not worth living," sometimes starving or poisoning them, sometimes heaving them out windows in their efforts to cleanse the local populations of inferior individuals.

Psychiatrist Fredric Wertham, by no means a radical critic of his profession, deserves the credit for being the first to describe the role of psychiatry in Nazi Germany. In *A Sign for Cain* he lays full responsibility on psychiatry itself: "The tragedy is that the psychiatrists did not have to have an order. They acted on their own. They were not carrying out a death sentence pronounced by somebody else. They were the legislators who laid down the rules for deciding who was to die; they were the administrators who worked out the procedures, provided the patients and places, and decided the methods of killing; they pronounced a sentence of life or death in every individual case; they were the executioners who carried out or—without being coerced to do so—surrendered their patients to be killed in other institutions; they supervised and often watched the slow deaths."

The organized, systematic murder of mental patients by psychiatrists in Germany was not only an atrocity in itself but also a necessary step in the events that led up to the murder of 6 million Jews. Psychiatry established the principles and practices that led to the Holocaust and carried out many of the actual murders.

> Nazi hunter Simon Wiesenthal reports that German psychiatric euthanasia centers were "training centers for Hitler's genocide programme."

Did psychiatry *cause* the extermination of the Jews? Of course not. Antisemitism, nationalism, religious ideology, economic catastrophe, war—the list of causes behind the Holocaust is complex and even infinite. Was psychiatry *required* for the mass murder of the Jews? The evidence says yes. Psychiatry provided both the *theory* and the *practice* required for Hitler's scheme of destruction for the Jews.

From the practical aspect, psychiatry provided the first "how to" demonstration for massive, systematic extermination. It showed how concentration camps (state mental hospitals) could be used as holding centers while more technologically advanced extermination centers carried out the actual murders. It proved that inmates could be sufficiently subdued and cowed into submitting to such practices, and it proved that personnel could be trained to handle the task without rebelling or losing their own grip on sanity.

But the connections between the psychiatric atrocity and the murder of the Jewish populations is much more direct. The psychiatric "euthanasia centers" became the training centers for SS murderers. When extermination-camp commandant Franz Stangl was asked in an interview how he was able to accept his role in murdering large numbers of people, he explained that he had been trained for this by doctors in the euthanasia program in 1940: "I myself would have nothing whatsoever to do with the actual operation—this was carried out entirely by doctors and nurses."

In *The Murderers Among Us*, Nazi-hunter Simon Wiesenthal reports that the psychiatric euthanasia centers were "training centers for Hitler's genocide programme" and that they were "organized like a medical school." He believes that this training explains how the SS were so able to adjust to killing people.

Not only were the so-called euthanasia centers used for training the SS killers, but also the first Jews were brought from the concentration camps to be killed in these psychiatric facilities. The victims themselves were selected by psychiatric teams, on trips to Dachau, Sachsenhausen, Buchenwald, Mauthausen, Auschwitz, and other concentration camps. In *Doctors of Infamy* the German medical representative to Nuremberg, Alexander Mitscherlich, admits that testimony at the trials gave "proof that in the concentration camps prisoners were selected by the same medical consultants who were simultaneously sitting over the destiny of mental-institution inmates." No wonder that Adolph Eichmann, on trial in Israel, had the gall to offer in defense of himself that the gassing of the Jews was a "medical" matter. He should have said a *psychiatric* matter.

Although the facts have not reached the public, I am not the first physician to suggest that the psychiatric euthanasia program was the necessary forerunner of the holocaust that claimed the lives of millions. Leo Alexander, the American psychiatrist with the primary responsibility for investigating psychiatric crimes at Nuremberg, has always been a staunch supporter of institutional psychiatric practices. At the trials he nonetheless came to this dramatic conclusion after reviewing the evidence, including the army's classified files: "According to the records, 275,000 people were put to death in these killing centers. Ghastly as it seems, it should be realized that this program was merely the entering wedge for exterminations of far greater scope in the political program for genocide of conquered nations and the racially unwanted."

Alexander confirms testimony at Nuremberg that the first political exterminations were carried out under the guise of treatment for sickness—euthanasia. "So-called psychiatric experts were dispatched to survey the inmates of the camps, with the specific order to pick up members of racial minorities and political offenders from

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occupied territories and to dispatch them to killing centers with specially made diagnoses. . . ."

Another physician, Andrew Ivy, was medical-scientific consultant to the prosecution at Nuremberg. Although selected by the American Medical Association, he pulled no punches in condemning German medicine for its role leading up to genocide: "Had the profession taken a strong stand against the mass killing of sick Germans before the war, it is conceivable that the entire idea and technique of death factories for genocide would not have materialized."

While Alexander, Ivy, Wertham, and others have recognized the practical role played by psychiatry in aiding and abetting the exterminations, few physicians have been willing to face the *ideological* role played by psychiatry in justifying the sterilization and murder programs. A thorough historical analysis would require a review of eugenics—the use of genetic theory to support political practices aimed at controlling the hereditary traits of the population. Here I can point to only a few key figures in psychiatry whose promotion of eugenic sterilization and euthanasia paved the way for Hitler's ideological development.

The first book that advocated the systematic, scientific extermination of a class of people for racial, "hygienic" purposes was published before Hitler put pen to paper and wrote *Mein Kampf*. It was *The Destruction of Life Devoid of Value*, coauthored by psychiatrist Alfred Hoche and lawyer Karl Binding in 1920. Hoche was one of Germany's most prestigious professors of psychiatry, and his book supported the view that many psychiatric patients were "mentally dead" and only "partial" Germans in their existence. He called for medical murder to relieve their suffering, to purify the race, and to save the state money. Not only did Hitler read Hoche, but also, after he took power, he lent his name to advertisements for Hoche's books.

Another psychiatrist, Ernst Rudin, was also a leading figure in German psychiatry before Hitler's régime. As professor of psychiatry at Munich and director of the Department of Heredity at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, he was the world's most renowned eugenic psychiatrist. As a visiting dignitary to the United States in 1930, Rudin was praised by leaders at the eugenically oriented Carnegie Foundation. When the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute nearly collapsed from lack of funds shortly before Hitler's takeover, a large grant from the Rockefeller Foundation saved Rudin's work. Without modifying his already racist, eugenic ideas, Rudin went on to become the chief architect of Hitler's racial-hygiene legislation and was lauded on his sixty-fifth birthday by Hitler's minister of the interior, Wilhelm Frick, who called him "the indefatigable champion of racial hygiene and meritorious pioneer of the racial-hygiene measures of the Third Reich." At the end of the war, this hero of psychiatry had to flee from the outraged families of murdered mental patients.

The tie between Hitler and the eugenic psychiatrists was so close that much of *Mein Kampf* is literally indistinguishable in language and in tone from the major international journals and psychiatric textbooks of the time. To quote from a few of many such passages in *Mein Kampf*:

"To demand that defective people be prevented from propagating equally defective offspring is a demand for the clearest reason and, if systematically executed, represents the most humane act of mankind. . . ."

"Those who are physically and mentally unhealthy and unworthy must not perpetuate their suffering in the bodies of their children. . . ."

"A prevention of the faculty and opportunity to procreate on the part of the physically degenerate and the mentally sick . . . would not only free humanity from an immeasurable misfortune but would lead to a recovery which today seems scarcely conceivable."

> Ernst Rudin, who became the chief architect of Hitler's racial-hygiene legislation, received a huge grant from the Rockefeller Foundation.

Hitler received support from psychiatrists and social scientists around the world after he took power. Many articles in the world's leading medical journals monitored and heaped praise on Hitler's eugenic legislation and policies. These are the same policies that Mitscherlich, the German medical representative at Nuremberg, described as "the starting point for the line of development that inexorably led to enforced 'mercy death' for the incurably insane, on the one hand, and, during the war, on the other, to plans for exterminating races declared to be inferior—Poles, Russians, Jews, and Gypsies."

Leo Alexander, the psychiatrist who accepted responsibility for investigating psychiatric atrocities at the War Crimes Tribunal, was himself among those who had lent his support to Hitler's sterilization laws. He was one of several well-known authors of *Eugenical Sterilization*, an official report of the American Neurological Association, funded by the Carnegie Foundation.

Speaking of Hitler's two-year-old legislation for involuntary sterilization, Alexander and his coauthors confirm my observation that "it is fair to state that the Sterilization Act is not a product of Hitler's régime, in that its main tenets were proposed and considered several years earlier, before the Nazi régime took possession of Germany." They go on to praise the legislation as conforming "closely with the present knowledge of medical eugenics."

American encouragement of Hitler's psychiatric-eugenic programs went far beyond moral support. In the years prior to Germany's Sterilization Act, the state of California systematically sterilized 15,000 psychiatric inmates and became the world's chief experimental area for eugenics. Paul Popenoe and other American eugenicists provided the Germans with detailed information on the California experience and then supported Hitler's programs in American journals.

In the *Journal of Heredity* in 1934, Popenoe quotes extensively and enthusiastically from *Mein Kampf*, reporting that Hitler studied the most modern eugenics textbook while he was in jail, writing his own version of the mentally hygienic state. "From one point of view," Popenoe correctly observes, "it is merely an accident that it happened to be the Hitler administration which was ready to put into effect the recommendations of the specialists." *The* specialist was psychiatrist Ernst Rudin, who guided Hitler's development of the therapeutic state. Popenoe regretted aspects of Hitler's more crude racism, but he was optimistic and envisioned the Nazis moving "toward a policy that will accord with the best thought of eugenicists in all civilized countries." As Popenoe himself noted, these practices had already led to 400,000 sterilizations in Germany in the first years of the Third Reich.

Psychiatric support for eugenic programs in the United States sometimes exceeded the stated aims of Hitler's programs. One of the best-known psychiatrists in America, F. J. Kallmann, who was famous for his genetic studies of schizophrenia, himself proposed a far more totalitarian program. Writing in *Eugenical News* in 1938, Kallmann lamented that limited "compulsory sterilization of all hospitalized schizophrenics would not prevent more than from 1 percent to 3 percent of schizophrenic individuals" from being born. He therefore called for "legal power" to sterilize "tainted children and siblings of schizophrenics" and to prevent marriages involving "schizoid eccentrics and borderline cases." Kallmann's article was followed by another piece explicitly praising Hitler's mass-sterilization program for dealing with "these useless, hopeless, and harmful people."

American psychiatrists did not stop at supporting sterilization. In July 1942, when Germany's medical-murder program was known to leaders in American psychiatry, the official journal of the American Psychiatric Association published two articles debating a final solution for America's retarded. In the journal's lead article, originally delivered at the annual meeting of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 216

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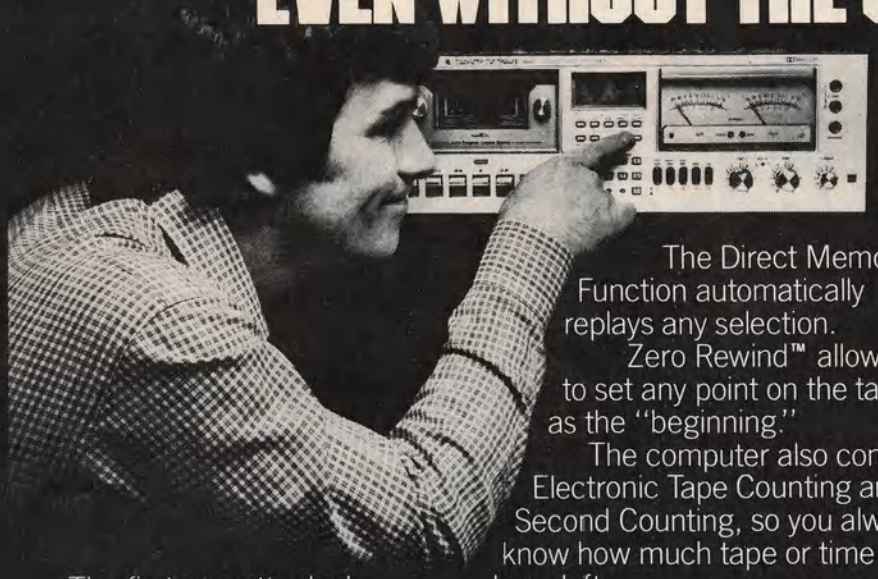

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LIBERATED ARAB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

same girl or girls twice. Never. Always somebody different."

This principle touches on a peculiar double standard. An Arab will never take one of his wives out publicly—for instance, to go dancing. This practice protects *her* honor. Yet, as carefree a bachelor as you could want, he'll go out himself every night with a couple of sexpots. The curious thing is that, since an Arab considers any girl who'll go out to be a whore, he'll never be seen publicly with the same date—that is, whore—more than once. This custom protects *his* honor.

In the Arab world, men definitely have it: only an Arab could cheat on four wives. Although harems of concubines were outlawed along with slavery (in Saudi Arabia in 1962), any handservants, maids, or other women not under the "jurisdiction" of another man are still for the taking. Polygamy originated as a desert institution in order to protect the female kin of a warrior lost in battle; today, however, only 10 percent of the Arabs have more than one wife. A powerful prince, if he likes, can commandeer up to eight wives in one fling, but this feat requires legal loopholing with pending divorces and remarriages.

The Islamic scholar I interviewed on this matter said, "These questions are *academic*!" When a marriage is polygamous, wives are alternated. Around the house hubby is known as *ya sidi*, "my master," and a wife's duties center on her being at his physical disposal. The traditional view holds that all women are inferior; they are pleasure objects, and any female left alone with any male of suitable age will end up having sex, no matter what the consequences. Segregation of the sexes, from child rearing on through adulthood, is therefore felt necessary.

Oral sex is taboo, making love during a woman's period is taboo, and one of the few divorce cases a woman can win is attempted sodomy. As I found out later from other sources, "good women" stay inside, appropriately veiled and hidden, and shave their vaginal area. All the rest are technically whores (*choutcouka*). For that matter, in some more backward regions of the Middle East, if a young girl acts too flirtatious, she can wind up with a clitoridectomy, which will keep her out of harm's way.

Segregation of the sexes—men always with men—is held accountable for homosexual tendencies in the Arab sexual orientation. In spite of being expressly forbidden by the Koran, homosexual activities have been commonplace to the point of social acceptability in the desert lands for centuries. According to one text (recommended by the scholar), wealthy sheikhs in the Siwa Oasis of western Egypt continue to trade off their sons to each other even now. Ironically, nobody is looked down upon for fucking a boy, but if *you* get screwed, you're a fairy!

An Egyptian girl I spoke to told me that half the Arab men are gay or at least bisexual, while a Frenchman from Algiers told me that all Arabs are gay. Then, at a restaurant in Geneva, a faggily aggressive Arab businessman wanted to buy my dinner. I told him no thanks but asked whether he'd be interested in an interview.

"What country are you from?" I asked.

"I'm an Arab," he said. "That's all that's important for you to know. How's your wine—*potent*?"

During the entire interview he wouldn't stop harping about how much "better" men were than women. Finally, I got to the payoff question. "Tell me," I said. "Is it true that most Arabs are gay?"

"As far as I'm concerned, *everyone* is gay."

"Thanks for your information. I'll be sure to tell President Carter."

The public-relations person for a large hotel chain described the position of Arabs in Europe very well. "If an Arab decided he wanted fresh milk every morning," she told me, "we'd find a way to put a cow in his bathroom." The same service policies apply to girls. Oil-rich Arabs order prostitutes the way lesser mortals ask for room service. Like most gentlemen, WOGs prefer blondes, and WOG demand for Caucasian flesh is at a premium.

"*Les Arabes*," a worldly-wise Parisian casting agent confided to me in a studio crammed with hot models, "want blondes."

"Well, what kind of blondes?" I inquired. "Scandinavian?"

"Yes. Swedish," he replied. "You know, tall, long legs, blue eyes. That kind."

I glanced around the studio while the agent opened portfolios. A dozen of the loveliest women I'd ever seen were so close that I could breathe down their necks—if only I had petrodollars.

"Mind if I talk to a few of the girls?" I asked.

He didn't care, and after an hour I had only one anecdote. One model's girl friend, also a model, had been raped *and* sodomized by two Arab brothers in their flat in London and then handsomely paid off. Instead of going to the police, she went to the bank.

At a bar in Geneva, I learned more about the custom-sex trade. Felix, the night concierge at the Hotel Beau Rivage, finished his third cognac and drowsily watched the World Cup soccer play-offs on a television set suspended from the ceiling. I'd met Felix through the trucker boyfriend of a U.N. secretary's roommate.

Felix confirmed the existence of elite "airborne" call-girl rings that served Arab clientele. The corner on this market went to about ten highly placed "intermediaries," all of Arab origin. The most successful was a Lebanese who mixed freely with Mideastern royalty and was known in inner circles as the Pimp of the Princes. The royal

"More chips!"

pimp jetted around Europe with a catalogue of sex kittens and copies of French high-fashion magazines from which Their Royal Highnesses could choose. Forty-eight-hour delivery to anywhere in the world, Felix said, is guaranteed.

"One of our *bonnes femmes* heard the Lebanese talking to a prince, discussing a model in one of these magazines. The next night the *same* model checked into our hotel. You know what time? Three o'clock in the morning."

Even with a royal discount, the cost for such a high-class *hatchun* can be as much as $3,000 and never less than $500. Depending on the girl, longer-term rates are available. "Some stay one night, and some have stayed a month, and the longer they stay, the more jewels you see on them." The girls are generally tall blondes, either Scandinavian, German, or French, and they are almost always flown in from Paris.

Speculation is that the Lebanese has built his stable not only by offering women incomparably high money but also by blackmailing them. A rising fashion model who succumbed once can be coerced into prostitution again by threats of revelation. This kind of scheme does have its drawbacks. In the past year the Pimp of the Princes has had two attempts made on his life, presumably by jealous boyfriends.

I boarded the 1307 express in Geneva to Paris, en route to London, where I'd catch another flight back to New York. At the bar I met a girl from Cairo, Fatima, who'd been in Geneva for a conference at the International Labor Organization. I explained the story I was on.

"I can tell you about a princess I know," she offered, "but I can't tell you her country—it would only cause more problems." The princess (from a small country on the Arabian Peninsula) had been allowed to go to school in Switzerland, which was quite an honor for her, considering the few rights that Arab women have. Following two years of study and cultural contact, the princess became a bit westernized and, accordingly, started dating.

"In Switzerland she was like everyone else," Fatima said. "She didn't wear a veil, she spoke French, she dressed nicely. You know, she was normal." Unfortunately, her family didn't think so. They'd kept a watch on her through "spies"; and when the family learned that the princess had a lover, four men came and bodily kidnapped her. She was flown to her country, and there religious authorities inspected her vagina and declared her soiled, *Zina*.

"Now the princess is being held a prisoner in her own home," Fatima told me. "She can't go out and can't communicate with the outside; it's terrible. And all because she made love to a man. Now she's a disgrace. She won't ever be able to marry. If she had only *known*, she could have had one of those operations. But it happened too fast."

"What kind of operation?" I asked with curiosity and concern.

"There are so many Arab girls in Swiss schools to whom this has happened that a few sympathetic surgeons have started sewing them up. It's really not a dangerous operation. The hymen is restitched, and no one except a doctor will know that the girl has lost her virginity. It can change a girl's whole life." Fatima went on to say that a girl she knew had had the operation three times.

I was dumbfounded. "Did you ever have one?"

Fatima, around twenty-five, dark-haired, olive-skinned, shook her head. "In Cairo we're fairly liberated. Unlike most."

As the train rocketed on through the sunny French countryside, I poured her another glass of wine. Suddenly, she grabbed my hand and, jabbering in Arabic, kissed it and touched my fingers to her forehead. "Don't be embarrassed," she said, laughing. "In my country, when a man serves a woman, this is an oath we say in thanks."

"I've never seen that before."

"No? In all your research, didn't you ever make love to an Arab woman?" Fatima teased. "Or is the article just on Arab men?" Before I could answer, she said, "I'll tell you about Arab men. They're the most sensuous of lovers, if you want to know."

"How's that?"

"They still know how to treat a woman. *They* make the advances; *they* undress her . . . " Fatima asked me if she was talking too loudly. I admitted that in the restaurant car I felt slightly shy. "Do you want to go to my compartment?" she asked. "No one's there." Arab women can make advances of their own.

We walked back to the empty first-class compartments, but no sooner had I sat down than the conductor asked for my ticket. With typical Arab generosity, Fatima pulled out some French notes and paid the difference for me.

"Thanks. I lost all my money at the casino in Deauville."

"Just pull the curtains," she said. Fatima resumed with her ideas about Arab men. "You could call it sadomasochism, I suppose, but if Arab men are cruel to a woman, it's only to help her *feel*. I mean, he'll slap her on her backside, bite her, pinch her, sometimes even twist her arm. Not too hard, of course."

"So what do they say to you in bed— 'I love you,' or 'I hate you'?"

She giggled. "Oh, never 'I love you.' Maybe *ya kelba*—'my little dog.' That's considered by women to be a term of endearment."

"I see, I see."

I set down the wine and, like a good Arab, started tearing off her clothes. She wore about three slips but no underwear, and by the time I got her naked, she was panting like a dog in heat. "*Ya kelba!*" I bit into her neck.

She reached out and complimented me, and so I gave it to her. I *had* to.

"Isn't that the young fellow who went away to find himself?"

DUSTY

". . . I have a feelin' that God didn't give me this 36-23-36 figure for only one *man!"*

". . . I guess I'm like the original "honky-tonk angel". . . No man's gonna fence me in at this young age. . . ."

HONKY-TONK ANGEL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER

"I was born on the streets of Laredo, raised in San Antone and Austin, and learned the wicked ways of the world from Houston hippies and Dallas bankers," says Dusty Jackson, our January Pet of the Month. She reads off her résumé with a funny, western grin.

Dusty discovered two things at an early age. "One, I could sing like an angel; two, I could flirt like the devil." This fortunate combination has made her ambitious as well as understandably restless. "I knew I didn't want to spend my whole life in a small Texas town like Laredo or Wichita Falls and marry some guy whose ambition is to work on an oil rig, drink Pearl beer, and play pool on weekends. I knew I wanted to see a lot of places, have a lot of adventures with men, and be a country-western singer. Some little voice was whispering in my ear, 'Stay west, young woman!'"

"I like men who look and sound like men*—there'll be no eastern-dude sissies for me!"*

Her friends and parents encouraged her, and that's just what she did. "I bet I've sung in every honky-tonk from Madisonville to El Paso—and from Phoenix to San Diego. I guess I'm like the original 'honky-tonk angel' that Hank Williams made so famous. No one's gonna fence me in at this young age. (I'm twenty.) I have a feelin' God didn't give me this 36-23-36 figure for only one man."

Dusty hasn't gotten to Nashville yet, but from the looks of things, she's getting close. "The new band I'm with is gonna make it to the top, I think." Musically, Dusty is somewhere between Dolly Parton and Marshall Chapman, her two biggest idols. "I've got Dolly's figure and outspokenness and Marshall's raunchy, gritty, on-stage delivery," she explains.

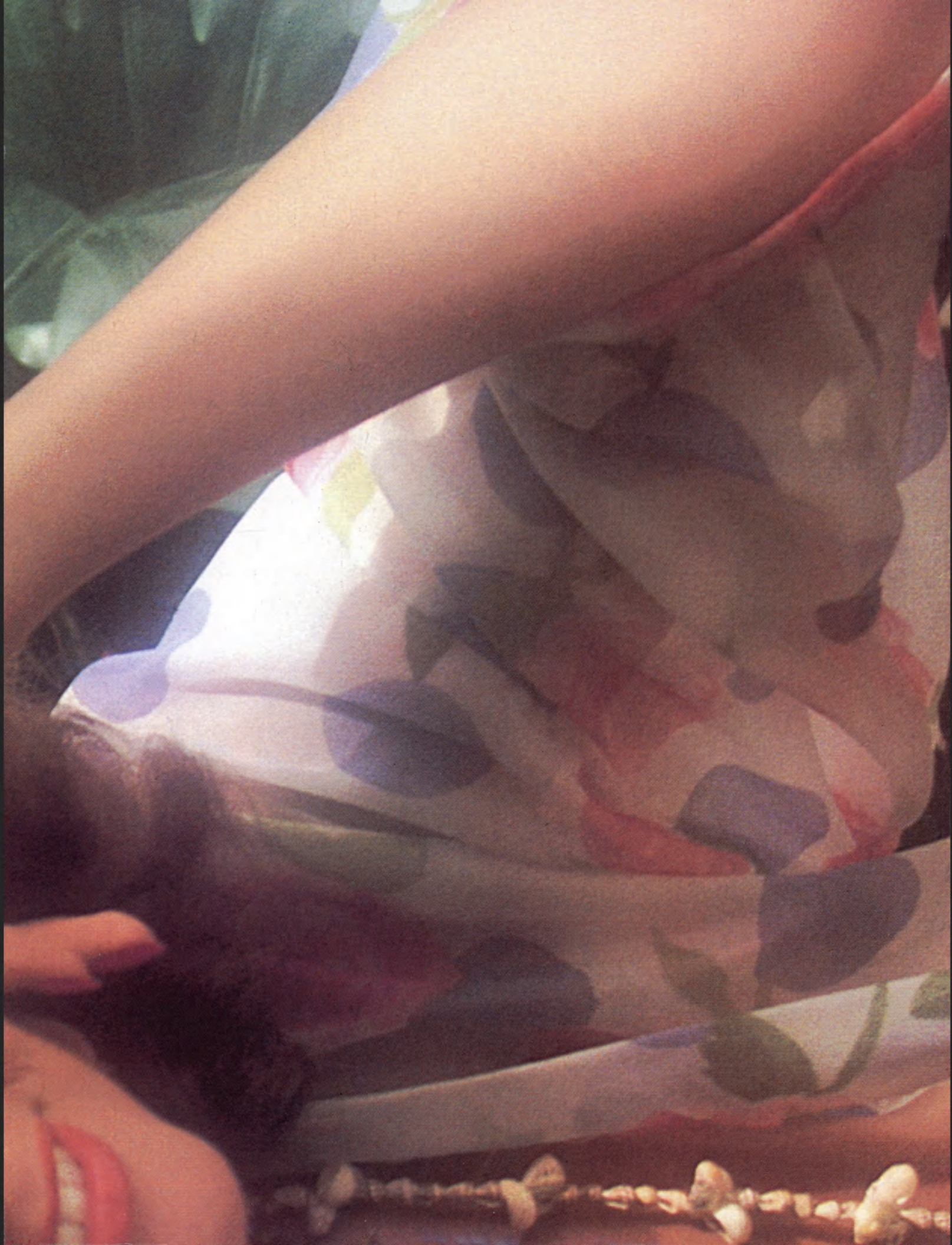
Hair by Wayne of Wayne's Mod Squad, Granada Hills, Calif.. House designed by Dave Rhudy, builder of Mammoth Lakes, Calif.

Dusty likes men who look and sound like *men*. "No eastern-dude sissies for me! And when they take me to bed, well . . . I guess the Marshall Chapman song 'Rode Hard and Put Up Wet' just about says my preference," she teases, a very slight blush showing through her country-girl tan. Dusty may well have some hard roads to travel, but we're sure of one thing: they'll always be paved with good inventions.

MISS DUSTY JACKSON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

PENTHOUSE

Pet Poster



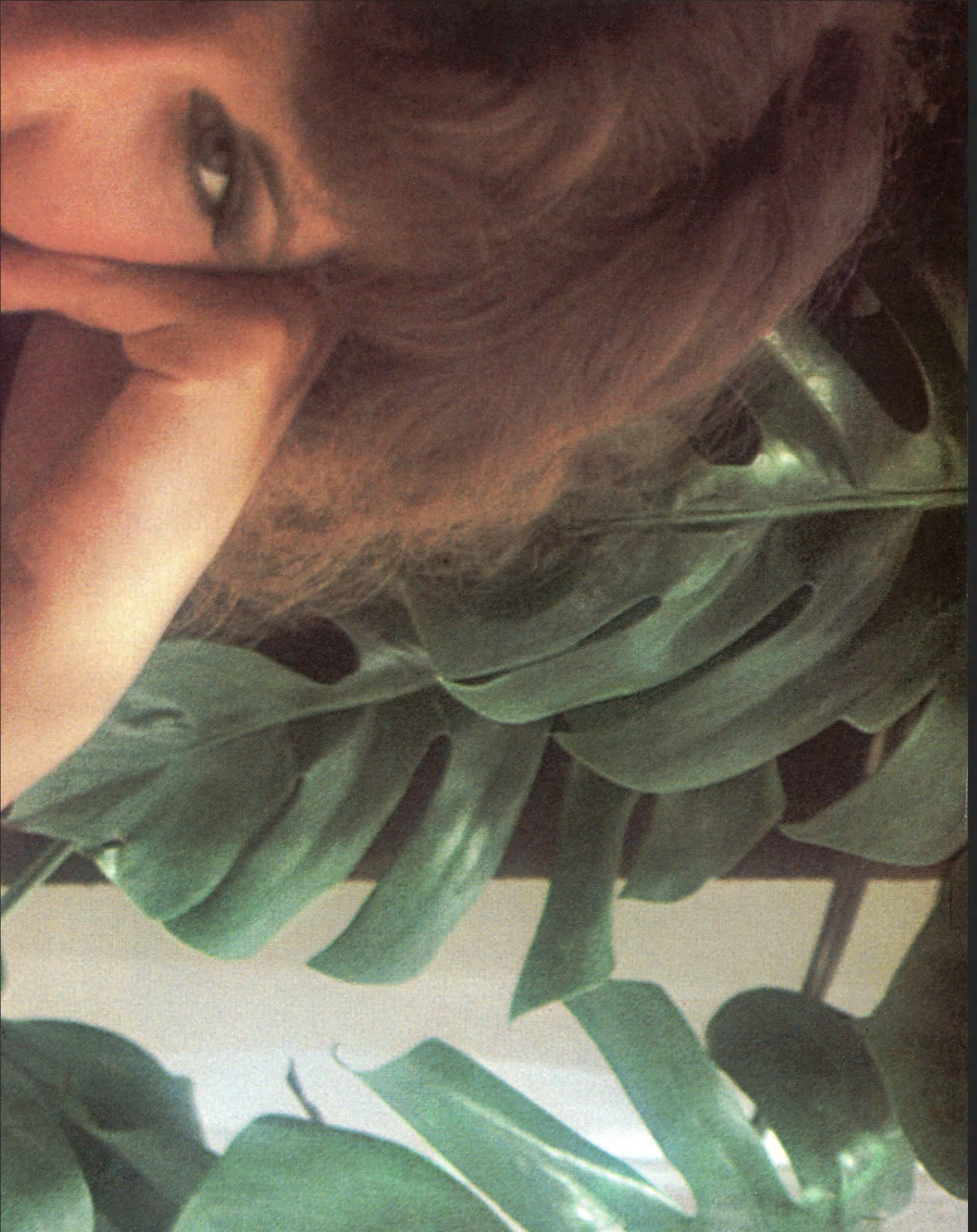
Now twenty-seven, Dominique eagerly looks forward to her thirtieth birthday. "Some women see that as a bad day—the end of their girlhood—and dread it. What they overlook is that it is also the beginning of true womanhood—a time when you can become totally comfortable with your beauty and confident of your sexuality. Her own sexuality, she confides, responds best to subtlety—to the more tender nuances of lovemaking. "A man who knows enough to stroke me delicately—his fingertips barely lighting on my breasts or thighs or the back of my neck—and who takes the time to linger over his caresses until they're nearly as torturous as they are exquisite will provoke a response he never before dreamed existed."

PET OF THE YEAR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Dominique Maure believes that true rapport between a man and a woman is both rare and precious—and always a challenge to maintain. "I'm my own woman, and like most Cancers, I'm moody and a little temperamental. A man has to know when to be demanding with me and when to be indulgent."

MISS DOMINIQUE MAURÉ
PENTHOUSE
Pet of the Year



CURRICULUM VITAE

Canadian-born Dominique Maure has exceeded her own expectations, while sublimely satisfying those of our readers. Our statuesque, chestnut-haired beauty was something of a late bloomer—tall for her age and a little late in developing the sensuous 38-24-37 figure that gives her such a rapport with the camera. For this reason, she volunteers, being chosen Pet of the Year was especially thrilling. "At the age of fourteen," she confides with her usual candor, "I couldn't even imagine having a Saturday night date, much less being the winner of a national beauty contest."

In addition to her captivating appearances in the pages of *Penthouse*, Dominique has enjoyed a substantial career in modeling fashions for such magazines as *Redbook*, French *Vogue*, and *Cosmopolitan*. "I love modeling," she tells us, "but now it's time to move on to other things—specifically, public-relations work. There the contact I have with people is more direct and even more satisfying: suddenly, I'm not only a lovely image on a page but also an involved, caring person using all my talents, my intelligence, and my personality to the fullest."

Traveling, whether for public-relations work, for *Penthouse*, or for her own pleasure, is "the most educational way to have fun in the world. You begin to see special behavior patterns emerging in the different kinds of people you meet." Her most recent observation is that we seem to be embarking on a romantic renaissance in this country. "In the sixties," our thoughtful Pet explains, "the slogan 'Make Love, Not War' applied to the conflict in Vietnam; now it seems to apply to the war between the sexes. Men and women seem not only to be settling their differences but also to be celebrating them. Marriage is on the rise again, and women are wearing curls and dresses in order to look more feminine. Men are running and working out and building themselves up to be stronger and more masculine."

Dominique considers her reign as Pet of the Year the biggest milestone so far in her young life. Along with the approbation of millions of discriminating *Penthouse* readers, she has received a queen's ransom in gifts—$95,000 in cash and prizes, including a $28,000 custom-made Excalibur sports car (pictured here) and a hooded Finnish raccoon coat, which makes her wish that winter were "a twelve-month season!"

But Dominique feels that the biggest prize is the "almost euphoric lift that being chosen Pet of the Year has given my ego. I think every woman secretly wants to be wanted by every man," she adds, her slanted, feline eyes lighting up at the thought.

When Dominique isn't on the road, she prefers to live in New York City. "The Big Apple is like the Biblical apple, in a way," she quips, "tempting, thrilling, and definitely habit forming." Her favorite pastimes when she *is* at home include gardening—especially growing vegetables organically. She has also been sewing and designing her own clothes for years, a talent that she cultivated because her spectacular body is both too tall and too curvaceous for ready-to-wear fashions.

Having such a body, she tells us, doesn't have many disadvantages. "Being a sex object is fantastic, as long as you have other qualities as well. It's wonderful to know that I'll scarcely ever meet a man who won't proposition me if I act at all interested." As for men who *don't* turn her on but pop the question anyway, Dominique says, "I like to let them down gently. I guess there's a streak of Candy in me," she adds. "I hate hurting a man's feelings."

Being attractive is also a big plus for her in public relations. Her exotic beauty has, in fact, often prompted admirers to note her almost startling resemblance to Raquel Welch. "I consider that a great compliment," she confides, "but someday I hope I'll be well known enough in my own right that other young women will be flattered to be told that they resemble *me*." It's easy to envision a day when Dominique will have many imitators, but for us she'll always be a true and memorable original.

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Since our earlier warning about possible physical and physiological effects on veterans because of their exposure to the herbicide "Agent Orange" while they served in Vietnam, the Veterans Administration has taken a variety of actions to deal with this matter.

Penthouse is encouraged by these actions, and based on our investigation, we are convinced that there is no intent on the part of the VA to "cover up" or ignore the problem. For the record, Max Cleland, administrator of the VA, said to *Penthouse*: "Let me emphasize that any veteran who feels he has a problem from Agent Orange should come to the VA. By so doing he will get any treatment he might need, and his symptoms will then be on his record for any bearing they might have on later claims. It will also add to our information. This does not mean, of course, that we are urging veterans without symptoms to assume that they, too, need a checkup. I believe this would alarm them unnecessarily and do more harm than good to both the veterans and our study."

The study referred to by Max Cleland is being personally supervised by Dr. Paul Haber, who heads Professional Services in the VA's Department of Medicine and Surgery and who is a former research chemist as well as physician. Dr. Haber and his fellow scientists recognize the possibility that Vietnam veterans who were exposed to one or more of the herbicides (Agents Orange, Blue, White, or Purple) may experience some long-range adverse reactions. However, before this possibility can be dealt with scientifically, the VA must have facts and data from Vietnam veterans who may have been exposed to the herbicides. To this end the VA has issued Circular 10–78–219, dated September 14, 1978, to provide all VA facilities with a uniform procedure for handling such claims.

Veterans who have encountered problems in filing claims for disability or hospitalization because of exposure to Agent Orange should get a copy of the circular from the nearest VA office. The circular lays out the procedures to be followed and indicates the information required from the veteran. The importance of accurate information cannot be overstated. Only with accurate data can the fears of those who were exposed to Agent Orange be dispelled and a proper determination made of the long-range adverse actions of these chemicals on their persons.

So far, there is essentially no conclusive information incriminating the herbicides as carcinogens for man.

There are suggestions that birth defects may have been induced in children born to female Vietnamese who were heavily exposed to herbicides of unspecified characterization. The data, however, are incomplete and inconclusive. A heavy dosage of the chemicals can produce disturbing symptoms, including nausea, impaired taste and smell, and temporary muscle paralysis. The evidence to date shows that these symptoms disappear after a short period, but this leaves unanswered the question of whether exposure to the herbicide increases the incidence or harmfulness of other, naturally occurring disorders. Hence many Vietnam veterans may be harboring chemical time bombs—in the sense that significant residues of the herbicide chemicals may be stored in their body fat or liver, likely to be released in concentrated doses during periods of illness or stress. The VA is seeking facts to prove or disprove this possibility.

Penthouse believes that the media reports about the deleterious effects of Agent Orange on Vietnam veterans served a useful purpose. These accounts focused on the very real physical and physiological problems that some of the victimized veterans were encountering. Some spokesmen called for an immediate, crash program to determine, scientifically and medically, whether the chemicals in the various herbicides did or did not do the nightmarish things to the human body and mind that had been reported. Others voiced conspiracy theories, linking the Veterans Administration's and/or the government's relationship to the Dow Chemical Corporation and pointing out the obvious legal and economic implications of a massive increase in Vietnam-veteran disability compensation claims.

> "Veterans may be harboring chemical time bombs in their bodies. . . . Significant residues of herbicide chemicals may be released during periods of illness or stress."

Penthouse has taken careful note of these stories, each of which has added to the public's appreciation of the many and continued problems Vietnam veterans are facing. But today our concern is focused not simply on gaining the VA's and the government's attention but also on the providing of effective treatment for afflicted Vietnam veterans, whether their affliction happens to be due to exposure to Agent Orange or to something else.

To this end, *Penthouse* will continue to monitor the results of the VA's research into the effects of exposure to Agent Orange and the other herbicides and its efforts in treating the unexplained illnesses and symptoms of Vietnam veterans. These illnesses may in truth be due to exposure to herbicides. But until this can be conclusively established, *Penthouse* advocates a policy of cautious support of the VA's effort to acquire the facts. And acquisition of these facts depends as much, if not more, on the actions of those most concerned—Vietnam veterans themselves.

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BY NICK THIMMESCH

The author, a syndicated Washington columnist, is currently writing the biography of Daniel James, the first black four-star general. In addition to his column, which appears in seventy newspapers, Thimmesch has written several books, including two about Robert Kennedy, and makes frequent appearances on radio and television.

WHY WE NEED ILLEGAL ALIENS

I want to begin by making it clear that I am on the side of illegal aliens, whether there are 2, 4, 6, 8 million or the Lord knows how many putting their heads to rest every night in our Republic. No one really does know how many of them are here. For several years alarmists have cried that these souls are "flooding" the country, stealing jobs, soaking up billions in welfare and education, wallowing in crime, and generally degrading our blessed United States.

Oh, how darkly the aliens are painted, but these fears might be racial, for, indeed, the majority of them are brown people from Mexico and Central America. An assortment of senators and congressmen, fretting editorialists, xenophobic labor-union chieftains, and hysterical worrywarts in the Zero Population Growth movement would have us think that we are engulfed, not by the yellow peril of three generations ago, but by an equally menacing human tide of illicit outsiders.

The alarmists exaggerate their numbers, but we do know that about 1 million illegal aliens were stopped by immigration officials in 1977, the majority of them at the Mexican border. The figure will probably be greater in 1978. Many have been arrested several times, and one persevering Mexican was even arrested five times in one day. With so many jaded American citizens telling us how bad our country is, why do all these outsiders try their damnedest to get in?

Well, people always vote with their feet. Why did our grandfathers and grandmothers, our forefathers and foremothers, stuff their miserable belongings into mediocre bags, board steerage quarters in stinky ships, and make the long and usually unpleasant voyage to a land they knew little about? They came, simply, to improve their lives, to get something to eat and to wear, to find a measure of freedom.

For centuries people have been pushed by persecution and economic hardship to try another place, and the United States has been the prime puller of the past 200 years. Today's illegal aliens are feared, but so were the great waves of immigrants who came to the United States in generations past. The superpatriots of that time despised them as "hordes" of wretched, unwashed masses, the scum of Europe, and so on. Nowadays, especially during the recent bicentennial year, the immigrants of generations past are idealized and revered. There is even some status in being second-generation, given the current fashion for ethnics.

The basic difference between the old immigrants and today's aspirants is that the former had a legal way in. Today's illegal migrants are fence climbers, stream swimmers, hideaways, and border violators. What they are doing is not new. For at least fifty years, Latins, facing low immigration quotas, have voted for America by entering illegally. Some were called "greasers," some were called "wetbacks," and some were given a measure of respectability by being designated "braceros."

But they all had one quality in common—they came to work,

> It is ironic that several illegal aliens were arrested while painting the Statue of Liberty—that beckoning colossus bearing the inscription "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free. . . ."

and that's why I am on their side. Work is what makes this or any other country. They came to work so that they could improve themselves and their families. They take the tough and dirty jobs American citizens—increasingly addicted to government handouts—won't take.

Illegal aliens pick the fruit, vegetables, and cotton; they peel the potatoes and wash the dishes; they serve as live-in housekeeper slaves for some of Washington's most pious political liberals; and they empty the bedpans at hospitals and the garbage in cut-rate cafeterias.

It is ironic that several illegal aliens were apprehended while they were on the difficult job of painting the Statue of Liberty—that beckoning colossus bearing the well-known inscription: "Give me your tired, your poor,/ Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,/ The wretched refuse of your teeming shore. . . ."

Most major studies show that the overwhelming majority of illegal aliens work, pay taxes and social security, are rarely on welfare, and generally stay out of trouble except when immigration officers stalk them.

These studies contradict the unfounded charges made by certain senators and labor leaders that illegal aliens burden the welfare and education system and cost the American taxpayer billions. In fact, illegal aliens have benefited the economy.

For one thing, employers need and welcome them. It's not that employers are altruistic. It's that they can pay illegal aliens substandard wages and also get them to do work which Americans won't do these days. Apple crops have rotted for lack of hands—of Americans or whomever—to pick. On Maryland's eastern shore, in the summer of 1977, federal officials raided a camp where migrant workers had been employed as tomato and cucumber pickers. The owners were furious, partly because the feds trampled their tomato fields, but more because they lost their best workers.

And so it is across the nation during harvesttime. The federal government, while professing to work to stop illegal immigration, also allows many thousands of migrant workers to be employed under the "H-2" (green card) system. This scheme has the farmer swearing that he advertised in an effort to get American workers but failed; so he needed the migrants.

Recently, raids on a score of the best restaurants in Washington, D.C., netted anywhere from two to eleven illegal aliens in each establishment. "I couldn't run my place without them," said one restaurateur. "I have tremendous respect for these people. They don't miss a day of work, and they don't take as much as a toothpick from the place. When an American comes in for a job, he wants to be the maitre d' or headwaiter. If we tell him we have an opening for a dishwasher, he is offended. Aliens are happy to do anything. For them it is an honor to have a roof over their head."

Illegal aliens are technically criminals and often receive this kind of treatment. They have been attacked by gangs of white hoodlums, and in McAllen, Tex., the Ku Klux Klan mustered and patrolled the border to keep them out. If they are apprehended in Los Angeles, they wind up in the county jail and the federal government pays the county $102 per night for each alien's lodging. In Los Angeles there are half-occupied motels that would charge one-third that amount, but a brown-skinned illegal alien is destined for the lockup. Leonel Castillo, the head of the INS (Immigration and Naturalization Services), inspected various detention facilities for illegal aliens on the West Coast in 1977. Castillo is a reformer.

"Some had Johnny-on-the-spot toilets," he said, "and smelled like hell. Some aliens are beaten and are pushed around. But, you know, they are not criminals or loafers. I recently went to a produce dock to investigate. Illegal aliens were working their tails off cutting cabbage into coleslaw. Outside, some Americans were warming themselves by a fire. I asked one why he didn't take a job, and he said, 'I don't work. I got welfare.' One of the five guys we apprehended said: 'I am an honorable man. I came here to work.' "

Castillo wants the mentality of the INS changed from that of a cop to that of problem solving. He favors allowing as many temporary workers to enter the country as there are jobs for them. This is what European nations did with the "guest worker" programs. The agricultural economy in many states is dependent on these legions of illegal, unregulated guest workers.

The whole illegal alien problem comes down to economics and the work ethic. America has a constant need for several million unskilled, relatively low-paid employees to work in agriculture, kitchens, hospitals, and in other tedious places.

No matter how high the unemployment figure, there are never enough workers to fill these unwanted jobs. There was a time when immigrants, students, minorities, and anybody willing to start at the bottom were happy to do this work.

But now many Americans have learned that a combination of unemployment payments, part-time work, food stamps, or even a make-work job with CETA (Comprehensive Employment and Training Administration) can equal anything a soul can make around that bottom rung. It's the illegal alien who grabs that bottom rung, and employers are grateful.

Until Americans realize that our economy gets in trouble when more people get government checks than pay money to the government, that only work produces goods and services, and that money is only valuable if there is work behind it—in short, until we understand that the work ethic is what stimulated productivity and helped bring America the highest standard of living in the world, well, I don't want to hear any shouting or warning or gasping about illegal aliens. Many American citizens just plain don't want to work anymore. These aliens do; so I'm on their side.

Photograph by Pete Turner

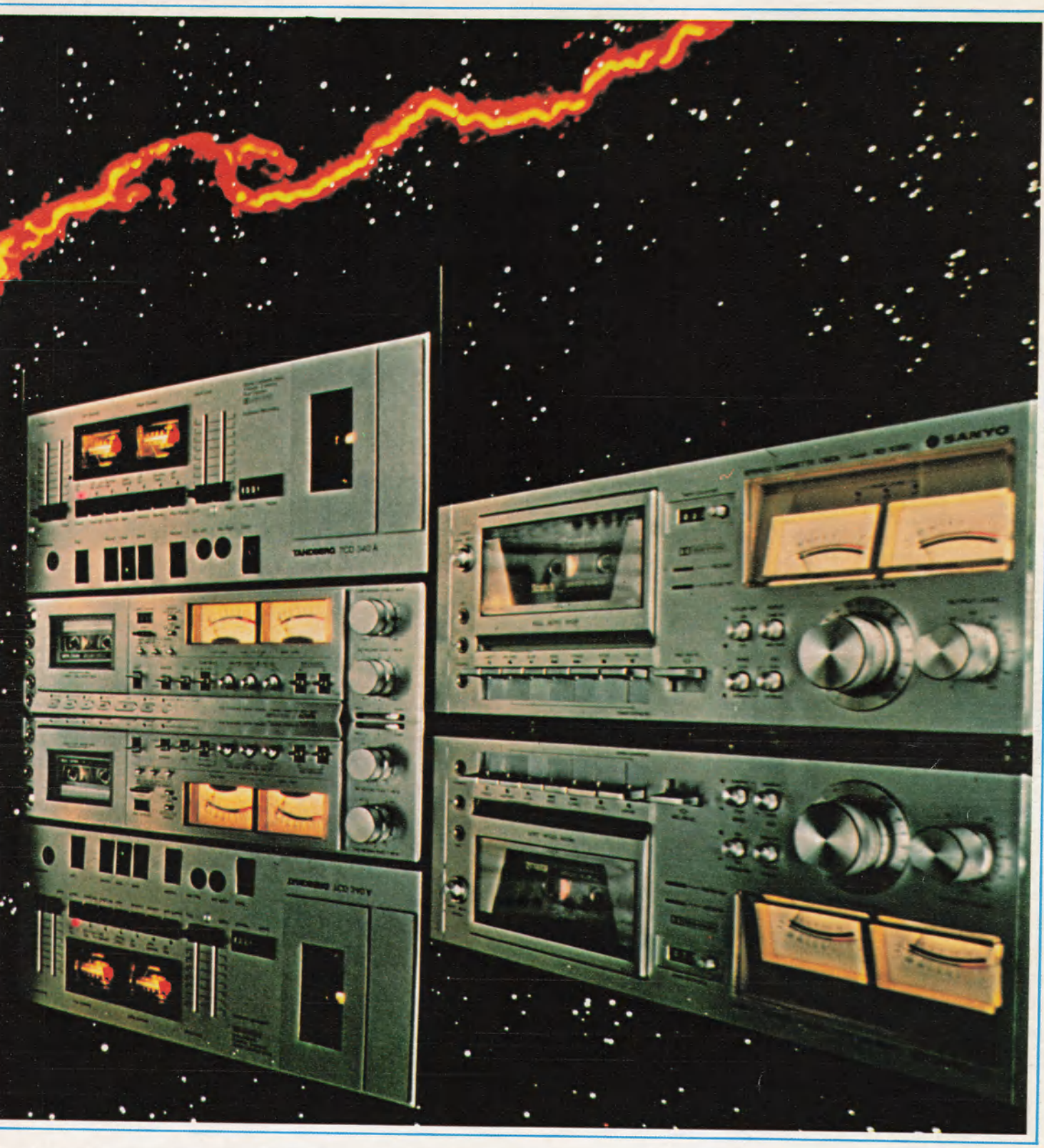
PLAYING WITH A STACKED DECK

BY PETER DOBBIN

Tired of ten-dollar tickets, screaming teenyboppers, smoke-filled auditoriums, and Gestapo-like security guards?
The latest in home-recording equipment is so good that you may never attend another concert.

No home high-fidelity system is complete without a top-quality stereo cassette deck. Marvels of audio engineering and design, today's cassette decks are light-years more advanced than the units that first appeared on the audio market. Improvements in head design and tape formulations, combined with the Dolby system of noise reduction, and some highly sophisticated tape transport systems, account for the emergence of the cassette deck as the number-one home-recording medium.

Almost every deck on the market today employs Ray Dolby's system for limiting tape hiss. The Dolby process is based on a very easily demonstrated psycho-acoustic principle. The sound of a ticking clock in a quiet room is sometimes enough to drive one to distraction, but switch on the radio and the sound of the



ticking clock all but vanishes. The clock's sound is still there, of course, but the louder radio effectively "masks" the ticking. It is this masking effect that figures prominently in the Dolby system.

Since most tape hiss is made up of high-frequency sounds, the Dolby circuitry concentrates its action in the upper frequency range. While recording loud passages of music, where the masking effect hides any spurious noise, the Dolby circuitry remains neutral. During soft passages, however, the high-frequency component of the music being recorded is boosted to a louder level. During playback the process is reversed. With loud passages no alteration in the signal occurs. But during soft passages high frequencies are attenuated to the same degree that they were previously boosted. With the attenuation

(opposite page, left): SHARP's RT-3388 "computer-controlled" deck carries an on-board micro-processor with five memories ($359.95). (right, top): CRAIG 5201 with separate bias and equalization push buttons ($249.95). (right, bottom): The PIONEER CT-F1000, a three-head machine with a remarkably broad and accurate frequency response and an excellent closed-loop, dual-capstan transport system ($600).

(this page, left, top): TANDBERG's TCD 340A is a three-head deck with a highly refined transport system and "Actilinear" circuitry ($1,150). (left, bottom): AIWA's AD-6900U also employs the three-head configuration plus a special two-tone system for bias adjustment ($800). (right): The moderately priced SANYO RD-5350 ($219.95) features three-position bias and equalization switching.

of the previously boosted high-frequency levels in playback, much hiss is lost without sacrificing any of the music itself. With the Dolby circuitry working correctly, tape hiss is reduced by some ten db's.

A more recent innovation in cassette-deck technology—one that is having a tremendous effect on the performance and flexibility of cassette recording—involves the separation of the record and playback heads. Before Nakamichi introduced the first three-head stereo cassette deck in 1973, cassette decks were locked into a simple, two-head arrangement; that is, the recording and playback functions were performed by one single dual-function head. By separating these two functions, important sonic improvements could be realized.

In open-reel decks (where the three-head configuration is the rule), it was learned, the gap on the recording head must be wider than the gap on the playback head. Having a wider recording gap enables a strong magnetic field to be generated, thereby impressing a stronger magnetic charge on the audio tape. In playback, however, where sensitivity to the most minute changes in magnetic impulses is necessary, the playback gap must be narrow enough to detect all the tape's stored magnetic charges. It is this separation of the record and playback heads that helps account for the wide frequency response of three-head cassette decks, such as Nakamichi's Model 1000II.

Photograph by Pete Turner

A trio of outstanding three-head cassette decks. (top to bottom): AKAI's GXC-570DII with A.D.R. (automatic distortion reduction) System for low distortion over an extended frequency range ($900); TEAC's C-1 has a closed-loop, dual-capstan transport system that provides maximum tape-run stability and reduces dropouts and level fluctuations to the minimum ($1,300); and the peerless NAKAMICHI 1000II, the first deck with a true three-head configuration and the first deck capable of a flat-to-20,000 Hz frequency response ($1,650). (All suggested retail prices.)

Another advantage of the three-head configuration is that it enables you to test-listen to sound being recorded on the tape before the actual recording process. Since the tape must pass a separate playback head after it has been recorded, in just a fraction of a second the home recordist can assess the quality of the recording being made.

Tandberg's three-head deck, Model TCD-340A, boasts another innovation in cassette deck technology. As the home recordist quickly learns, recording at too high a level will lead to tape saturation and distortion. Many decks have built-in recording level limiters, which place a ceiling on the amount of signal that can be fed to the recording head. Tandberg's solution is something called the Actilinear system. With this special circuitry, the tape can be fed with stronger signals at a fixed level of distortion. So effective is this system that Tandberg claims a 20 db increase in signal-handling capacity over other comparable cassette decks.

Decks like Aiwa's Model AD-6900U, Akai's Model GXC-570DII, Pioneer's Model CT-F1000, and TEAC's Model C-1 employ another version of the three-head configuration. Instead of installing physically separate record and playback heads (as Nakamichi does), these units have separate record and playback gaps built into the same physical housing. This feature allows for the differing gap widths proper to the record and playback functions without necessitating the ultraprecise alignment procedures necessary on the Nakamichi deck.

Bias and equalization are two important terms in modern cassette decks, and it's important to understand their general usage in recording. Basically, tape recording is a process of magnetizing a piece of metal-oxide-coated tape with an impulse analogous to the musical input. Musical signals, however, are just not sufficient in themselves to do a good job of magnetizing the tape. What's needed is an extra amount of energy. This extra energy, in the form of very high-frequency current, is bias. In combination, bias and the musical signals do the job of magnetizing the audio tape.

What's important for the cassette deck user to know is that each type of tape formulation requires a very specific level of bias current for optimal recording. Most high-quality decks now provide front-panel switching for adjusting the deck's internal bias circuitry to match most available tapes. Some decks, such as Aiwa's Model AD-6900U, go one step further and allow the user to fine-tune a specific tape's bias requirement with built-in test tones and fine-adjustment knobs.

Adjustments for tape equalization are also found on most modern cassette decks, either in conjunction with the bias adjustment switch or separately. Since different audio tapes

have a tendency to store different frequencies in varying intensities, equalization is a way to smooth out the frequency response during playback. In decks with separate bias and equalization switches, care should be taken to adjust both according to the tape manufacturer's specifications.

While three-head decks might still be considered a bit too costly for the first-time cassette-deck buyer, there is no lack of excellent two-head machines. Sharp's Model RT-3388, for instance, actually carries an on-board microprocessor to perform a host of functions that make life with a cassette deck easier. Whether it's replaying a specific section of tape, finding a particular song, or recording a program from an external source while you're away from home, the RT-3388's remarkable built-in "brain" can do it.

Even those who really want to watch their budgets can get many important features and impressive performance from the more modestly priced cassette decks. Sanyo's Model RD-5350, for instance, features three-position bias and equalization switching, Dolby, and a phase-locked loop DC servomotor for accurate tape speed. And units such as Craig's Model 5201 now incorporate separate bias and equalization push buttons as well as Dolby noise-reduction circuitry.

Photograph by Pete Turner

Photograph by Pat Hill

Headphones *(top, left to right): SENNHEISER's HD-424's ($100) and REVOX's RH-31's ($65) are both "open-air" headphones with wide, flat frequency response. (bottom, left to right): Top-of-the-line KOSS ESP-10's ($300) come with the E/10 energizer (below); BANG & OLUFSEN's U-70's ($85) have adjustable head-and-ear controls; TECHNICS' EAH-830's ($80) top the new "Linear-Drive" headphone line.* **Tapes**—*No-name, budget tapes can cause unnecessary noise. Stay with proven, quality tapes, like these from AMPEX, BASF, FUJI, MAXELL, MEMOREX, SCOTCH 3M, and TDK.*

Audio Tape

As anyone who has ever purchased an inexpensive, off-brand blank cassette knows, cheap tape just isn't worth the bother. Improperly aligned, no-name tapes can cause jamming, tape spilling, and tearing. It's important to remember that when you insert a blank cassette into your deck, you are introducing another moving part into a finely built instrument. If the tolerances in the cassette shell are off by even the tiniest fraction of an inch, loss of signal and tape foul-up are likely prosects.

Cheap tape is also a source of much unnecessary noise in the recording process. In order to keep noise levels down to a minimum, manufacturers like Ampex, BASF, Fuji, Maxell, Memorex, Scotch 3M, and TDK put their tape through a very exact metal-oxide coating, preventing signal dropout and random noise, and insuring true sound reproduction.

The premium tape industry is distinguished by its continuing commitment to developing new and improved oxide coatings. Since different types of metal oxides have varying magnetic properties, audio-tape manufacturers employ several different oxide formulations in their tapes. For instance, ferric oxide (rust) is very good for reproducing low and middle frequencies, while chromium dioxide is strongest in the reproduction of higher frequencies. Exotic metal-oxide crystals are also employed by some audio-tape manufacturers.

When you buy audio tape, be sure to determine whether your machine can meet a particular tape's bias requirements. If your machine does not have a bias setting for chromium-dioxide tape, which demands a much higher level of bias than does ferric oxide, then spending the extra money on chrome tape will not mean better performance.

A good way to start learning the audible differences in audio tape is to purchase a variety of different premium brands. See which performs best in your deck. In no time at all, you'll be making recordings that rival open-reel machines in fidelity and range.

Headphones

Stereo headphones are a natural accompaniment to a stereo cassette deck. Because headphones are highly efficient, they can be driven by the cassette deck's own internal amplifiers; and many decks carry a built-in headphone jack.

Of the many headphones available on the market today, there are really just two basic designs—the electrostatic and the dynamic. As in full-size loudspeakers, however, manufacturers are finding ways to combine the two principles into a hybrid design with some of the performance characteristics of both.

Electrostatic units, such as the Koss ESP-10, reproduce sound through the action of a very thin diaphragm suspended between two metal plates. The diaphragm receives a fixed static charge, and the two surrounding metal plates receive the actual musical signals. The alterations in charge between

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MURDER AT WEST POINT

The sexual politics of military power

On the morning of May 25, 1968, the naked body of a West Point plebe was found floating in a secluded cove of a lake on the academy reservation. David Hand was dead by drowning at age nineteen.

Ry Slaight, an upperclassman who had been Hand's Beast Barracks (first-year) squad leader, discovered by chance that Hand had had sex the same day he'd been murdered. Homosexual sex. The academy, Slaight figured, would cover up the murder of David Hand as it had covered up all distasteful details about cadet life that might have tarnished the West Point image during its 165-year history. He was right.

That night the academy commandant of cadets, a brigadier general, Vietnam hero, and rising star within the army, set in motion the gears of an elaborate scheme that was designed to conceal the facts about Hand's murder and laid responsibility for the cover-up at the feet of the superintendent, the top man at West Point. He was after his boss's job, and he would use his friendships with men in power—a career of favors done and debts owed—reaching all the way into the office of the secretary of defense.

When Hand's death was announced as an accident, Slaight resolved to discover who killed him and to force the academy's dirty laundry into the open. Something about David Hand had always piqued Slaight's curiosity, and he didn't know what it was.

Thus began a six-month-long battle of wills: the dogged determination of an idealistic but flawed young cadet against the convoluted and expert machinations of a brilliant, twisted general obsessed by power. What began as a diversion for Slaight, a game with low stakes but lots of action, ended as a nightmare. In the end his own career was on the line, and so were those of many others. The game became a nameless, faceless thing with a life of its own. The stakes had risen. A plebe was dead. Now Slaight knew that lives were currency.

Desperately, he groped and gambled and found himself finally alone in a room with a deputy secretary of defense, a man of great political power in the army and in Washington. Slaight gambled that this man, William Beatty, was somehow "behind it all." He was guessing, shooting in the dark, and Beatty was a distant, difficult target. When Beatty traveled to West Point, however, he came within range. Slaight found him at the Hotel Thayer, a towering, old, military-gothic structure just inside the academy's gates.

Deputy Secretary of Defense William Beatty was sitting behind a huge desk at the far end of the Eisenhower Suite in the Hotel Thayer, West Point. Slaight recognized him from photos in *Assembly* magazine, photos from awards ceremonies at the Pentagon, speeches at Founders Day dinners.

"Can I help you, young man?" he asked, smiling. He removed his glasses. Even from a distance Slaight could see his face was unlined, smooth, fleshy like a baby's. An extra chin swung beneath a dim, five-o'clock shadow. Slaight closed the door to the suite behind him. The room was a memorial to West Point. Everywhere were the colors, black-gray-gold, the motto, "Duty, Honor, Country." Slaight didn't pause. He walked straight for Beatty's desk.

"My name is Ry Slaight," he announced as he reached the middle of the room.

"I know who you are," answered Beatty.

*Excerpted from *Dress Gray*, a novel by Lucian K. Truscott IV, to be published in January, 1979, by Doubleday Books.

By Lucian K. Truscott IV

Illustration by Ignacio Gomez

"And I've come to talk about the murder of David Hand."

Slaight halted, hat gripped tightly in his left hand, the stiff collar of his dress gray coat rubbing his chin. Beatty's smile dissolved into terminal weariness, arid, so dry and scaly that you knew even his sweat glands were tired, his tiny facial ducts and pores shriveled, finished. Beatty fumbled in his jacket pocket, withdrew a vial of pills, popped two in his mouth, and swallowed.

"I have this . . . condition," he stuttered.

"I don't care what condition you have, Mr. Beatty. I'm here to talk about a young man, David Hand, who seems to have passed away quietly, with no official fanfare and very, very little sympathy. And you two were *such good friends*." Slaight enunciated slowly, watching Beatty. His face sagged, like a sponge.

"Sit down, Mr. Slaight," said Beatty weakly. Slaight remained standing.

"I guess I've known for a long time now that this day would come," said Beatty, looking out the window, past the barren, leafless trees, at the Hudson.

Slaight started pacing back and forth across the carpet in front of Beatty's desk.

"Look. This kid was murdered. I know it. The commandant knows it. You know it. And we all know who killed him, don't we, Mr. Beatty? Don't we?"

Beatty nodded, still staring out the window.

"The killer was one of your boys, wasn't he, Mr. Beatty? Wasn't he one of the guys in your crowd last year, one of the guys you're always taking down to the Pentagon and introducing around? Wasn't he one of your sterling crew . . . a general-in-the-making?"

Beatty sat impassively, staring out the window.

"Well, goddamnit, everybody knows he killed Hand, and nothing's being done about it. *Nothing*. There has been no Article Thirty-two investigation, no charges, no court-martial, no nothing. The guy who murdered Hand, killed him in cold blood, grabbed the poor bastard, and held him underwater till he drowned . . . he's free as a bird right now. That wouldn't have anything to do with the fact he's a homosexual, would it, Mr. Beatty?"

Beatty turned and faced Slaight.

"What about it, Mr. Beatty? Hand was a fag. The guy who murdered him was a fag. A murder was committed, and nothing is happening. I want answers."

"You're wrong there, Mr. Slaight."

"What do you mean? You know who killed Hand, you've got nothing left to investigate, and all that's left is tying up a few loose ends. Well. I've got a file on the David Hand murder that will choke the goddamn *New York Times* as well as any congressional committee looking to throw its weight around. I'm one loose end you're not going to tie up, Mr. Beatty. You're in this thing up to your neck . . ."

Beatty stood. Slaight stopped pacing and faced him.

"And so are you, Mr. Slaight. And so are you." Beatty leaned forward, his hands resting on the green desk blotter before him. "We've got a file on you, too, Slaight. A nice, fat file full of details about you and your . . . shall we say . . . *relationship* with the late Mr. Hand. We know all about you and your supposed 'counseling' sessions with Hand, those many hours he spent in your room, the two of you alone, behind closed doors. We know about the times you two were spotted together in the sinks, when you held Hand downstairs for 'special inspection' just before taps. Beast Barracks was, well, conducive to certain freedoms as well as discipline, was it not, Mr. Slaight?" Beatty stared at Slaight through squinty eyes.

"You haven't got jack-shit on me, Mr. Beatty," said Slaight, staring levelly across the desk. "And this bluff you're running is losing air so quick I can hear it hiss."

"Oh, Mr. Slaight! Such bluster!"

Slaight was silent.

"Page after page, Mr. Slaight. An entire log, hour by hour, clocking the time you spent alone with Hand during Beast. Firsthand accounts. Affidavits from individuals in your squad, from your fellow squad leaders, from upperclassmen. An impressive collection, Mr. Slaight, equal in every way to the circumstantial so-called evidence you have, I'd bet."

"The guy who murdered Hand killed him in cold blood, grabbed the poor bastard, and held him underwater till he drowned—and he's free."

"And what does it add up to, Mr. Beatty? What are you trying to say? Me and Hand got it on? You got a tape of pillow talk from sweet thing David, bragging that he fucked his squad leader during Beast? Come on, Beatty. The shit's been deep too goddamn long, and I'm getting tired of the stink."

"We've got it, Mr. Slaight. Believe it."

Slaight paused. It crossed his mind that Beatty wasn't just bluffing. He probably had a stack of affidavits he might even have listened to Hand blowing smoke about Beast, making up a bunch of shit to counter the crippling breakdown he suffered when Slaight hit him with all that stuff about his sister. If Beatty was bluffing, it was at least formidable. He had obviously planned well in advance for a frontal assault by Slaight. Slaight considered his position. It wasn't good. Beatty was calling him a fag, in effect. It was more than a bluff; it was a dare. Slaight felt quickly for his options and found only one: retaliate in force, but scout him, feel him out first.

"I'll believe it when I see it, Mr. Beatty."

Beatty reached in the pocket of his suit jacket for a pair of glasses and, opening his briefcase, withdrew a thick manila envelope. He squeezed open its metal clasp and spilled half its contents onto the blotter. Slaight glanced at the tier of paperwork. A glance was enough. It had the aroma: *official*.

"Let me see," said Beatty, fitting his glasses over his slightly protruding ears. "There's so much here," he said, continuing to flip through the papers, "and it's all so . . . *interesting*." He enunciated the word with the precision of a lawyer giving his final arguments to a friendly jury. Confidently. A smile edged his lips as he withdrew a legal-length document, at least twenty pages thick, holding it in front of him so that Slaight could see only the blank back side of its last page.

"Here we have it, Mr. Slaight," said Beatty, his smile widening into a darting grin, an odd, rapid succession of twitches. He flipped through the pages of the document, saying nothing. After a moment of reviewing its contents, Beatty closed the document, gripping its sides tightly. Slaight stood there, studying the man. Then he noticed. Beatty's hands had formed fists. With an abrupt slam, Beatty brought the twenty-odd pages hard atop the desk, scattering the rest of the paperwork. He looked up at Slaight, removing his glasses with his left hand. The smile was gone.

"What we have here, my boy, is a simple case of adolescent obsession. Understandable. Ordinary. Even admirable, from at least one angle."

"And that angle, Mr. Beatty?" Slaight scouted.

"Your . . . ah . . . *interest*, in the death of David Hand." Again Beatty spoke the word with spooky authority. "Your . . . *interest*, as you have made abundantly clear, has far exceeded normal bounds and reflects nothing but jealousy on your part, Mr. Slaight. Raw jealousy."

"Jealousy? Of what?"

"You had your problems with his sister, Samantha—David said she could be quite the bitch—and you took out your hostility on David. And so, Mr. Slaight, you found yourself . . . your *true* self . . . but you lost David. He was a pretty boy, and his loss must have been expensive. *For you*." Beatty smiled evenly, his squinty eyes opening slightly to take in Slaight's barest reaction. All the cards were out now. The bluffing was over, and Beatty was calling.

Slaight was just beginning to drift, that same . . . *so this is the way it happens* . . . drift, when the notion seized him. Thank God for tactics and *History of the Military Art*, he muttered inwardly. Scouts in. Now. Retaliate. In force. No other choice. The instinct came from deep inside him, down there for Lord only knows how long . . . the streets back home, the old man and his way with horses, Ma and her pound-cake wisdom uttered in her slow Kansas drawl after

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

WHEN EVERYTHING ELSE HAS QUIETED DOWN.

THE SLOW GLOW.™

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IMPORTED FROM FRANCE.

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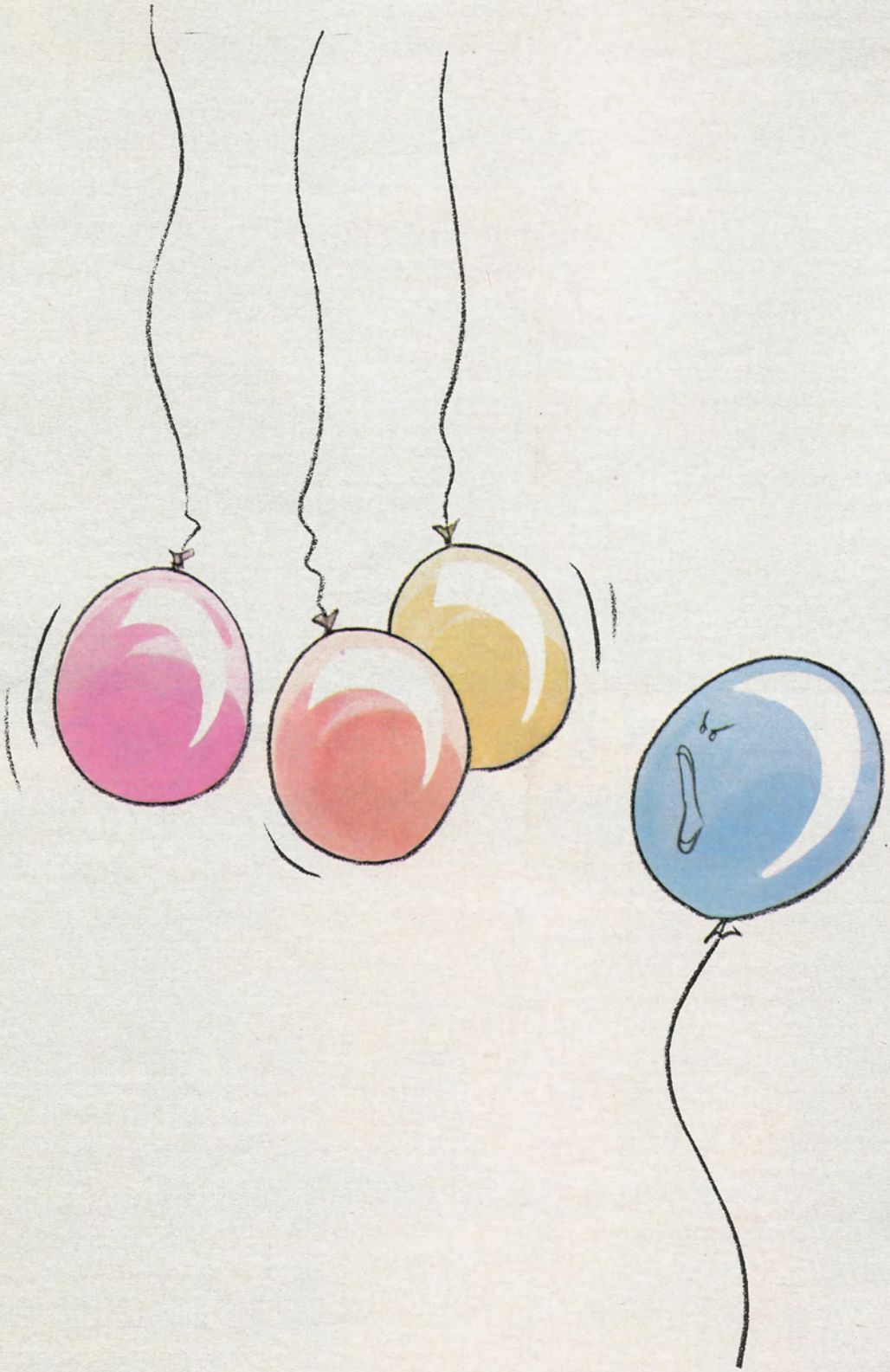
Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"All right, who's hogging the joint?"

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*The DGC-20

NOW, BEHIND THE BODY ARE BRAINS.

The Audiovox DGC-20 is the car stereo with a built-in computer. And some amazing capabilities.

It knows things.

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Improve your tape deck with this simple switch.

Nothing can improve your tape deck more dramatically than switching to better tape.

And there's no better tape than Maxell.

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LOVE and HISSES

Behind the scenes and between the sheets with some of Hollywood's most famous couples.

BY PENNY STALLINGS WITH HOWARD MANDELBAUM

Joan Collins recalls in her memoirs that when she first arrived in Hollywood to work at Twentieth-Century Fox, she was cornered by the studio boss, Darryl Zanuck, who informed her, "You've had nothing until you've had me. I am the biggest and the best. I can go all night and all day." Such duos in the sun were typical in civilization's most unlikely town, and they often became major star attractions—on and off the screen. Here are Hollywood's more strained bedfellows.

From the forthcoming book Flesh and Fantasy, by Penny Stallings, with Howard Mandelbaum, to be published by St. Martin's Press, Inc.
Additional photographs supplied through the Bettmann Archive.

Stewart & Dietrich

Producer Joseph Pasternak says that when Marlene Dietrich arrived at Universal to do *Destry Rides Again*, "She took one look at Jimmy Stewart and began to rub her hands. She wanted him at once! He was just a simple guy: he loved Flash Gordon comics—that was all he would read. So she did something incredible, the most incredible thing I ever saw. She locked him in his dressing room and promised him a surprise. That surprise was a doll for him that she had had the studio art department work on over a weekend—a life-sized doll of Flash Gordon, correct in every detail. It started a romance."

Wayne & Dietrich

The director of *Seven Sinners*, Tay Garnett, described the way Marlene Dietrich became involved with John Wayne like this: "We had a problem. Our plot was *Madame Butterfly* with a twist. A singer fell for a naval lieutenant; then, realizing that she would ruin his future, she left him. We needed a tough he-man type who could use his fists, and we decided to borrow him from Republic. His name was John Wayne. Marlene had the choice of all her leading men. I decided not to mention Wayne to her but simply to place him in the Universal commissary, where she couldn't miss seeing him. He stood between us and our table as we walked in for lunch, chatting with a couple of actresses I had set up. She swept past him, then swiveled on her heel, and looked him up and down as though he were a prime rib at Chasen's. As we sat down, she whispered right in my ear, 'Daddy, buy me that!' I said, 'Honey, it's settled. You got him.' Then, at a prearranged signal,

Wayne came to the table. If you didn't know what was gonna happen, you'd be as blind as a pit pony. Their relationship got off like a fireworks display. They were crazy about each other, but every man on the picture wanted her. I did, too, but she wouldn't lay."

Clark Gable turned down a third party's offer of the services of one of the film colony's favorite party girls, Lupe Velez, but Gary Cooper wasn't so shy. Cooper's reputation as a stud subsequently went up a few notches as Lupe sang his praises to the Hollywood heavens. Gable got back at his rival by ordering a custom-made Duesenberg—which was one foot longer than Cooper's.

Hepburn & Barrymore

Velez & Cooper

Most actors keep their complaints about the way a film is handled to themselves until the final grosses have been counted. But after completing *Such Good Friends*, Dyan Cannon wasted no time in telling anyone and everyone that she'd give up her career rather than work with director Otto Preminger again. Lee Marvin couldn't seem to get along with director Josh Logan, but his method of expression was a little more direct. When Logan blamed Marvin's drunken antics for the expensive delays on *Paint Your Wagon* (then the third most expensive film ever made), Lee showed his vexation by urinating on Josh's shoes.

Hedda Hopper was still a struggling actress when she became friendly with Clara Bow during the making of *Children of Divorce*. One day, during a break, she asked Clara how she was getting along with boyfriend Gary Cooper. "Well, I'll tell you this," Clara confided, and then proceeded to describe Cooper's lovemaking equipment by comparing it with that of his horse.

According to Garson Kanin in *Tracy and Hepburn*, the unwitting Katharine Hepburn fell prey to John Barrymore's advances while they were making *A Bill of Divorcement* together. As Barrymore told Kanin: "I gave her the eye a few times, and then I stopped till *she* gave *me* the eye. After a few more days, we gave each *other* the eye. So I knew the time was ready. I'm *never* wrong about such things. I never *have* been. I said to her, 'How about lunch?' She said, 'Fine.' We went over to my dressing room. I locked the door and took my clothes off. She just stood there looking at me, and finally I said, 'Well, come on. What are you *waiting* for? We don't have all day. Cukor's one of those finickers who goes into a *spin* if you're five minutes late.' She didn't move; so I did and started to grab her, but she backed away and practically plastered herself against the wall, by God. I said, 'What's the *matter*?' And she said, 'I *cahn't*!' I said, 'Never mind; I'll show you how.' She started babbling. 'No, no. Please. It's impossible. I *cahn't*!' I've never been so flabbergasted. I said to her, 'Why *not*?' And what do you think she said?" Barrymore saved his uncanny imitation of Kate for his punch line. "She said, 'My father doesn't want me to have any babies!' " When confronted with Barrymore's version of this episode many years later, Hepburn allowed that it sounded like her "at the time."

Cooper & Bow

Marlene Dietrich spent several weeks in the Gypsy encampments outside of Paris to research the role of the seductive Gypsy in *Golden Earrings*. She hadn't made an American film in three years, and it must have been a shock to return to the Hollywood rumors that co-star Ray Milland had threatened to walk out on his contract rather than play love scenes with an "old bag" like Marlene. (At forty-five she was two years older than Milland.) Cast and crew were miserable as Milland and Marlene battled it out between making it before the cameras. The hostilities climaxed well into the filming when Marlene, still in character, showed her contempt for the boorish Milland Gypsy-style. Director Michael Leisen recalls: "When we were shooting the scene where he first meets her as she's stirring the stew, Marlene stuck a fish head into her mouth, sucked the eye out, and then pulled out the insides of the rest of the head. Then, after I yelled cut, she stuck one of her fingers down her throat to make herself throw up."

Seberg & Beatty

The Bettmann Archive

Peter Fonda so resented Warren Beatty's insensitive behavior toward the fatally ill director Robert Rossen during the filming of *Lilith* that as soon as the picture was wrapped, he rounded up a posse to teach him some manners. Jean Seberg, Warren's romantic interest in the film, wasn't exactly a fan either: she certainly wasn't amused when he entertained himself by flicking the contents of his nose at her during filming breaks.

Simone Signoret says in her memoirs, "I was thoroughly enjoying the Roman spring and my return to Europe and my dinners with the film crew in the old Trattoria. I spent three delicious months in Rome ... and that keeps me, even today, from judging what may have happened during my weeks in Rome and [Arthur] Miller's weeks in New York between a man, my husband, and a woman, my pal [Marilyn Monroe], who were working together, living under the same roof, and consequently sharing their solitudes, their fears, their moods, and their recollections of childhood poverty."

Dietrich & Milland

The on-again-off-again love affair of director Peter Bogdanovitch and Cybill Shepherd has left them both sad and confused. Seems it's been a little sticky since Peter has children by his first wife, screenwriter and art director Polly Platt. Cybill recently complained, "I don't see what the big deal is if a man wants to have a wife and mistress, too."

Humphrey Bogart was extremely uncomfortable playing the part of the debonair Wall Street broker of *Sabrina*, a role that had originally been intended for the urbane Cary Grant. And in addition to having to co-star with William Holden, whom he considered an overripe juvenile, he was forced to endure the screen's newest sensation, Audrey Hepburn, who was "awright ... if you don't mind a dozen takes." His oversized ego was further bruised when the critics suggested that he was a little long in the tooth to win the girl from William Holden.

Wyler & Streisand

When Barbra Streisand made her starring film debut in *Funny Girl*, she wasn't exactly an unknown, but the 20 million bucks that Hollywood had budgeted for her first film was unprecedented. Who can blame her for putting on airs and refusing to follow veteran William Wyler's direction? Producer Ray Stark told Wyler not to take the whole thing seriously since, "After all, this is the first film Barbra's ever directed."

Crawford & Gable

The Bettmann Archive

Taylor & Taylor

The steamy climate of Mexico's eastern coast provided the perfect setting for Tennessee Williams's *Night of the Iguana* and for the variegated ensemble of actors who constituted its cast. Elizabeth Taylor stuck close to Richard Burton to make sure that his contact with Ava Gardner remained strictly platonic. But Ava was otherwise engaged, driving up and down the beach in her Ferrari with the local beach boys. Screen nymphet Sue Lyon was accompanied by her mother as well as by her fiancé and his current wife, while the rest of the company consisted of a rare assemblage of mutual ex-wives, ex-husbands, continuing liaisons, and feuds. John Huston soothed the egos of his gang of neurotics by buying each one a gun.

Robert Taylor *did* have his problems with Elizabeth Taylor during the filming of *The Conspirator.* Taylor was able to control his attraction for Liz but "not from the waist down." He explained his condition to the cameramen, who focused the camera on him only above the waist.

When interviewer David Frost asked Joan Crawford on his television show who the sexiest actor in Hollywood was, part of Crawford's answer had to be bleeped from the air. Without a moment's hesitation, she responded that the most exciting man ever to set foot in Hollywood was Clark Gable. But it was her straightforward assessment of what made him charismatic both on-screen and off that got Frost in trouble. It consisted of one word: "Balls!"

SKINNY CHIC

Narrow lapels,
pegged
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update the 50s.
Tamara Dobson
(*Cleopatra Jones*)
approves.

You'll have to turn the clock back several generations if you're going to match the options at your disposal in this holiday's newest collection of shirts, ties, and trousers.

With the advent of narrower lapels, it was only logical that the rest of your wardrobe would follow suit. For example, this season's dress and sport shirts have smaller, softer collars and smaller front plackets and cuffs. The skinny tie is the perfect complement to them and is newest in shorter lengths. Another change is the dramatic shape of trousers. The new silhouette is clearly defined: a cinched waist and a soft, ballooning curve, terminating in ankle-hugging bottoms. When worn with skinny belts and suspenders, it all adds up to a fresh outline. The new look is more masculine in that it has been carefully worked out to showcase a man's body and make him look and feel sexier.

To help our men feel even sexier, we introduced them to one of the most striking beauties around, actress and model Tamara Dobson. Tamara, who stands six feet two inches in her bare feet, was the star of the film *Cleopatra Jones* and was the "lady of the evening" in the Redd Foxx–Pearl Bailey film *Norman . . . Is That You?* Now, her most important assignment is being the new international representative for Fabergé's Tigress perfume advertisements and promotions.

(opposite page, left) Poly-cotton slate-green small, straight-collar half-placket-front shirt ($19) by Don Robbie Shirts; cotton-corduroy, pleated, fly-front suspender pants ($45) by Pierre Cardin Relax for Eagle Shirtmakers; suspenders ($4) by Holt and Holditch for George G. Graham. Woven leather shoes ($175) by Pino Giardini for Carina Nucci. The poly-cotton khaki plaid shirt ($22) by Don Robbie. Pleated brushed-cotton pants with narrow-cuffed bottoms ($40) and double wraparound leather belt ($18) by Steven Brescia for Zazu International; pocket watch on key chain ($185) by Longines; suede shoes ($150) by Pino Giardini for Carina Nucci. Both one-inch silk taffeta ties ($7) by Brian Scott Carr for Camouflage; all mirrored glasses by Foster-Grant.

Ms. Dobson's wardrobe by Giorgio Sant'Angelo; jewelry by M & J Savitt; shoes by Maud Frizon; jeweled bags by La Bagagerie.

Photographed at Motorgate on Roosevelt Island, New York City. Tamara Dobson's fashions styled by Christine De Lassus; hair and makeup by Chany Cantala.

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER STRONGWATER

FOR INFORMATION ON WHERE TO BUY MERCHANDISE FEATURED HERE, SEE FASHION FINDER ON PAGE 190

(left) Cotton-crepe, button-down fly-front shirt ($65) by L'Equipe for Al B. Arden is worn over gold cotton-and-linen cutaway-collar shirt ($48) by Georgette Ghica, Ltd.; silk tweed tie ($13.50) by Michel Cravats. Linen-and-cotton elasticized-waist pants ($40) by David Leong for George G. Graham. The all-silk pullover V-neck casual shirt ($75) by Mark Birnbaum for Carara is worn over plaid India cotton round-collar shirt by Cauliflower. The Royal blue silk-knit tie ($7) is by Brian Scott Carr for Camouflage. The poly-linen double-pleated trousers ($49.50) are by DAKS. Both watches by Longines; both soft Oxford lace-up shoes with extended soles ($90 each) by Vittorio Ricci.

(left) The all-silk banded-collar pullover bigshirt (about $65) is by Ice by Blye, Ltd. All-cotton printed corduroy fly-front pants ($75) by Zanella for Al B. Arden. Worn loose is the black silk tie by Unique Clothing Warehouse Company; double-braided leather belt by La Bagagerie; brown, punched leather open-side shoes ($165) by Vittorio Ricci. White poly-cotton pleated-front "party" shirt with rounded cutaway collar ($27.50) by John Henry. Short version of one-inch cotton Liberty print tie is by Mr. John of London for George G. Graham. Triple-pleated corduroy pants with pegged bottoms ($75) by Joe Collins for Camouflage. Black suspenders ($5) by Unique Clothing Warehouse. Braided-leather slip-on clogs ($110) by Pino Giardini for Carina Nucci. Both watches by Longines.

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

war. We know that in war people will be fighting. But burning huts full of people and shooting women and children—that is not an act of war but an act of animals, and they will be dealt with as animals.

Penthouse: What do the black Africans think of the United States?

Nkomo: We look at what the U.S. has been doing all along. We know that we can't get weapons from the United States. We know that the U.S. is a very rich country, but we've had very little assistance from it. Stephen Low, U.S. Ambassador to Zambia, did something. We were able to get $1.5 million to build a school here; it was something.

You know, our young people will make up their own minds about who their friends are. No use telling these young people about the evils of communism—it doesn't mean anything. They pay attention to the evil they *see*. Not what you *think* is going to happen to them, but what is happening to them now. Why have they left their parents? Why have they gone to fight and die in the bush? We have had big rains this last year in Zambia and in Zimbabwe. It has rained right down on these young people—they are not covered. A number of them died of malaria and other diseases. A number of them have been bitten by snakes. A number of them have been gored by buffalos or trampled by elephants or eaten by lions.

At least communism has brought them something. They shoot a lion, and it's a Russian rifle they use. It's a tangible answer to a problem. Now try to convince these young people that the word *communism* spells disaster to them, when they can see real disaster coming from the White Rhodesians and South Africans who are friends of the West. No. The West has itself to blame if the young black Africans find the Communists friendly.

Why did we have to take up arms, really, to fight for our country? What are we fighting for? Why am I here? I have been without my family almost since I married. My children almost don't know me. My wife has lived a lonely life. Why have they had to go through all this? What do we want? Do we want to chase those white people from there? No. We are just saying, "Let us work together as equals." But the whites wouldn't have it—and they are supported by the Western world.

Are you going to tell these young people that communism is an evil when they see children shot in Soweto? There were no Communists there shooting those children. The killers were people supported by Western Europe. Where does South Africa get those guns? The armored cars? The small arms? They are all from the Western world. This is the evil the young blacks see, and you can't remove the pictures from their heads.

This is the disaster that I say is facing the Western world. You are looking at your big money, and you think it's going to save you—your big guns. You know, the biggest gun is in the brain. After all, those other guns were made in the brain. If you don't direct the brains of people, or if you direct them against you, no matter how primitive, how inaccurate the people appear, in the long run the Western world will be the loser.

Penthouse: Are you sending children off to be trained in the Soviet Union?

Nkomo: Thousands and thousands of young people have left their homes because they have lost their parents, or because their parents are in detention camps, or because the police just came and ravaged their homes. We send quite a few off to other countries to attend school.

Now, each year, when the universities open around the world in September, a number of young people will be going to the Soviet Union, to Bulgaria, and so on, but very few will be sent to the U.S. Only about twelve will go to the U.S. The U.S. won't give visas for any more than that. When this first happened, I said to these chaps, "There must be something wrong with you. You know our plight. You know we have to send these young people to various parts of the world. This is the only help we manage to get from the United States?" Twelve young people, boys and girls, are all they took. We say to the Soviet Union, "Who will take these young people?" They take them. Then the next thing is that the Americans turn around and say, "Oh, you are Communist inspired!"

> I think that the Western world has taken material wealth and forgotten human wealth. . . . There is such a lack of human feeling.

Now, I spoke to one Western ambassador here. He came to me furious. He said, "Nkomo, why is it you are sending planeloads of these young people to the Soviet Union for indoctrination? I saw them boarding Aeroflot." I said, "Really?" He said, "Of course, they're going for indoctrination." I said, "Now look, you go and bring your national airline and tell me how many boys and girls you want to come to your country for education, and you'll have them."

Of all the countries, the Soviet Union gives us the most. Aeroflot happens to fly from here to Moscow. I told this ambassador, "You bring the airline, and I'll bring the young people. And if you want to, then go ahead and indoctrinate them in your country." But they don't take me up on it. This is the problem with the Western world. You have a multitude of regulations that you refuse to waive even in unusual conditions.

Finally, I took these young people to the British and said, "You've got to do something. The United States won't take them, because they have only ordinary documents from Zambia—Zambia cannot give us passports." We understand this . . . there are thousands of Zimbabweans and Namibians here. I said, "This is terribly stupid of you! Here are these young people, wanting to go to your countries for education, and you won't have them. There is no other chance for them—they left home as refugees. Who's going to give them a chance?"

So only a few people have left for the U.S. I wish America could give us much more. The contacts of these young people—they're the chaps who are going to run the world in the next few years—the contacts among them will decide the future of the world. Eastern Europe shows a much longer range of foresight than the Western world does. You are interested in your monetary capital, but you seem to have little interest in human capital because you can't get it into your pockets, you see, like you do the money! But in the long run, you'll have yourselves to blame. Because every little country in this world that is nonaligned is watching and assessing and making judgments as to who its friends are. It is the human factor.

Penthouse: Where in the U.S. would you place the blame?

Nkomo: I don't know. I don't know. I think, really, that the Western world has taken material wealth and forgotten human wealth. The Westerners want to increase their wealth, to accumulate it, and they forget that wealth does not inspire the man who doesn't have it. To him, it's worth nothing. Your own country, the United States? I have been there often, and at times I wonder if it is progress or not. The lack of human feeling in New York, for example.

Penthouse: Smith says you kidnapped these children.

Nkomo: How do I kidnap these young people to do what? To keep them here? I've got to run around getting food for them, getting clothing for them, getting some type of education for them. And all this limits my attention to the war. Why should I steal them? What for?

Penthouse: Where do the children come from?

Nkomo: It doesn't matter where they come from. They are from everywhere. Here——[Nkomo brings in a young boy]. This young fellow, he left his home—we don't know how—and was picked up and brought up to us. We asked him what he is doing, where he comes from, but he hasn't been able to tell me. I ask, "Where are you going?" He says he is going to Geneva. "Why?" He says, "Nkomo is there. We have a problem. And these people are killing us; so I am going to Geneva." He arrived here yesterday. He was in Botswana in a camp with the other kids, and I just collected him

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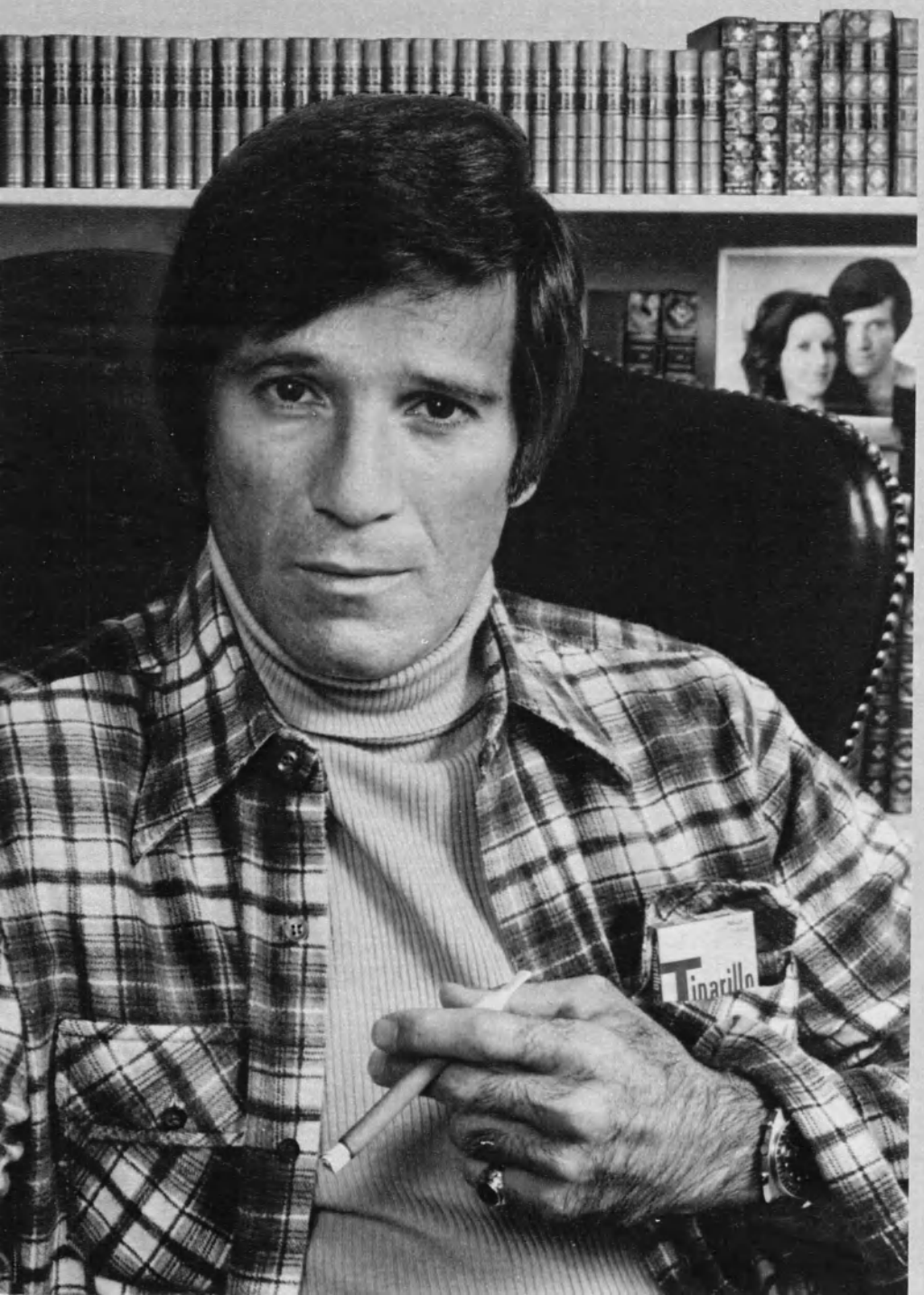

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yesterday. He has now arrived in Geneva! He is unable to tell us who his parents are, and if you ask him about his parents, he gets fed up. He doesn't want to know. Possibly they were dead when he left. He crossed the border by himself. Ask him about his parents, and he really gets aggressive. I have a feeling they died, and he doesn't want to tell anybody.

The children are here without parents, but you never hear them say they are sorry they are here, living under very difficult conditions. And yet they're cheerful. The little ones say, "We thought you would give us arms." We take them to school. They say "Oh, no, no, no." Then they say, "All right, we will do it, but we want a gun."

Penthouse: How old should they be before they can fight?

Nkomo: We take chaps from eighteen and up. Anyone younger than that, no. And we don't take those who don't want to fight—we have sufficient numbers without them. And, as I said, we send quite a few to other countries to attend school.

Penthouse: Does U.S. Secretary of State Vance seem to be well informed on Southern Africa?

Nkomo: He was not well informed at first, but I think his work has exposed him to the true problems of Southern Africa. He does not understand them all, but at least he has an idea of them. Because the United States is a world power, it must consider a great number of factors before making a move regarding Zimbabwe, which is only a little dot on the earth. There are a hundred and one things to add and subtract. But I think the United States does realize that the significance of our country is out of proportion to our size.

The U.S. is learning. The fact that the Americans stuck out their necks and left Vietnam and then came here to work with the British, not knowing what the final results would be—it shows that they are saying, "Whatever happens, we shall be there to help." They are looking at the situation in Southern Africa in a much more rational manner than they did during the Nixon administration. They are beginning to take advantage!

Penthouse: You say that tribalism doesn't exist in Rhodesia, but isn't that wishful thinking?

Nkomo: No. Look, there are tribes, and there are evil elements to tribalism. Tribalism can be there with good effect and give color and culture to a people's life. Here we are bringing together people with different customs to produce something good and to maintain that which is tribal, which is good in people. It becomes a national wealth.

But tribalism becomes an evil when parties want to use one tribe of people against another. This is the evil side. This is what I say doesn't exist. *But* it has been engineered by Smith and others, for political gain. It can be very dangerous. To cause peoples to work against each other is one of the greatest sins one can commit. It is racialism. Racialism is evil. The government is using racialism for its own gain. Smith has done it. Muzorewa has done it.

When Muzorewa says he has a majority, he means that the Shona people, his tribe, is in the majority. He is therefore trying to use tribalism, racialism, to gain political power. What is important is that people of all tribes should see themselves as Zimbabweans. In fact, there's no such thing as a Shona tribe—it doesn't exist. There are many tribes in the Shona nation. There is no such thing as a Matabele. The people within these groupings of Ndebele and Shona together form what is Zimbabwe. We work to encourage this unity, this Zimbabwe—our national wealth. We work to suppress and destroy tribal feelings that are political and that create antagonism among the people.

If there is a civil war, it won't be between the Shona and Ndebele tribes. It might be between different parties, but it won't be tribal. I don't worry about a civil war. The potential for it just isn't there.

Penthouse: What do you believe will become of the whites in Rhodesia?

> Economic self-interest was the main cause of the British allowing white Rhodesians to suppress the blacks.

Nkomo: I've resisted this thing called "whites." They exist as people. We've got to help people out of thinking "blacks" and "whites." If I kept in mind the way you people have persecuted black people, I wouldn't be talking to you. But these things—persecution, exploitation—do happen. These people are sick. You don't hold a grudge against a sick man.

Penthouse: Maybe you don't, because you're intelligent and have the capacity to control yourself, which is one reason why you are a leader. But what about the other black fighters who come into Salisbury with the power of an AK assault rifle in their hands? Are they going to mow down a lot of white people? Are there white people whom they are going to single out?

Nkomo: We talk to our men. We tell them—every one of them—we are not fighting against the white man. We are fighting against an evil. And this is very important. Once a white man hasn't that evil, he is a man like you. He's on your side, then, against evil.

Penthouse: But there are a lot of people who can't grasp that concept, who can't separate the evil from the white color.

Nkomo: Yes, but this is what leadership means, what leadership does. Minimize those things, so that only evil is fought against and killed. But of course there will be reprisals. People who have lost parents, relatives, and so on will look at the white man and just shoot the man because he's white. These things will happen. There have been times when Smith's men have murdered women and children. Later a young man on the road sees a white man pass—he sees the color white—and he shoots this chap. Because he is angry at what he's seen. These things do happen now. They will happen. But we have got to fight against that. These are evils that separate human beings.

Penthouse: Regarding your own personal suffering—Smith throwing you in jail, your being separated from your family—aren't you bitter? Perhaps vindictive? Or do you feel you've cleansed yourself of the human inclination toward revenge?

Nkomo: It was an experience. You see what a sick human being can do to you. You've got to treat the man. But, no, I haven't cleansed myself. I've never felt that when a person doesn't agree with what I do, that person must be killed. I have always thought that that man must be helped out of his difficulty. I have never hated—it's not there for a white man or anyone. I was born this way, and I think many people are like me in this way. When a human being does something that's inhuman, that human being needs help, not killing, because when you kill him, you're doing exactly what he is doing, and you are not even saving yourself.

A lot of young people, white young people in Rhodesia, need more help than anything else. Because, honestly, they were brought up and told, "This black chap is a 'boy'—a savage." And then these little white fellows grow up that way. They believe that this "boy" has got to do things for the white man, that one is always right as a white man. This "boy" will work for you and do things for you, but he is not to get anywhere near your person because he is dirty and so on.

The little white ones are brought up that way. You can't murder these young chaps because of that! You've got to help them out of that, and then they will become assets. The same thing has happened in parts of the United States. I think you are doing well there. You are not going to shoot all those chaps in the South, all the Klu Klux Klan chaps. Some of them will die out—the old fellows—and the young fellows coming up will be different from their fathers. They won't have the gowns!

Penthouse: Will this approach be the answer in South Africa?

Nkomo: Yes. That's why I am saying that those Boers must think fast and bring about a revolution inside the Afrikaner's South Africa—real change, not just shifting apartheid here and there. You've got to wipe out the whole of that mentality—of *baas* [boss], white superiority, and the exploitation and murder of blacks. O+E

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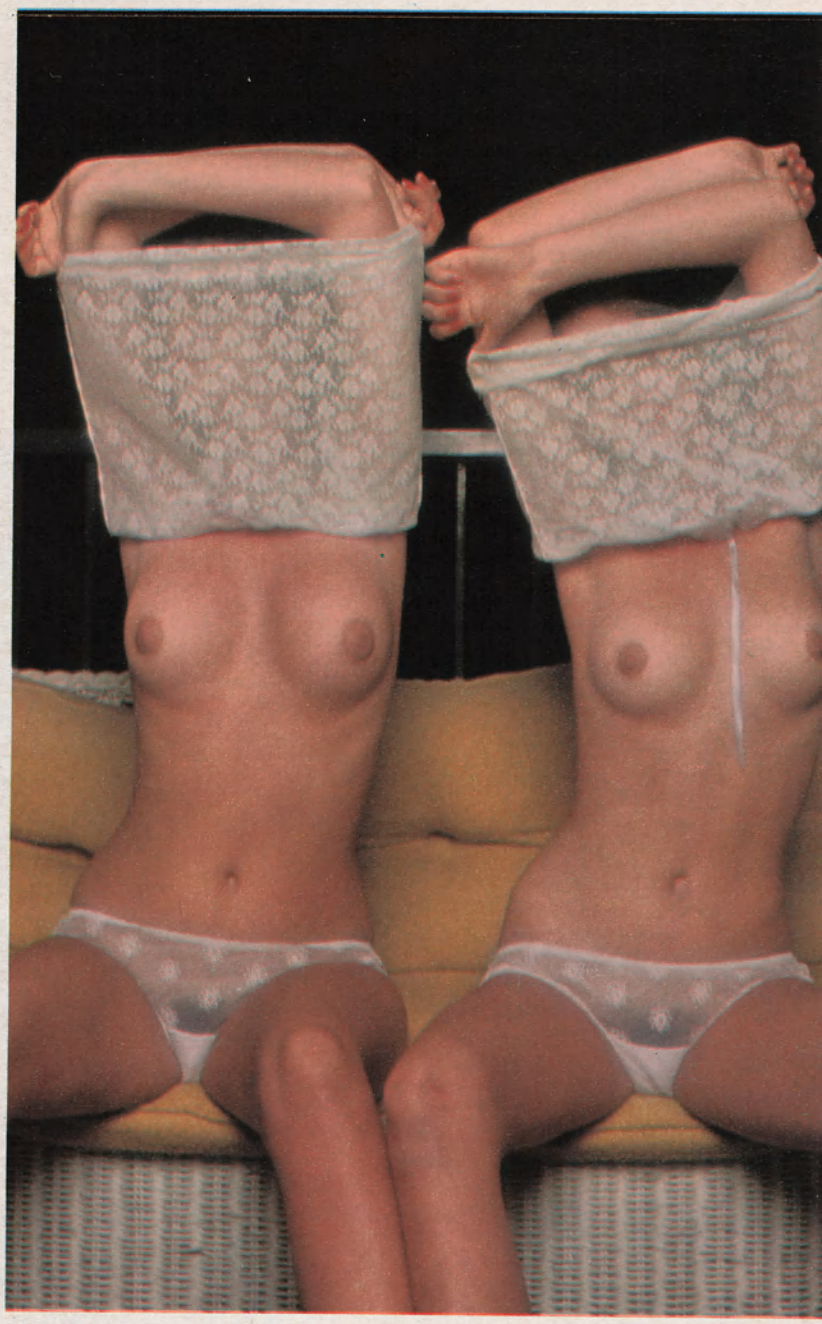
GEMINI II

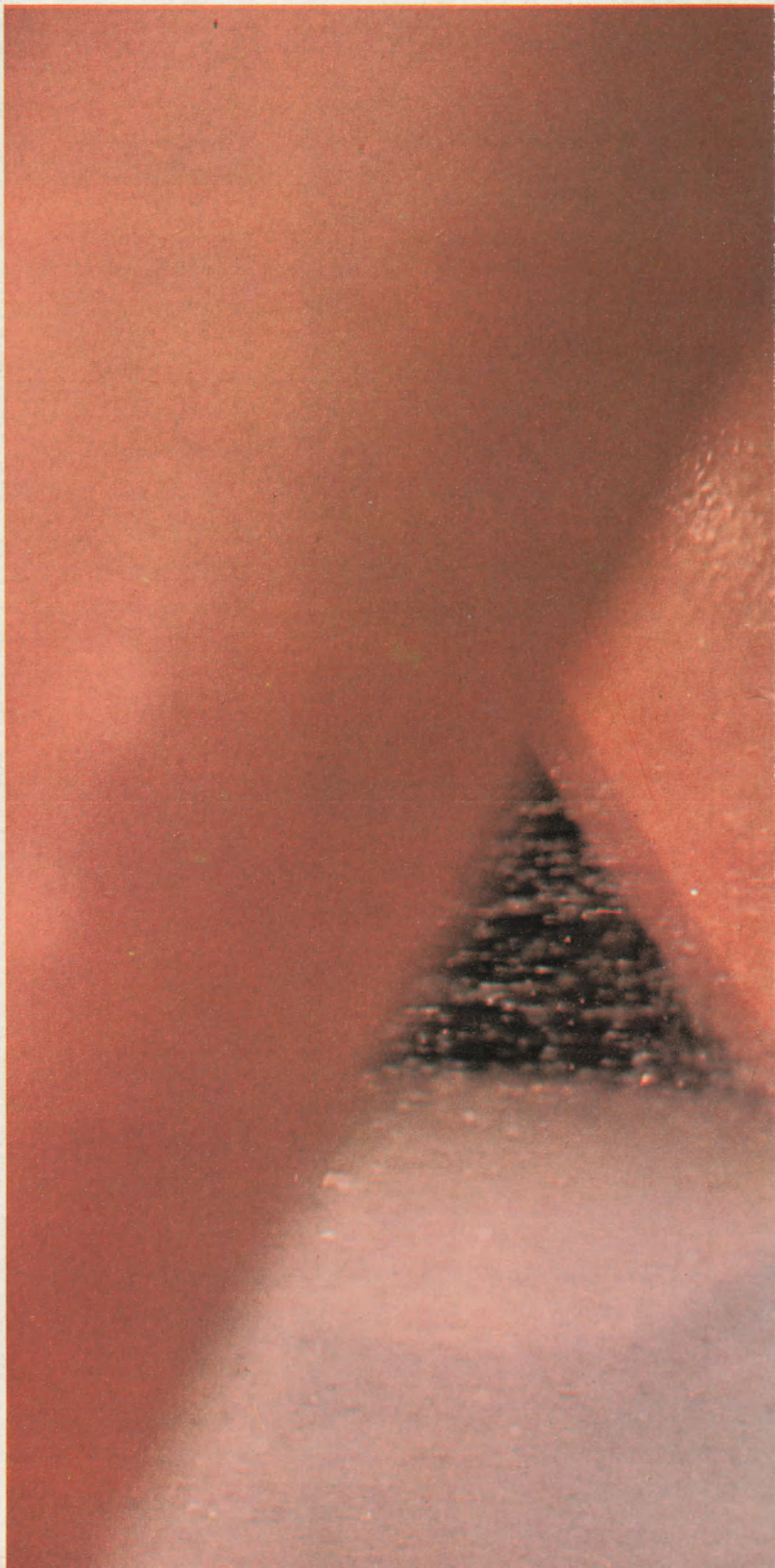
Like their star sign, Gemini, they're devoted, radiant twins—with identical, heavenly bodies. Shimmering, they bask in their mutual admiration, entranced with their own mirror image. The Gemini's dual nature—of intellect and heart—is perfectly split between them (a lovely separation of powers). Cerebral Charlotte is the scholar; emotional Emily, the eternal heart. As they blossom, their closeness grows carnal—making Emily blush with passion. Not budding Charlotte, however, who invokes her favorite line: *"Whose loves are dearer than the natural bond of sisters?"*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



Undressing tonight, Charlotte fills with desire as she gazes at her sister's provocative pose, at the swelling hips much like her own. "*An apple cleft in two*," she muses, "*is not more twin than these two creatures*." Their nipples brush, firing their passion. Emily whispers, teasing again, as she cups Charlotte's breasts in her hands: "*Two truths are told, as happy prologues to the swelling act*." Then they entwine, pressing thighs together. "*That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs. . . .*" And even fairer in deed . . .

Playful in their bath, Charlotte showers her sister with love—and with a loving spray of water. The gesture brings Emily's rosy petals to life a second time. "*A rose*," muses Charlotte, as she basks in their rich aroma, "*by any other name would smell as sweet*." But the object of her affection is beyond the reach of words, consumed with feeling, lost in rippling sensations. Again they unite in water, alone in this damp and womblike world.



They lather and caress one another, basking in the feel of soapy flesh. "*The fun's not in our stars, but in ourselves,*" sweet Charlotte misquotes, and then, with a delicate, probing finger, she proves her point. The Gemini twins of mythology spent all their time together—half on earth, the other half in heaven. Their lovely namesakes have blended both, it seems, indulging themselves in earthy, but very heavenly, devotion. Nuzzling, full of desire, our lovely, star-crossed lovers succumb to their ruling planet and resign themselves to their fate.

RHODESIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

Then I went to Beirut. And then to Salisbury. I'll be moving on soon."

The banker trades the local wine for a bottle of 100 proof Wild Turkey. After an hour Blancke has the latest stats on the Great White Exit.

Following the tennis match, the young black professor assumes a shuckin'-truckin' persona and, juxtaposing ghetto jive with sociopolitical jargon, proceeds to tell these honkies what their niggers need. In summary: keep the blacks in the Tribal Trust lands, where subsistence farming is available and where the population will be controlled naturally by the limited food supply. Blancke is pleased when he observes that his guests, if slightly nonplussed, are pleased. The young white professor, a former member of the Peace Corps, looks the other way.

Today Mr. Msipa left his position at David Whitehead, Ltd., a textile concern owned by LonRho. The company has an exclusive contract for all Rhodesian military uniforms. Mr. Msipa, a founding member of the African National Congress and an important figure in Joshua Nkomo's internal organization, was denied a twenty-five-dollar raise. "I thought I deserved it," he says. "I worked hard. But these people, you see . . ." Tomorrow Mr. Msipa will go to work as a political columnist for the Zimbabwe *Times*, a black, proguerrilla newspaper. He is not aware that the Zimbabwe *Times* is also owned by LonRho.

Desperate for sympathy, understanding, and foreign capital, the Rhodesians have opened their borders to an influx of four-flushers and lunatics that would bring tears to the eyes of a John Birch evangelist. An American black travels around the country at government expense, cursing the American government and Andrew Young: "Only a monkey would work for peanuts!" He is feted and favored at parties from Umtali to the Wankie Game Reserve. And then, when his local references are firmed up, he floats several large loans in American dollars, "to spread the word back home," leaves, and is never heard from again.

A shapely brunette from South Africa—a local rep for *Soldier of Fortune* magazine (see *Penthouse*, July 1978), a puerile pseudomercenary manual published by a "Colonel Brown" in Boulder, Colo.—is chatting with an American troopie in front of the Golden Dragon Bar. She has just returned from the operational area, with full government permissions and a military escort. Her hero is the late duke of Salisbury, who, as an arms-bearing, free-lance journalist, with full government permissions and a military escort, was taken out last spring by a ZANU rocket. Ever since she was "almost raped by a gang of niggers in New Jersey," she has been eager to get in combat. The troopie wants to hear the details of the almost-rape, but she prefers discussing the ballistics of his FN rifle. It is not evident until she moves away in a slow scooting pace that she is crippled.

Robert Vesco's advance men are rumored to be in town, while another swindler, a banker from Chicago who has been living here long enough to read the future, has opted for voluntary extradition. Movie moguls no one ever heard of come to "fund" propaganda films. Religious fanatic ladies with Bibles and wooden cherries on their hats invade the restaurants at tea time. Until recently, Bruce Glenn, a Southern Californian, had a nightly "psychopolitical" show on RTV. The slack in the lunatic fringe there was taken up when Lin Mehmel, a smashing ultra-right-wing blonde who runs the Crippled Eagles Club's "unofficial United States embassy" with jingoist coauthor Robin Moore (*The Green Berets*), was appointed to the Rhodesian Broadcasting Board. Mrs. Mehmel is also friendly with the country's leading scorched-earther and minister of foreign affairs, P. K. van der Byl, though she is admittedly an embarrassment to the government. She wangles visas to the United States in order to lobby for the lifting of trade restrictions. Meanwhile, an elderly female author who is the unofficial government apologist flies around in army helicopters, researching books and gathering data; she personally records the dimensions of the penis of each dead guerrilla she encounters.

In late July, Prime Minister Smith's appearance at an otherwise unimportant by-election rally was greeted with boos and catcalls and accusations of having misled the whites for thirteen years only to sell them out in the end. It happened in an ignominious junior-high-school gymnasium in North Highlands, the initial roll of the revered leader's drumming out.

Two weeks later Smith held a secret meeting with Joshua Nkomo at Zambian President Kaunda's holiday home on the outskirts of Lusaka. The meeting was the top-level conclusion to discussions begun in London in early August by Nkomo, Muzorewa, Sithole, and Chirau. Despite the best efforts of shuttle diplomats Stephen Low, U.S. ambassador to Zambia, and Britain's John Graham, no progress was made toward persuading Nkomo to close a deal without the knowledge of his guerrilla co-leader Robert Mugabe. When word of the meeting reached Mugabe, he responded by denouncing all secret diplomacy as reactionary rubbish and reiterated his conviction that armed conflict was the only solution to the problem of racist Rhodesia. Thus Smith managed to drive the wedges of tribal and personal dissent deeper between the two leaders of the Patriotic Front.

In an attempt to recover face with Mugabe and the guerrilla forces, Nkomo ordered his ZAPU guerrillas to shoot down an Air Rhodesia civilian plane in the war zone near Lake Kariba. According to a

"Looks like the CIA to me."

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IT'S HARD NOT TO THINK OF RED.
Johnnie Walker Red
JOHNNIE WALKER RED
THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE

Rhodesia Combined Operations communiqué, ten survivors of the crash were shot and bayoneted by Nkomo's men. Nkomo screamed denial. And Smith, forever the political tactician, retaliated by ordering air strikes against Mugabe's ZANU forces several hundred miles from the place where the incident occurred. Besides creating more bad blood between Nkomo and Mugabe, Smith gained valuable international sympathy in avenging alleged terrorist atrocities.

Three weeks later, a Vietnam veteran named Giles Pace arrived in Rhodesia and announced that he and 300 volunteer troops were setting up a mission for Chicago's Church of Christian Unity. "If the bastards come here," Pace said, "we will chase them back into Mozambique in the name of goodness and Christ."

Tim Peech, a farmer in Beri, Rhodesia, was not deterred by the fact that several peacemakers from Smith's government had been shot while trying to negotiate with the guerrillas. Sending them out had been a ploy to prove that Smith's black leaders had power among the people. Tim Peech knew this, and, of course, so did the guerrillas. It was as inevitable that the peacemakers would be shot as it was that they would be black. So Tim Peech persisted in his own efforts to come to an agreement with the guerrillas in his area. He sent feelers out through African workers on his farm, and in time the guerrilla leaders responded. The young farmer and the young freedom fighters met together on several occasions; they made progress, Tim Peech said. The guerrillas were trying to understand and sympathize with his plight as he had learned to understand and sympathize with theirs. Tim's friends—those few farmers that remained in the area—warned him. But he persisted. The most important communication, he said, must be made between the common people. And then one day, for no reason that anyone could discover, on a dusty road a mile from home, Tim Peech was ambushed and shot to death.

John G. Hillis, head of David Whitehead Textiles, is president of the Rhodesia Industries Association. While he avoids any formal political affiliation, he is a close adviser to the government. As he explains:

"It is getting more and more difficult to predict what might happen in Rhodesia, more and more difficult to keep emotion from influencing your judgment, because each day someone close to you or someone you know of gets hit, Africans and Europeans. My task is to keep calm at all costs.

"I've given a lot of thought to the future and do so every day. I believe that the situation in Rhodesia will not be so bad as everyone who lives here thinks. It's far too easy on an island—particularly if the island has no sea around it—to turn in on yourself and dwell on the worst possible aspects of things and avoid news of alternatives that might be quite bright. The day before he left Rhodesia to lead his guerrilla army, Robert Mugabe came to my office and told me in the same breath that he wanted my continued advice and that Zimbabwe must be an all-black affair. You see? A few weeks ago the president of Union Carbide, possibly the largest corporation in the world, came to me in disguise to find out how well his companies had been treating their black workers. There is a different government coming, of course—and we don't know which—but we've got the message. We have to begin thinking about things like the persuasive power of capitalism. I've talked with many of the nationalists and all of the Executive Council. They have their own political ideas, but as long as they can keep them within the bounds of the House of Commons, that's fine. None of these people has ever run a country before, and in private they'll admit that the prospect is sobering.

"I hope that Rhodesia is truly different—that we will be able to avoid another Angola or Mozambique. We could train new people to occupy important positions—create our peers as teachers rather than entrepreneurs—if we are given the chance. I would leave only if it became impossible for me to contribute. I was brought up with a set of values, and I don't intend to drop them or my stance. If everything broke down and one could see no signs of responsibility in the government, then I should reluctantly leave this Zimbabwe that was once Rhodesia."

"Mrs. Lewis, you throw one helluva New Year's Eve party!"

Daniel Katsande is fifteen years old and has been in the Boy Scouts three years now—Troop 70, the Zebra Patrol. "We are all mixed up African and Europeans, and it is fine," he says.

"I am from Mtoko Tribal Trust land. I am a Shona. My mother and father are dead. I have been reading about the politics. Most people, they go to Muzorewa. Chirau is a robot . . . a stooge. I think that he is not educated. He is a *mulengesi* . . . a sellout. Sithole is not a good chap; he buys people, which is not good. I like Muzorewa because he doesn't want war. But there are too many leaders, and they will fight. The Matebeles use knives. They study fighting with *bangas*. There will be no soldiers in Zimbabwe, only police to see after the peace. No fighting like guerrilla wars. Some Europeans are indolent, but it is not good to chase the Europeans away. They should stay and teach. The African will get more knowledge. Like America. America is a beautiful country—good people, what you call black Americans. They were taken as slaves. Then Abraham Lincoln said, 'These will have their homes and be free.' Africans in the protected villages are not free; there is a bit of suffering, no groceries.

"I will be an electrical engineer. I will never go fighting. Before I said I wanted the army. Now I have changed. I prefer to read my books. I like the author Longman.

Romeo and Juliet, a tale from Shakespeare, is my favorite, but I want all of them.

"Sometimes the war frightens me when I see Africans dying. I do not like the way they are killing. It terrifies me. I would not like to be a soldier. Oh no, it is not good. Instead, I will marry and have four children. I will name the first one Patrick, for my friend."

Michael Wicksteed is sales manager for IMCO, a Rhodesian farm-implement company. He is a reserve officer in the Rhodesian Air Force.

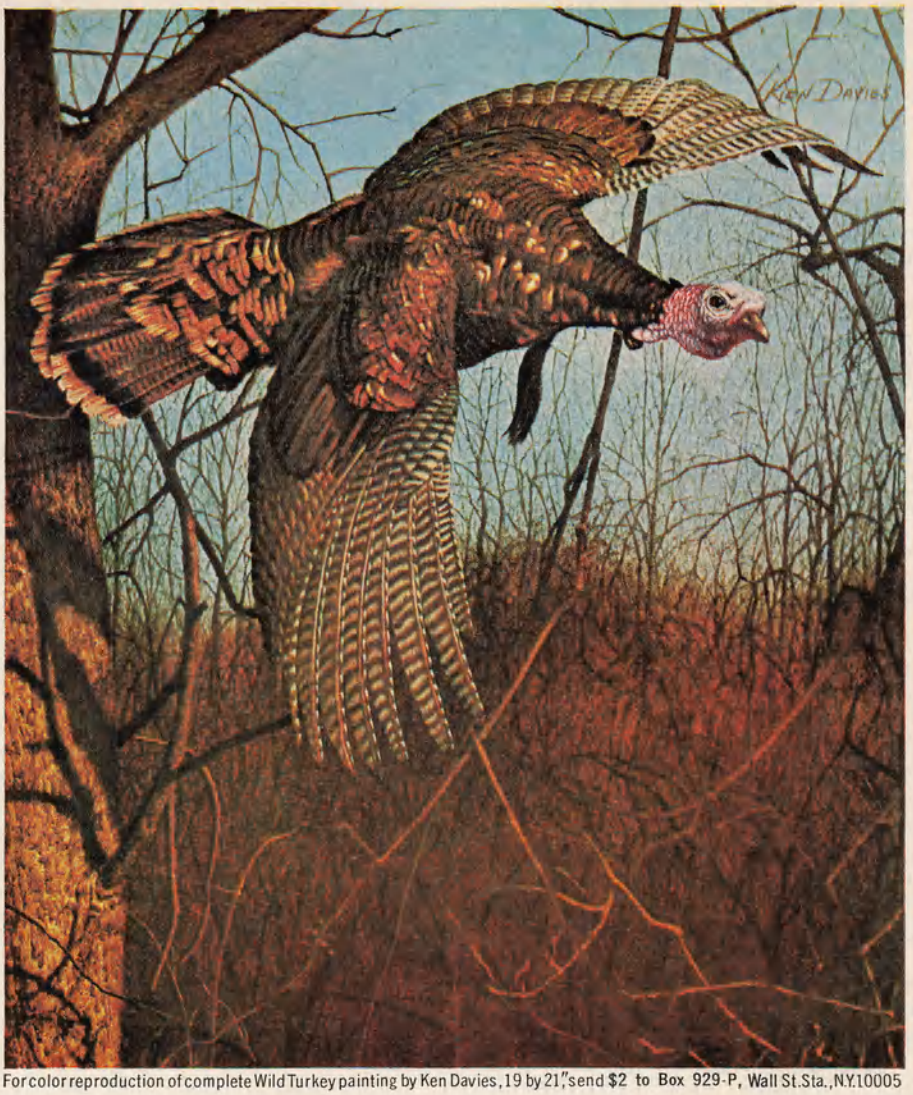
"Two or three different developments might stem the tide of terrorists Nkomo is planning to throw at us—the so-they-say conventional war that's coming. If our friends in the United States and Britain won't help us, I sincerely believe Smitty should go to the Russians or the Chinese or both, make market arrangements with them for our natural resources—chrome ore, for instance, which America doesn't seem to need anymore.

"And stop feeding the bloody enemy! Everyone down here knows that the terrs [rebels] in Zambia would starve without us. Much of Europe, too, would be missing niceties, like Rex beef, if it weren't for the brilliance of people here who work around sanctions. My company sells throughout the world; in fact, we've thrived under sanctions. For one thing, we don't have to honor patents and trademarks; so we take what we want and at times make improvements. Would you care to buy a set of Dunlop tires or a ticket on a forbidden direct flight to Malawi? These things can be arranged.

"What's to happen? It makes no difference. I for one will fight to the end like my brother, who died as a Congo mercenary. I will not be directed about by my houseboy, a thirty-year-old child, who is perfectly content with things the way they are—no responsibility and an ample supply of *sudza* [dope]. If we are defeated, it will be because the world is against us, not because of a few cowardly terrs. But the ones who kill us will meet their masters soon enough . . . farther south. The Drakensberg Mountains are the spine of the Afrikaner. And he is strong enough not to want or need the world's backing."

Daniel Gurjena left Rhodesia seventeen years ago to study law in London. After several years in private practice there, he went to Kingston, Jamaica, where he was a prosecutor in the federal court. Mr. Gurjena is an executive in Robert Mugabe's ZANU party.

"The truth is that the people do not believe in the transitional government," he says. "The Africans know about the deals that have been made with Smith's black ministers, the farms and such that have been given to them in order to ensure their support of Smith. Muzorewa has lost his credibility and the black vote. Sithole has compromised himself and vacillated so much for his own advantage that he has lost out. Chirau, well . . . Chirau!



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"There is no question about it. Smith, whatever he says, is in favor of an all-party conference. Muzorewa will do what he is told to do. But Sithole, who knows he would lose badly to Nkomo or Mugabe, is holding out. In my opinion, the white referendum will dissolve the transitional government. Then the United States and Britain will pressure them to an all-party conference. The Patriotic Front, Mugabe and Nkomo, will be there at the insistence of the front-line black nations who back them. These will be the demands of the Patriotic Front: make Mugabe and Nkomo full members of the Executive Council, tear up the constitution and start again, integrate the Patriotic Front into the army, and perhaps call in General Prem Chand from the United Nations to take charge.

"There must be an equalization of wages and opportunities. Some industry must be nationalized, and the large absentee-landlord farms must be divided. The army and civil service must be equalized as well. Smith would have to leave, but not all Europeans. There would be no retribution exacted. And no fighting between Mugabe and Nkomo.

"If the demands of the Patriotic Front are not met," Daniel Gurjena concludes pensively, "there will be all-out war—a bloodbath—and extensive urban destruction. There has already been street fighting in Bulawayo and many more bombs than have been reported."

Barbie Govindan is one of the most beautiful women in Rhodesia—a fact even the most rabid racist could not deny. Barbie, twenty-four, is a "colored"; that is, she is of mixed blood—in her case, white, black, and Goanese.

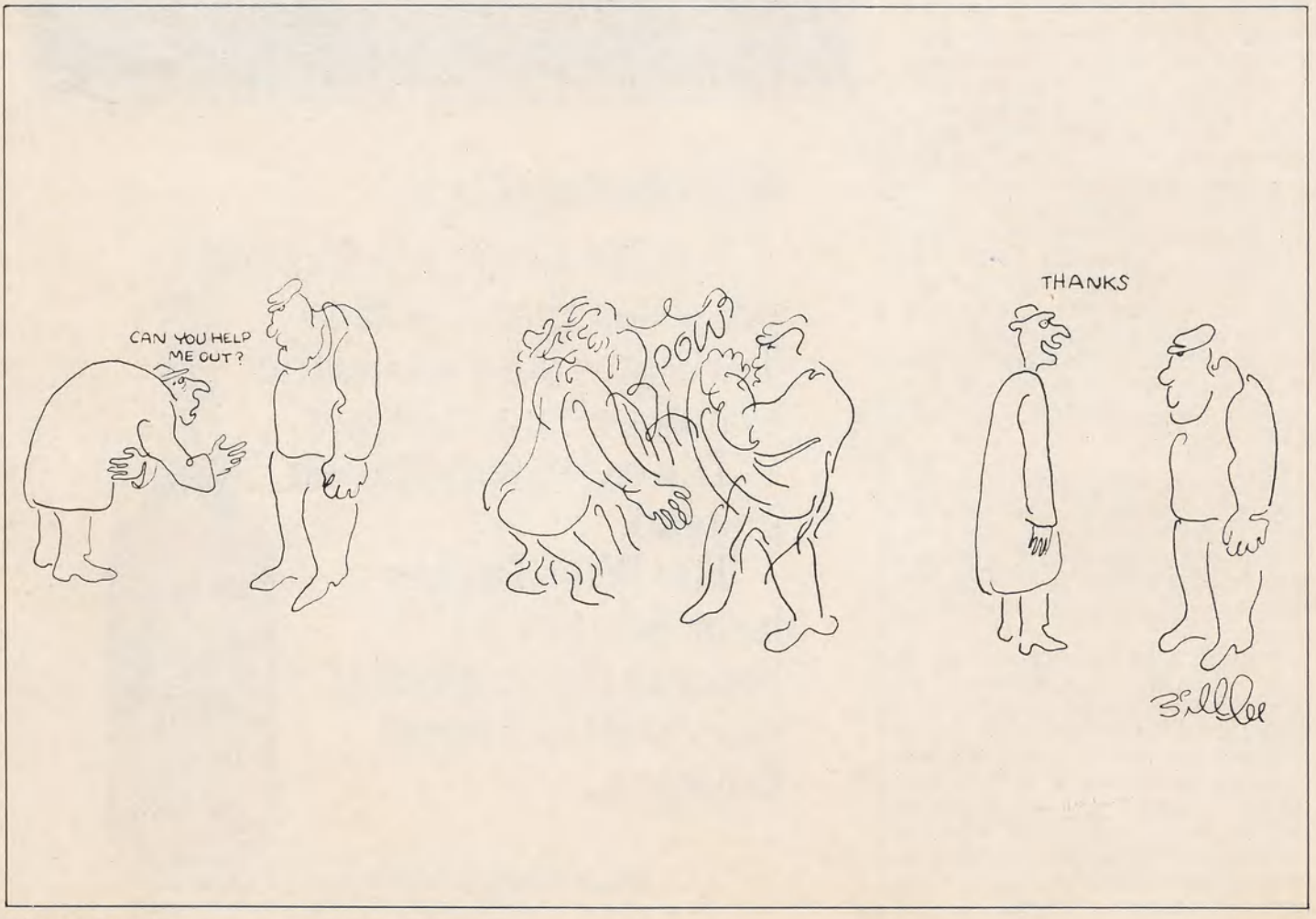
"Now that it's time to go, I'm not exactly sure why I've decided to leave Rhodesia," she explains. "I was born here, reared here, married here, and divorced here. But I do not want to bring up my baby girl here, not now. But not only because our physical safety is uncertain. Rhodesia is so far behind the rest of the world, and the Zimbabwe government, even if the war does not continue, will put things back even farther. South Africa is the nearest alternative, but it would be worse there for me. Here the colored are forgotten or overlooked. There they are restricted to shanties and poverty on the Cape. I don't know how they will be treated in Zimbabwe, but I worry about my parents, and I will worry about my baby until I am able to send for her.

"The most obvious discrimination I can remember took place in Mozambique when I was seventeen, on my only trip out of Rhodesia. The Afrikaners were not used to mixed beaches. When I came near them, they would get out of the water. I have never been treated like that here, but I have not become integrated either. I have always dated colored men. I have never dated an African. The few times that I have been with European men I have felt uncomfortable. I don't know if that will change, if I can change, or if the society can change. These attitudes go very deep.

"At any rate, I am leaving. Tomorrow I will fly to Johannesburg and then to Zurich on a Swiss jet. Three years ago journalists who came here to write about the war began encouraging me. They took pictures of me. Some asked me to go with them. They said in Europe men would look at me and follow me. I do not believe this, but I'm going anyway. I have $500 beyond my fare, and I have booked into a hostel in Zurich. I have the address of a modeling agency there. If I do well, I will send for my baby and find some way to get to Paris. I have said that I will come back home to Rhodesia when the killing has stopped, but perhaps I won't. Perhaps the killing will never stop. There is no way of knowing what will happen in Rhodesia. There is no way of knowing how power and old hates will affect the new leaders. I cannot risk our future on such uncertainty."

The following conversation took place between two American soldiers fighting under contract with the Rhodesian Security Forces.

Jack: "A year ago it looked like we still might win the war or at least reach a settlement weighted in our favor. But that's no longer possible. Smith admits it. Now you can either stay and fulfill your contract or go



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But that wasn't all we had to do to give Technics Linear-Drive headphones waveform fidelity. The headphone driver units had to be designed with a lightweight vibration system capable of producing high-frequency extension and phase linearity.

Technics Linear-Drive headphones: the EAH-830 (shown below), EAH-820 and EAH-810. They're our biggest achievement in headphones because they give you our biggest achievement in sound: Waveform fidelity.

Introducing Technics biggest achievement in headphones: Waveform fidelity.

AWOL, like a lot of guys are doing. They could, I guess, give you a ticket and tell you to get lost. But if they think they can tell me I've got to stay, they've got another thing coming. My papers were signed with the Rhodesian government, not with Zimbabwe. Not that I wouldn't want to fight for the country. It's just that I'm getting tired of the army—at least the way this one's run."

Joe: "The recruiter said your contract was with Rhodesia. So if the government goes black, you don't have to stay here. Now we're told our contracts are with the Rhodesian government *or* its inheritors. The thing to do is to get a lawyer, sue the Rhodesian government for what's left of your contract, and then sign on with black Zimbabwe for bigger money. But there's no legal option before the thirty-first of December—if we're not wiped out by then."

Jack: "I don't think so. The only way that would happen is if the Cubans hooked up with Nkomo for an invasion. But then the South Africans would be up here with us. They're good people."

Joe: "The South African police who were up here early, they were all turkeys."

Jack: "Yeah, if the Cubans start streaming across the border, you'll want the South Africans up here quick with those 106's—they'll go ape-shit. But I think we'll be all right here. I think the war will go on like it is for another couple of years."

Joe: "It will start really hotting up just before the first of the year, when Mugabe makes a grab for it. If they scare all the white people out of the country, they won't have much of a problem. Like 250,000 people can make for a really guilty conscience. But 10,000 or so . . ."

Jack: "In the end, though, I wouldn't be captured. A white American? They'd skin you alive. I've heard all that shit about saving you for propaganda, but I don't believe it. But, you know, thinking about blowing your head off and doing it are two different things."

Joe: "It's going to be all right. I know it is."

Jack: "In Luanda [a mercenary who got busted] got a few years in the slammer. The one who said he was fighting for an idea got snuffed. I'd say what I had to say. Anyway, a lot of guys have left already. My girl friend's dad said he's leaving because he could never have a black man tell him what to do. But being from the States, I believe they could solve the problems in this country . . . if they all relaxed and didn't get so upset about the possibility of giving their servants a twenty-dollar raise. *Politicians are the ones who are killing the people. If they can't come to realize that there's some way to work it out, they fucking deserve to die.*"

Joe: "I don't know. I could see myself staying here. The Africans could be okay. I like Rhodesia generally. Nice people."

Jack: "I've thought about staying to make some money. And I'd even fight under a black leader. I'll probably take a contract in Zaire or in the Middle East, but I'd like to go back home and farm some day."

"Dr. Moriarity! What about the confidential relationship between a psychiatrist and his patients?"

Mr. C. G. Msipa is an executive member of ZAPU, Joshua Nkomo's political wing. He spent five years in detention for his suspected political beliefs. Mr. Msipa is employed as a salesman by the David Whitehead Company in Salisbury.

"It is interesting how, under a new set of circumstances, attitudes change," he says. "For months and months I was an invisible person in the office, underemployed, with nothing to do but appear as the token African while I worked on my politics. Suddenly, now, everyone wants my advice! Tobacco farmers and mining people, cattle farmers, all the Europeans, come to me and tell me that this internal settlement of Smith's will not work. They all plan to go to Lusaka! I think they secretly believe there will be a tribal war between Nkomo and Mugabe.

"I can assure you that tribalism does not exist in Rhodesia to the extent that the government says. There are differences between Nkomo and Mugabe, but they are not tribal, and they are not really so far apart. Mugabe has been encouraged by young men in his army—men like Tongogara—to be more and more leftist. Since Mugabe does not control his army as well as Nkomo controls his, he has had to bend, or seems to bend, to these people. Years ago, before I joined Nkomo, Mugabe told me that Nkomo was the one man to lead Zimbabwe. Now many of Mugabe's people are telling him to be prepared to play the second fiddle in the forthcoming black government. We do not know. It may be that Nkomo and Mugabe will fight, but it will be an ideological, not a tribal, war. If Smith does not agree to an all-party meeting and does not bend, the results will be tragic for everyone. The war will go forward with great speed. *In the end, though, we will have free elections across tribal lines—you will see. There will be a two-party system, a democratic government of one man, one vote.* The best leader will win, but he will not be one of those in Mr. Smith's transitional government."

John Finely is a tall, apple-cheeked, nineteen-year-old Scot. Rather than entering Sandhurst after he graduated from Harrow, he took a year abroad, with his parents' blessings, to set out on an African adventure. As he explains:

"It's in the blood, you see, this baptism by fire. My seventeenth great-grandfather was Eric the Black. My second great-grandfather shot red Indians in America before retiring to the Boer War. Until recently, the proclivity was manifest in me as a John Wayne fan and a gun freak.

"Instead of signing a long contract in the military, I decided to free-lance as a ranch guard. I put an ad in the *Herald*, giving my background, though I believe the qualification 'can shoot' turned the trick. The stint was boring at first. After three months of guarding tobacco barns on a 24,000-acre

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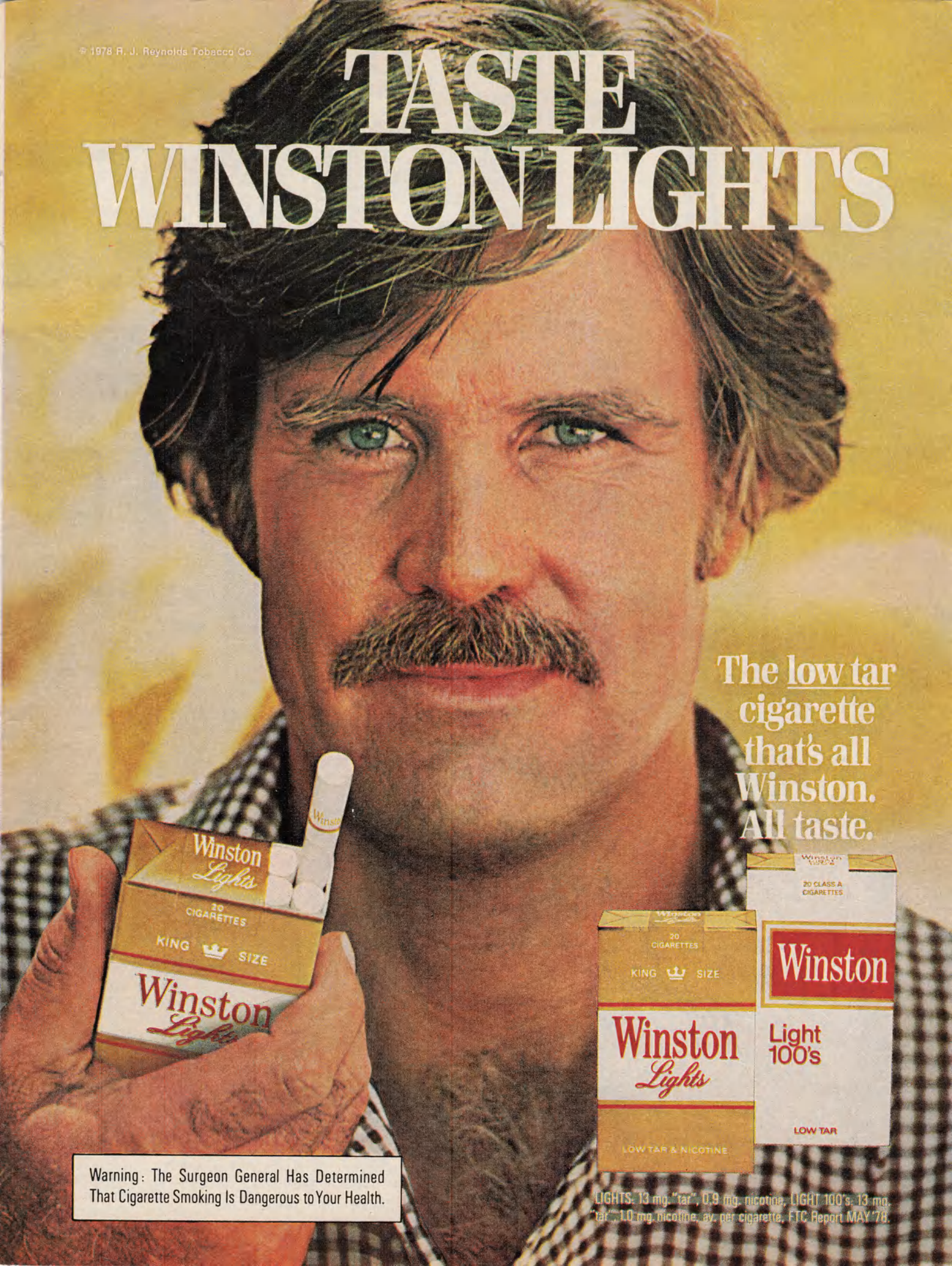

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spread near Rusape, I managed to get transferred to the cattle range. Rustlers, you see, were much more my cup of tea. 'Get off your hoss, pilgrim, and drink your milk.' That sort of thing!

"One moonlit night, in May, I think, I was on patrol when I spotted four Africans driving eight or ten head of cattle toward the eastern boundary of the farm. I immediately emptied my Sten gun at them, knocking one of the buggers down and then took cover behind a tree and waited for return fire. Three of them had fled. After an hour of searching for the wounded one, I sat down to rest and saw the white soles of his feet in some tall grass not two yards away. I jumped back and fired three shots. Then I hugged the ground and listened. There was a sort of gurgling groan. The Sten gunfire had taken a lung. One of the three pistol shots had blown away the lower part of this fellow's spine. He was bringing up blood. So I cocked my .357 magnum and shot him full in the face. He was about seventeen and, unfortunately, unarmed.

"I am convinced that this experience has colored my ideas about what has happened in Rhodesia and what is likely to happen. The thing is, you see, despite a spasm of nerves later on, I must admit I rather enjoyed playing cowboy. And I have begun to wonder if some other people don't as well. Anyway, I figure that this war will progress, that the South Africans will step in to maintain law and order, but that the attacks against whites will continue. There will undoubtedly be an upsurge in violence during the early part of the new year, when the government is scheduled to go over, but perhaps it will be short-term. I believe Mugabe's hard-core Marxist line will unite many moderate whites and blacks. And perhaps things will eventually level out. On the other hand, there has been a great deal of talk about a watery version of the old scorched-earth policy—blowing up the Kariba Dam, which not only would shut down the copper mines in Zambia but also would wash away Cabora Bosa Dam and flood a wide expanse of Mozambique. Whatever, it will be exciting, and I intend to return after a bit of R and R in Scotland."

Allan Savory is president of the National Unifying Force, a new political party in opposition to Ian Smith's Rhodesian Front. He is a former member of Parliament, an adviser to past Prime Ministers Garfield Todd and Sir Roy Welensky, and Smith's most fearless political enemy. As a captain in the Rhodesian Security Forces, Savory wrote the unofficial manual on antiguerrilla warfare. His political predictions, since the unilateral declaration of independence in 1965, have been chillingly accurate.

"It's an extremely grim picture," he observes. "And I must say I find no satisfaction in pointing out that I foresaw all of this. To begin with, right now the country is in desperate financial shape. The war is escalating and taking on a more bitter character, with atrocities being committed on both sides. Muzorewa and Sithole see their only road to power through Smith's white army, and they are going to stick with it all the way. To think that this all began on the idiotic issue of racial discrimination!

"The only hope left for anyone is an all-party conference. Most important, it would be good for all Rhodesians. But, secondly, from the white point of view, it is of absolute necessity, because the whites are being betrayed by Smith. They have put total faith in him. They have worshipped him and made him a god. And now he is saying that on December 31 he is going to hand it all over to a black government, willy-nilly, whether the war continues, whether sanctions continue or not. He's taking all these whites who have been blindly loyal to him and handing them over to Muzorewa or Sithole—it doesn't matter which, since they will be the only ones on the ballot. And he's handing over a war which he couldn't win and which a black government will have no hope of winning, as well as continued sanctions. The average white serviceman will leave the country rather than fight for a black government. It will be a walkover for the Patriotic Front. And thee will be no security umbrella from the Western powers. That is the sad end of the road Smith is leading the people to.

"What's most likely to happen is that Smith will be forced to attend an all-party conference. He and Nkomo are, finally, the only ones who really matter. Conservative British politicians have encouraged Smith to hold out in the hope that somehow the position of the Patriotic Front will be weakened—and wrongly, as many ghastly deaths will testify. It may already be too late to settle anything at a conference, because Mugabe and Nkomo now hold all the trumps. Still, as a last-ditch effort, it must be tried. If there is a conference and no settlement, then the war will go on, and it will be up to the West to decide whom to back. The absolute final hope would then rest on the fact that the Rhodesians had at least appeared to join Britain and America in finding a just solution. *If we don't get to a conference and resolve the conflict between Mugabe and Nkomo now, if it becomes simply whites out and blacks in, then this thing will be fought to the finish with three black armies in the fray—Nkomo's, Mugabe's, and whatever the black government will be able to salvage.* Already the Matabeles are calling this the 'Shona Settlement' and are playing off the tribal differences between the leaders of the Patriotic Front. And the tactical plans are taking form—Mugabe's aggressiveness, Nkomo holding back his army, waiting for the next war, letting Mugabe spend himself before coming in for the kill. *The whites will be caught in the middle.*

"As for me, if I decided to leave Rhodesia, it would probably be too late. No, we need people here to work toward a solution. I have had forty damn good years in Rhodesia. I feel I owe it something for that."

"Don't stop on account of me. I just thought you might like something to blow on at midnight!"

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.

Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

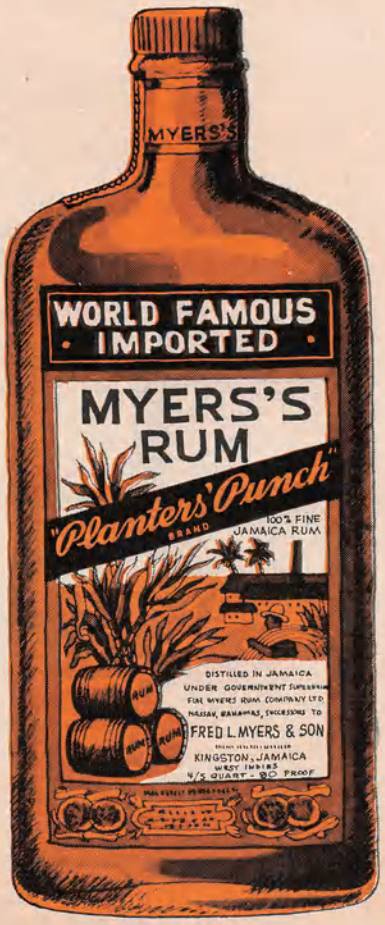
More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's

made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The

extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled



with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way

to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.

Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.

Next to Myers's All other Rums Seem Pale.

Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, 80 Proof.

TOSSING

Sexual Tissue. Use the person once, then throw him/her away. No deposit, no return.

BY TOM HERRON

The practice began, as so many things sexual seem to do, on the West Coast, but it has spread like wildfire across the country. No one knows exactly what the phenomenon is all about, for it is still new, and no one is exactly sure where it will lead. As with any other fad, it is for the moment, and right now *tossing* has replaced the Hula-Hoop, swallowing goldfish, wife swapping, and punk rock. To toss—or to be tossed—is *in*.

In an effort to get a grip on the subject and to find out as much as possible about it, we interviewed men and women around the country and from them selected four replies that we felt were most representative of those who are involved in the tossing craze.

Debbie is a twenty-four-year-old girl with beautiful auburn hair, green eyes, and a great abundance of zest and energy. She has an extremely well developed figure and exudes healthy attitudes about herself and sex, all of which come, she says, from tossing.

Do you toss or get tossed? "I'm a tossee, always. I don't have the personality to play the other role, though many women do."

How did you get into it? "I'm a secretary who works for a temporary service; so my job is a kind of 'tossing' in itself. I love that, going from place to place, meeting new people, never getting bored with the same office or the same people day in and day out. About a year ago I had a job in a building in the Loop [Chicago]. Two men, Clark and Robbins [pseudonyms], ran an advertising agency and had offices facing one another with a secretary-receptionist in between. Often there was more work than she could handle; so they called in temporary girls. I was one of them.

"Mr. Clark asked me into his office to take a letter. He was handsome, dark, excitingly manly behind his big, carved oak desk. I sat in the chair and played the part, lifting my skirt to cross my legs, smiling seductively, teasing. He didn't show any interest. Well, his apathy really didn't matter; this was business, after all. I took a letter, which was very official, and he just sat there, and that made me mad because I wanted to see his body. I'm a real crotch watcher.

"But the second letter was amazing. He dictated an obscene letter! I couldn't believe my ears; he spoke so unemotionally, as if he were talking about a cigarette ad or liquor account: '. . . *and Bob, listen, after you and your date left the party, the two chicks in the den just came up to me and started giving me a blowjob at the same time*—are you getting this?' I looked up, blushing, shaking with secret excitement and amazement. 'Yes, sir,' I purred.

" 'Good.' He continued: '. . . *it was as if they were kissing each other, with my cock just happening to be between their lips. Thank God, my dick is big enough for such games, but they should have Robbins, with his*—oh, add, *my partner, Jim Robbins*, I'm not sure he knows him—*with his huge piece . . . he would have choked them . . .*' I was choking. He looked at me. 'Am I upsetting you?'

"'Not at all.' My panties were sticking to the chair already.

"He went on: '. . . *so be sure to come to the next party and plan to stay a while longer this time. Keep it hard. All the best, Clark.*'

"I looked up.

"He looked down. He was sitting on the desk in front of me. There was a big tent in the middle of his pants. He pointed to the zipper. 'Want to see what you just wrote about?'

"I put down my pencil and pad. I slowly nodded and touched the spot lightly. I trembled. I started unzipping him and opening my blouse at the same time, but he stopped me.

"'Listen, get this clear,' he said. 'You work temp. That means you do your job, and then you get tossed out. I want a fast blowjob here, no strings. Got that?'

"I had heard about tossing from a girl friend of mine in San Francisco. I wondered if he was referring to that. I said, 'I like quick sex.'

"And he smiled like crazy. 'Then nibble on this,' he ordered, pulling out his big, overripe dick, 'and I'll kick your butt out of here.'

"And so I went down on him, with an enthusiasm I had never had before.

"I brought him off, and his sperm filled my mouth, and he bucked his hips from the desk and moved his arms so quickly that he knocked over the whole telephone panel onto the floor. I pulled off, took a big swallow, and then I started to go back to his cock, but he pushed me away and zipped up. I had the natural desire to keep on, to get him to make love to me, to at least kiss me, feel me, touch my hard breasts . . . anything! But he acted as if it had not happened. 'Thanks, Debbie. Make sure that letter gets off right away. That's all I need you for today. You can go.'

"I felt the desire and excitement inside me mixing with outrage that he was throwing me out, and that was the secret thrill of it all! Just as I was almost out the door, he said, 'But I think my partner will need you for a few minutes. Stop in there before you go to type what I gave you.'

"He tossed me out, and it turned me on. I was being treated like a *secretary*, not like someone he'd just had sex with. I could hardly believe it—what had transpired was cold and impersonal, but it made my spine tingle. I thought about what he'd dictated about his partner. I knocked on Jim Robbins's door, and he called me in.

"I wasn't ready for what I found—a younger man, looking like a kid who'd just graduated from law school or something, with lots of curly hair and good-looking glasses and French jeans and a beautiful, light blue shirt.

"I was so horny by this time that I would have raped him if he hadn't ordered me to strip and sit on his cock. It was incredible—fast and frenetic and unbelievable. I put one foot up on the couch and bent the other and moved my pelvis up and down as he drove that enormous stick up me. He played with my pussy lips with his fingers and took great pleasure in watching the expression on my face when he came. I thought I was dying and headed for heaven.

"And then, just like that, he got up, yanked up his jeans, and told me that was all, thank you. Just like that. Well, I was so hot sitting out there typing the letters Clark had dictated that I had to go to the ladies' room and masturbate. Even that didn't help. On the way home I actually asked a guy I met on the subway to take me home and fuck me, and he did, and he turned me on to a friend who lived next door, and he did the same. I've not stopped since."

What's the ultimate tossing experience you've had? "I just described it to you!"

Why do you like it? "I've always been a nymphomaniac, but that wasn't nice, you know? People thought that nymphomania was some kind of disease. Now I can be as promiscuous as I want to be, and you call it 'tossing' and it is socially acceptable.

"Sex is disposable, just like so many other good things in life. It's so impersonal that I thrive on it. Life is too full of complicated relationships, from dealing with the teller at the bank to jealousies with lovers

> He tossed me out, and it turned me on. I was being treated like a *secretary*, not like someone he'd just had sex with.

Photograph by Pat Hill

and husbands and family. Tossing is uncomplicated, impersonal, a little outrageous, and wonderfully exciting."

Daryl is a college student in Albuquerque, N.M. He drives a 1974 Cadillac convertible, says he's attracted to "anything in a skirt," wears his hair a trifle long for the seventies, and has been into tossing for the last four months.

Do you toss or get tossed? "I toss."

How did you get into it? "It just happened. I was doing it in high school two years ago and didn't know I was. I'd date a chick once, fuck her in my car, and just dump her out. Literally. Sometimes I wouldn't even take her home; I would just dump her there at the drive-in and go try to score once more that night. I did six girls in one night once. Just last Saturday I had twelve—yeah, I can see the look on your face . . . Look, I'm not saying I kept it up that long; I didn't come twelve times. But I had twelve women. I have more than a dick, you know? Think about fingers and a mouth and a vibrator that plugs right into the cigarette lighter, dig? I sent away for it; it's a perfect model of my dick. Like watching myself fuck."

What's the ultimate tossing experience you've had? "I think it was the one last Saturday. I got in the car and bang, bang, bang, it happened. I started out in the late morning, feeling real horny from the night before, you know? I picked up a sweet little thing on the way home from breakfast. She was waving her ass and going down Lomas Boulevard, and I pulled over and asked her if I could be of service. She got in, still wiggling her ass, and I was driving with one hand on the wheel and one hand under her butt in no time. We stopped on a residential street, and I put a finger up her can while she pressed her hands all around my crotch area and gooed and mooed and cooed until she came buckets. She wanted a ride home, but I asked her what she thought I was, 'a fucking taxi service?'

"I tossed her, and two minutes later I picked up a girl who gave me a blowjob as I was driving, and as soon as I came, I tossed her, too. I went to this market I know. This woman runs the place; she's real hot and likes to be tossed. I took her into the back room and stuck it into her real quick while I ate a Hostess Twinkie, and she was just about to come when I had had enough food and decided to leave. She was frustrated as all hell, screaming at me, but she loved it. She told me once that if I ever really satisfied her and—what's the word?—*reciprocated*, yeah, that's it, if I ever did that, she'd never let me in the place again.

"I went down to a movie theater in midtown, a real pigpen. These five chicks were together, spending their daddies' bread on a hot afternoon, being real nutty. I got my popcorn and holed up in the last row, letting my dick hang out for a breather (most guys in that place let their dicks hang out!), and the chicks were all giggling and looking and getting hot, because I was the only dude under eighty in the place.

> He blew his rocks on the corner of Broadway and Sixty-eighth Street, and I tossed him out of the cab at Sixty-ninth.

"So one by one they all came down the row, playing musical chairs, taking turns feeling my cock, watching it get hard, taking little licks and all—stuff like that. Finally, I said, 'I'll meet you girls down in the ladies' john,' and when I went down there, each of them was in a stall, lined up on the pots, and I went from one to another, giving them all a little fucking in the mouth, a few hot-finger clit tickles, a couple of tweaks to the titties, and then I stood by the sinks and played with myself as they all showed me how they did it alone with their fingers at home. When they were done, they wanted to satisfy me, but I said, 'Get lost and leave me in the ladies' room in peace.' I sat on a can and smoked a cigarette, and some woman came in and nearly fainted.

"The whole night went on that way. I almost lost count."

Why do you like it? "Freedom. It gives me freedom and a total lack of responsibility. All you gotta do is give pleasure, or receive it, if you're into getting tossed. That's all. No nice words to fuck it all up, nothing petty, nothing that can fuck up that fuck, you dig? It's just a kind of sport. Hell, it's the best sport I've ever played."

Berry is nineteen, blonde, electric. If *Saturday Night Fever* were remade with a female in the John Travolta part, she could be the star. She's called the "Disco Doll" and has eyes that can cut through steel and make the strongest men melt. Her makeup and demeanor are unique, her clothes are sexy and sensational, and she's known in SoHo as "Raspberry Sherbet," which she says is the color of her nipples.

Do you toss or get tossed? "I toss, honey, and I can toss mighty far. I tried playing the other side once, but it didn't do a thing for my psyche."

How did you get into it? "One night I was dancing to this hot number by the Ohio Players—oh, see how *lonnnnnng* ago that is?—and I said to myself, 'Berry, honey, you need to get laid, and you need it now.' My dance card was all filled that night, if you know what I mean. I had promises to keep. But I needed a fast lay. So I sauntered over and picked up this number in a black T-shirt and mirrored belt buckle and dragged him over behind this curtain near the deejay's box and told him, 'I need a quick one, Flash; so put it in me and get my juices rolling.' He was destroyed. I just lifted the lace and satin (yes, darling, I do know how to dress) and helped him get it in by politely lifting one leg—I'm a true lady—and it was rather comfy, and he came quick enough for me not to miss the Gloria Gaynor number, or was it Esther Phillips? I had to make that dance, and I left him there, poor darling, with his prick dripping and the feeling that someone had just tossed him to the moon.

"And that's when I caught it, the bug, the fever—I needed another one! I said to myself, 'Berry, you trash heap, you *can't* be serious!' But I was. There was a likely candidate at the bar. This guy would have fucked me right there on the floor—he was so blasted and horny—but we were discreet and went to the checkroom (I'm pals with the hostess) and did it on top of some matron's mink. He fucked the daylights out of me and flipped onto his back after I came, waiting for me to go down on him and finish him off. But, honey, I was done, thank you very much, and Mr. De Mille was calling me for my close-up. Back to the next dance. I let him beat off on the Blackglama.

"I did the hustle, fucked a black dude with balls hanging so low you had to be careful not to step on them, and then I danced a slow, *slowwwwwww* number and got so hot that I went out back in the alley and found two dudes sharing a beer, and I just *attacked* them! I scared them all to hell, I swear, but they got into it, and I went down on my knees and performed all kinds of unnatural acts and crimes against nature on them. They both gave me a shot of protein; and when I got up, they had the *nerve* to think they were going to *talk* to me or something! I tossed them the bird, said 'Take a flyer, guys,' and went back to the dance.

"And that's how it started. That night. It was like seeing all the old MGM musicals in

one evening and being high on everything there is to be high on all at once. A trip. A real trip."

What's the ultimate tossing experience you've had? "Well, that's a hardie. *Hmmm.* I'm the 'Disco Doll,' you know, and it all revolves around that. I mean, I waitress during the day, in my little apron and uniform, my straight drag. But at night I shine. *Studio 54, where are you?* Some people take aspirin and watch television. I go to Regine's.

"The ultimate adventure happened one night when I went from one to another, and each one got better and better. I boogied for a while and got bored with the strobes in the dump I was in. So I decided to go uptown, and on the way I gave the cabbie a lick of my pussy in lieu of the fare, and at about Forty-ninth Street I saw a guy I just *had* to have. I told the cabbie to stop, and I called to the man on the street. *'Yoo-hoo, man on the street!'* He came up to the cab. 'Want a taxi?' I asked. He nodded, not quite knowing what to make of this. His briefcase was in hand, you know. He was on his way home to Central Park West and the kids and all. I asked him how he'd like to share the cab with me, and he hopped in.

"We started riding, and I removed his pants. 'I don't believe this is happening to me; I don't believe this is happening to me,' he kept saying, and I finally said, *'It isn't.'* The cabbie was breaking his neck from looking in the rearview mirror, but I just reminded him to keep his eyes on the road; he had had his lick, and I didn't want to end up on a marble slab because of his voyeuristic tendencies. I asked the nice, upstanding (in more ways than one) businessman to please fuck me silly, and he obliged, still moaning, 'I don't believe this is happening to me . . .'

"He blew his rocks at the corner of Broadway and Sixty-eighth Street. I had the cabbie stop at the middle of the intersection—yes, the *intersection*, horns blowing and all—of Broadway and Sixty-ninth Street, and I opened the door and asked Mr. Exec to leave. He was highly embarrassed and shocked, since his pants were still around his Italian loafers and his cock was still standing up like a telephone pole, but I had had enough, and after all, I was paying for the ride. I threw him out. The crowd loved it. Honey, it was the biggest excitement they had on the West Side since the blackout.

"It got me so hot that I fucked the cabbie on one of the cross streets before we got to Regine's. That was the craziest experience."

Why do you like it? "It's sex, honey. *S-E-X*, and that's the thing that's supposed to be so heavy, like you're supposed to do it in bed, and it should go on for hours and really *mean* something. Please, this is 1978, for Christ's sake. Do it and get it over with, and let's get on to the next record, please. It goes against the grain of everything sex is supposed to be—you can absorb yourself in yourself and not give a shit if the other person is digging it or not. Who *cares* about the other person?"

> My fantasy was that some woman would pick me up and use me sexually and then just walk away. Then it happened: I got tossed!

Ken is a young guy with short, blond hair, bright blue eyes, a tanned and muscular body, and he always has a surfboard near him. He's got a master's degree in economics but prefers to hang out on the beaches near Santa Monica, Calif., where he lives and where it all began.

Do you toss or get tossed? "Both. I prefer to be tossed, however."

How did you get into it? "I heard about it. It was the rage. I mean it still is, but this was about two summers back, when it first started to catch on out here. I thought it was horrible at first. How could sex be so impersonal? Sex had to be romantic for me. Oh, I'd had dirty fantasies, and lots of them were about anonymous sex. Meeting a girl in a dark cove up the beach, fucking her without a word, leaving her. But more of my dreams were about girls doing it to me. I just kind of wished that some woman would pick me up and use me sexually and then just walk away. The thought really turned me on.

"I got into it one day when that fantasy came true. There was a beer bust on one of the beaches, and most of the crowd had gone home, and I was zonked, just sitting alone by a little fire, strumming my guitar, and this woman came up to me. She said, 'I'm going to fuck you.'

"I looked up, and my eyes must have popped out. No one had ever said that to me. Women don't fuck *me*; it's the other way around. But I played with the idea. I stretched out in the sand and said, 'Be my guest.'

"And she was. She knelt down and dropped her halter, and beautiful, round breasts fell out. She slid them up and down my body, over my trunks until my cock started sticking up from the waistband, on down over my balls, down to my toes. Her nipples got hard as coral. She licked at my cockhead several times and then pulled my trunks off me in one swift move. She told me to spread my legs. She grabbed my cock and held it in place, sticking straight up, and she stuck it in after pulling off her bikini bottom.

"It was amazing. I did nothing—just lay there while she made every movement. Her pussy was hot and juicy, and she knew what she was doing. She pinched my nipples. She pulled the hair under my arms. She took my nuts in her hand and—I swear—pulled them three inches from my body. She fingered my ass hole and made me groan. I gushed up into her, and she grasped the base of my cock with her fingers and held tight. I thought I was going to explode. Her fingers were all wet with jism, and she stuck them into my mouth, made me lick my own come off her fingers! Then, without even a sound, she walked away into the night. I'd been tossed."

What's the ultimate tossing experience you've had? "There have been two of them. One was getting tossed from room to room in a motel down in San Diego. There's a tossing club—actually, there are several of them, I understand, now—and the women who liked to toss and belonged to the club rented out this entire motel for a weekend. Guys like me went from room to room, just, like we were crossing the desert without water, getting weaker and weaker, but so fucking excited I can't put it into words. The doors were left open. The women were on the beds. When they had their fill, you got tossed into the hall.

"The other experience I'll never forget was on a surfboard, just off Malibu. Honest, I did it in the water, sitting on the board. I was behind her, and I slipped my hard cock into her, and she rode it, and we worked up this passion, this frenzy, and the wave was moving us, and she must have come, because all of a sudden she *literally* tossed me off, got up, and rode the curl. And I went over backward, underwater, not knowing what had hit me, my cock shooting a load of jism into the Pacific Ocean."

Why do you like it? "It's a trip, a really casual release, just another pleasure in life, like a cold glass of lemonade, a soft wind off the ocean, a beautiful wave. It's there for only a moment, but what a terrific fucking moment!"

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

FREEZE-DRIED SEX

TAKING THEM AS THEY COME, OR COMING AS YOU TAKE THEM

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Fifty questions that tell if you're in it for real or just for cheap thrills.

PSYCHOGRAPH

Have you noticed how, whenever a group of men sit around discussing the attributes of various and sundry women, one in the group always says, "Hey, look, put paper bags over their heads and they're all the same when you get them in the sack"?

That gentleman will score highly on this questionnaire. He has what psychologists might call "a strong attraction toward impersonal sex." He's the man you'll meet at your local orgy and is the type most likely to engage in the "tossing" behavior described in the preceding article.

In matters sexual this man is decidedly a gourmand, not a gourmet. Quantity is more important than quality. Although some men will compare women with fine wines, this man is more likely to compare them to freeze-dried coffee: something to be consumed quickly and then forgotten.

At one time or another most men fantasize about or indulge in impersonal sex. It's a spicy alternative to more conventional, personalized sexual relations. But for our Mr. Goodbar, impersonal sex is a steady diet. He avoids personal commitment in sex the way mice avoid cats.

Depending upon your point of view, you might consider this type of man a proud upholder of the machismo tradition or an emotionally stunted cad. We're not taking sides here; we're just offering you an opportunity to find out how closely your beliefs and actions compare with those that correlate highly with the "Goodbar" personality.

In recent years psychological researchers have isolated personal characteristics and beliefs that go hand in hand with this tough-minded, impersonal approach to sex. In the course of that research, hundreds of men have answered questionnaires like the following.

Respond honestly to each item and answer each item quickly. The longer you examine the questions, the less authentic your responses are likely to be.

	YES	NO	
1.	✓		Do you sometimes feel guilty about things that you've done in your life?
2.		✓	Do you think that it is important to be a master of sexual techniques? In other words, do you consider yourself to be a highly skilled sexual technician?
3.	✓		Would you agree that today's adolescents are no more immoral than their parents or grandparents were at the same age?
4.		✓	Is it important to you to have as many orgasms as you possibly can during a sexual encounter?
5.			Would you vote for a law that made polygamy legal?
6.		✓	Do you consider faithfulness in male-female relationships to be a silly, outmoded idea?
7.			Do you consider celibacy (such as that practiced by some religious people) foolish?
8.		✓	Would you say that your inhibitions sometimes prevent you from having the kind of sex you'd like with a woman?
9.		✓	Do you find that most foods taste pretty much the same to you, and when you go to a restaurant do you figure that one thing on the menu won't be that much different from any other?
10.	✓		Would you say that you come from a working-class upbringing rather than a middle-class background?
11.		✓	Would the sight of a child or an animal suffering upset you a lot?
12.	✓		Would you say that sometimes you have trouble controlling your sexual feelings?
13.		✓	Would you say that you've been sexually deprived?
14.		✓	Do perverted thoughts sometimes bother you?
15.		✓	Are there times when you've been afraid of yourself for what you might do sexually?
16.		✓	Can you easily understand how people feel when they tell you about their troubles?
17.		✓	Would you say that you've always been known as a solitary type, a loner?
18.	✓		Is your mother a good person?
19.	✓		Would you like to think that people fear you?
20.		✓	Do you enjoy practical jokes (even ones that can end up really hurting someone)?
21.		✓	Do you agree with this statement: When I get excited, I can't think of anything else but achieving satisfaction?
22.		✓	Do you find that even when you've had a lot of sex, your love life seems to have been disappointing?
23.	✓		Would you take drugs (beyond common ones like alcohol, grass, or tobacco) that may have strange or dangerous effects?
24.		✓	Do you enjoy hurting people you love?
25.	✓		Would you mind if your regular sex partner had sex with someone else?
26.	✓		Is sex the greatest pleasure in your life?
27.			Do you ever have sexual fantasies that involve flogging?
28.	✓	✓	Would you enjoy watching your regular sexual partner have sex with someone else?
29.		✓	Would you say that you enjoy just about all types of pornography, even the more raunchy types?
30.		✓	Are you more likely to be attracted to a stunning, but dumb, woman than to an average-looking, intelligent woman?
31.	✓		Would you say that the average man can live a good life without religion?
32.	✓		Do you think that God is

an invention of the human mind?

33. Do you think that there are such things as superior or supernatural powers?

34. Do you think that free love should be encouraged because it promotes mental and physical health?

35. Does the idea of marriage appeal to you?

36. Would you say that today's permissive way of bringing up children is an improvement over old methods?

37. Do you think that a person should be free to take his own life without interference by society?

38. Would you agree that all laws against abortion should be abolished?

39. Ideally, would you prefer to have a different sexual partner every night?

40. Would you say that good manners and cleanliness matter a lot to you?

41. Are you always especially careful with objects that you have borrowed from someone?

42. Do your friendships seem to break up easily without your being at fault?

43. Do you make special efforts to avoid being rude to people?

44. Would you say that sometimes you have thoughts about sex which almost drive you crazy?

45. Would you say that it takes very little to get you sexually excited?

46. Do you ever feel like humiliating or degrading your sexual partner?

47. Do you tend to get involved in more than one sexual affair at a time?

48. Would you say that buttocks excite you?

49. Do you think that marriage should be done away with entirely?

50. Do you agree that there should be no such thing as censorship of any kind?

INTERPRETING YOUR RESPONSES

Based on the evidence of current psychological research, we could expect the quintessential Mr. Goodbar—the man with an exclusively tough-minded, impersonal, "genital" view of sexual conduct—to answer the questions in the following way.

1. no	18. no	35. no
2. yes	19. yes	36. yes
3. yes	20. yes	37. yes
4. yes	21. yes	38. yes
5. yes	22. yes	39. yes
6. yes	23. yes	40. no
7. yes	24. yes	41. no
8. no	25. no	42. yes
9. yes	26. yes	43. no
10. yes	27. yes	44. yes
11. no	28. yes	45. yes
12. yes	29. yes	46. yes
13. yes	30. yes	47. yes
14. yes	31. yes	48. yes
15. yes	32. yes	49. yes
16. no	33. no	50. yes
17. yes	34. yes	

Obviously, the more closely your responses resemble the above pattern, the more likely you are to be a man highly attracted to impersonal sexuality.

If between thirty-five and fifty of your answers agree with those listed above, you are highly likely to take a tough-minded, impersonal stance in your relations with other people—both in and out of the sexual arena. And you are indeed likely to view women as sexual Handi-Wipes, using them once and then tossing them away. According to University of London psychologist H. J. Eysenck, tough-minded men like you see sex as "largely a biological activity, impersonal and designed to produce a maximum of sensuous pleasure; like any other sport, it demands competence, training, and competitive excellence." Dr. Eysenck, who also directs the London Institute of Psychiatry, is one of the foremost investigators of the links between sex and personality. This psychograph has been based upon his research and probing questionnaires. Men who score high on questionnaires like this one, says Eysenck, tend to be "opposed to current morality and customs and to idealistic and romantic notions."

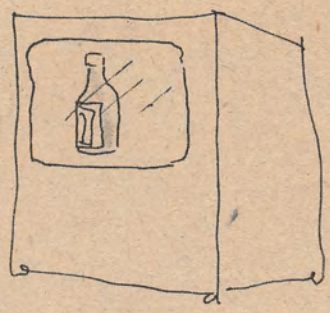
If you scored in the middle range on this questionnaire (that is, if between twenty and thirty-five of your answers matched those listed above), you are likely to take what we think of as the typically male approach to sex. You are not averse to forming a warm, loving relationship with a woman, but on the other hand you don't feel that every male-female encounter must be a replay of *Romeo and Juliet*. You can enjoy a little quick, impersonal sex now and then, but you don't pursue it with the same single-minded vigor that men who scored in the top category on this quiz do. Men in this group are still likely to be attracted to the Mr. Goodbar view of things, but in Dr. Eysenck's words, they "would only show these behavior patterns to a much less highly developed degree."

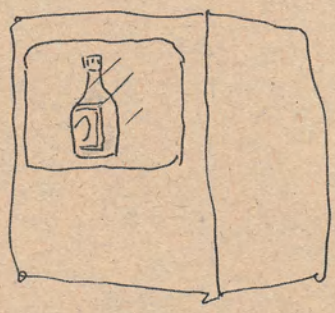
If fewer than twenty of your responses coincided with those of our theoretical Mr. Goodbar, there's a better-than-average chance that you take a sensitive view of life and sex. You are the type of man who is likely to be attractive to today's more liberated, educated woman, who does not want a fuck-'em-and-forget-'em caveman. You are less likely to resemble Mr. Goodbar and have a better shot than most of us at resembling the new type of romantic hero portrayed by the likes of Kris Kristofferson in *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*.

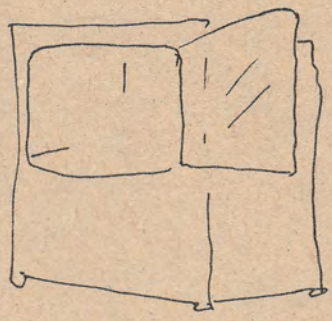
One of the more interesting explanations for the Mr. Goodbar type of behavior—sex without personal involvement—has been advanced by Dr. Edrita Fried, who for years has been a well-known psychotherapist on the faculty of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York. For her, narcissism is the key. According to Dr. Fried, "Some narcissistic men and women enjoy heterosexual passion without being either interested in or aware of their partners. They pay no attention to the sexual organ, the body, and the entire being of the person with whom they have intercourse; yet they are highly aroused. What is relished is, not the body and the sexual organ of the partner, but rather the partner's fascination with one's own physical and emotional self. What intoxicates them is, not the mate, but the reflection of their own selves in the passion of the mate. The absorption with the self as it is mirrored in the worship, the excitations, and the surrender of the mate is the wellspring of ecstasy."

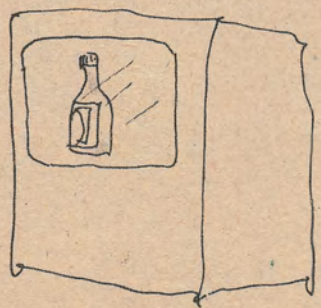
While all this makes the man with the Mr. Goodbar personality sound like a selfish creep, we should remember that the same thing that may render him unattractive is also the thing that makes him rebel against society's taboos. Without people like him to shatter sexual conventions, we'd probably all still be Victorians.

And that might not be a great deal of fun either.









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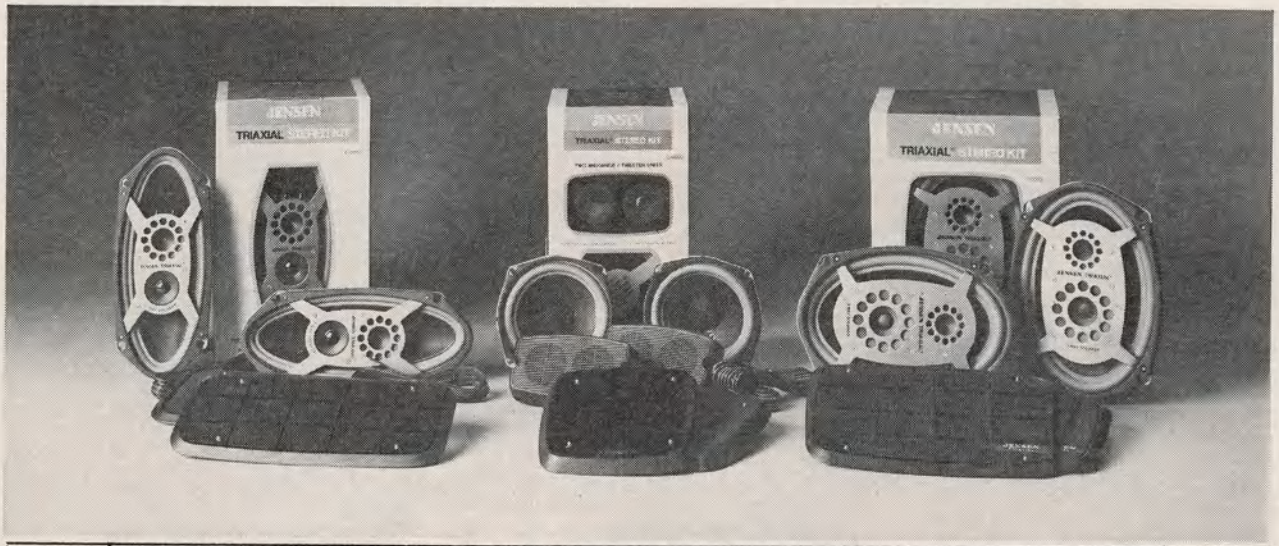

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(right,top) The versatile Lange XL 800 boot for intermediate-to- advanced recreational skiers, $175. (bottom) The Rossignol Strato racing ski, perfect for lightweights and short-radius turns, $190.

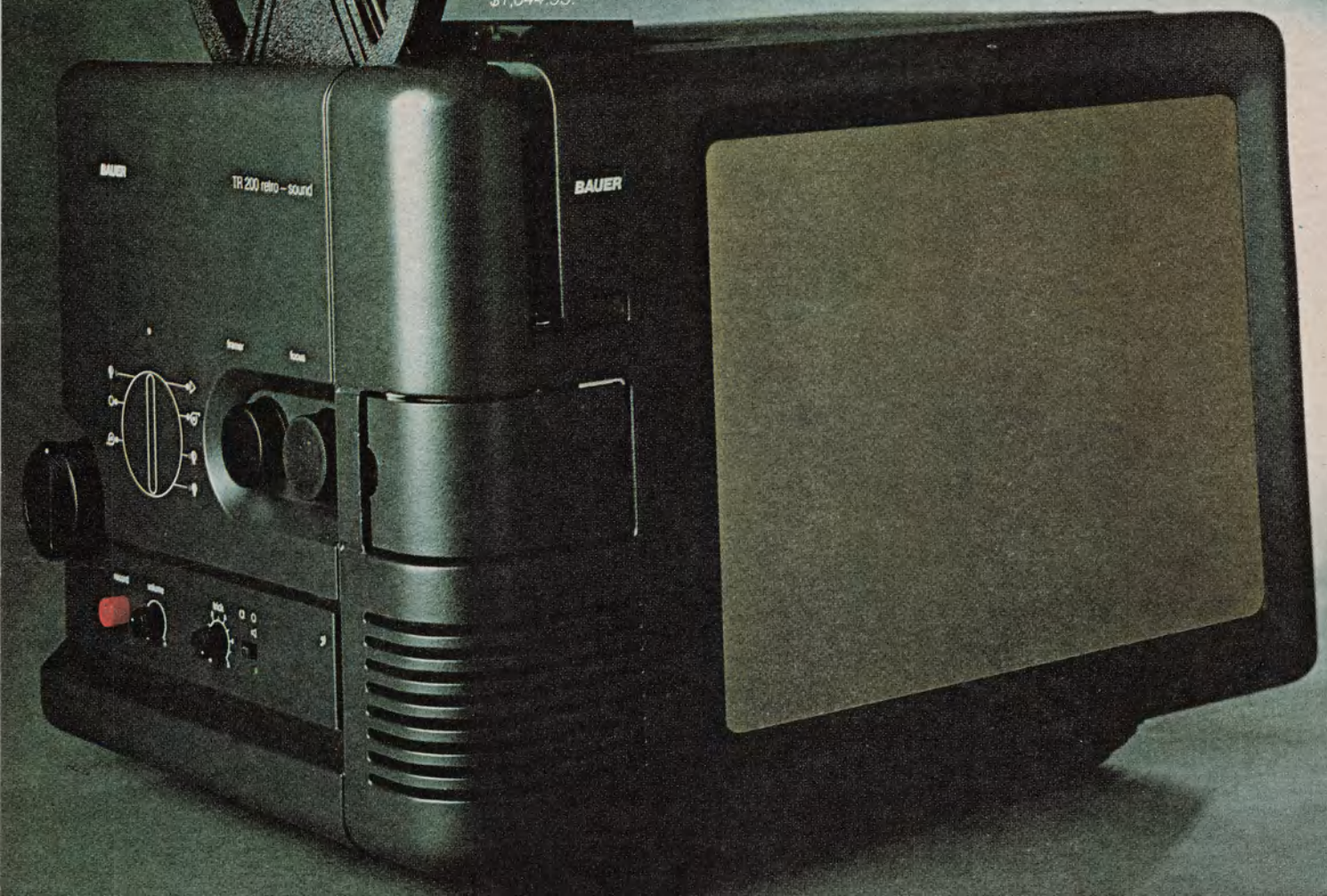
(left,top) From Volvo Products, the flashy Koflach boot, $160, and Dynamic MD6 ski for top intermediate-to-expert skiers, $225. (center) For beauty and accuracy, the acrylic touch-tone clock by Bomartan, $200.

Photographs by Michael Purzan

(above) Sleek, lightweight Austro-Daimler A-D Ultima racing bicycle, hand tooled by a single craftsman, $1,600. (middle) Aspiring corporate tycoons will love this executive desk set: twenty-four-karat-gold-plated telephone, $250; brass ashtray with screen, $52; elegant Mont Blanc Diplomat fountain pen with fourteen-karat-gold nib, $125; book-style calendar, $48; brass pencil cup, $35; gold-tone desk clock, $160; and handsome desk pad with two-tone brass panels and linoleum surface, $72. All from Dunhill. (below) For split-second mood changes, the Olivetti Lexikon 83 DL typewriter, with interchangeable elements and ribbon cartridges, $390.

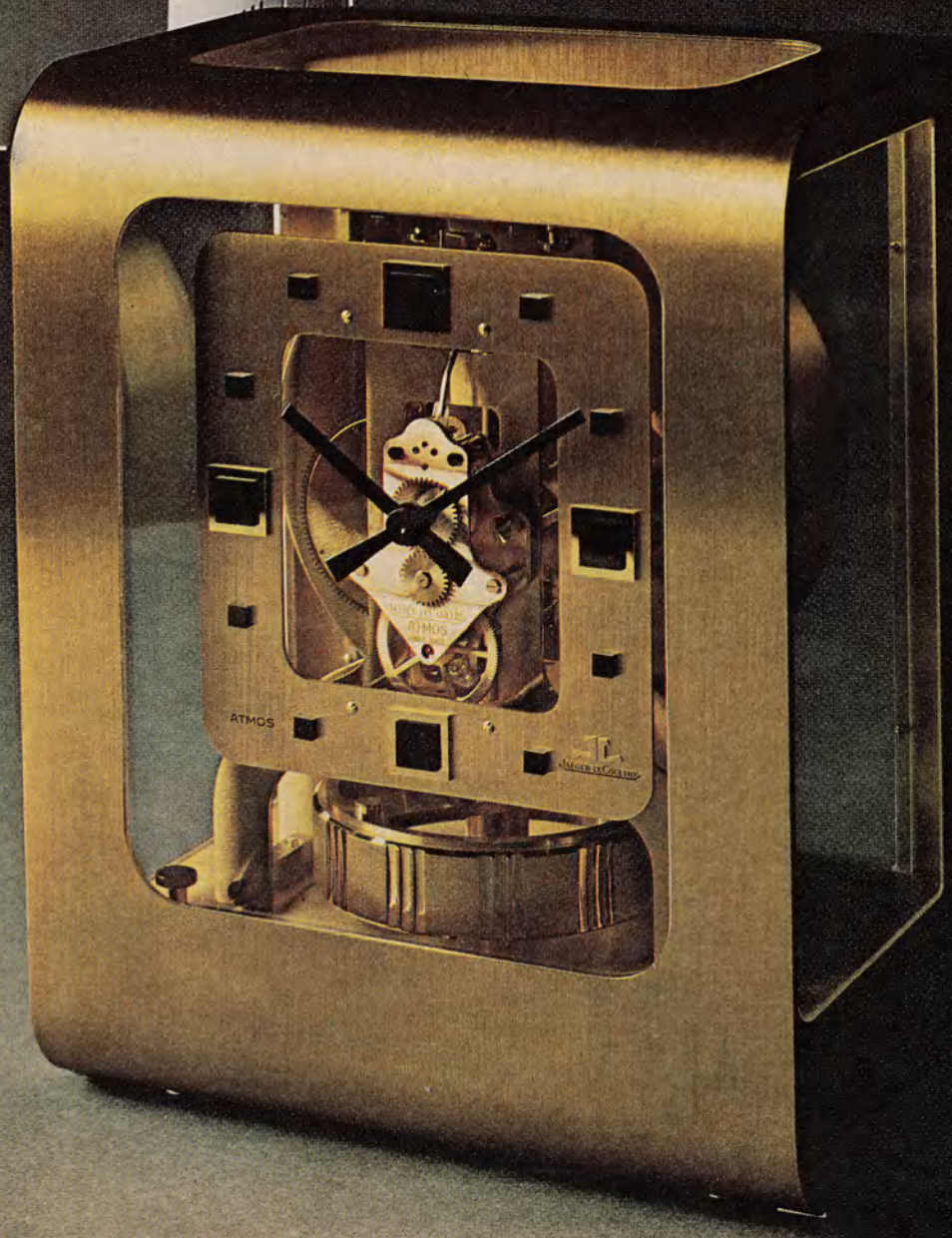
(below) Enter the Video Olympics with the Atari Video Computer System, $189.95. Twenty game cartridges, including such favorites as Breakout and Space War, are available. (right) The better to see you with: a white-shaded, hinged-arm, imported, Zeta 3 lamp (Ambienti, New York City), $136.

(below) Watch your own home movies as soon as they're shot with the compact, portable Bauer TR 200 retro-sound projection system. It allows movies to be viewed in daylight, without your having to draw the curtains, $1,044.95.



(below, clockwise) Hand-carved, one-of-a-kind, imported Charatan (Coronation) pipe from Lane, Ltd. (New York City), $750. For close shaves, the Remington XLR 3000 rechargeable razor, under $50. Perfect for the international traveler, the Seiko Quartz EXO3L pocket alarm clock with both home-time and zone-time display, $95. Casio MQ-5 calculator with calendar, alarm clock, and time memory, $69.95.

(above) For elegant entertaining or lazy afternoons, the Atelier Superstar 2000 chrome bar with black-smoked dome top, complete with glasses and its own freezer, $800. (right) This superbly engineered Atmos Moderne 5921 is powered by minute changes in temperature, $1,250 (division of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company).



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WEST POINT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

supper as she washed and he dried . . . *retaliate*. And Ma always had the same parting words, no matter the problem, or its solution.

Take care, son.

She was right, every time, Slaight recalled, his skidding memory racing across his past and coming to a halt right here, now, at West Point, Beatty standing in front of him waiting to see if he'd fold or move. *Hell*, Slaight thought, smiling to himself. They even taught it in Tactics at West Point. The word was "discretion"; only he'd always liked Ma's better: *take care*. Nodding his head slowly up and down, as if to signal yes, Slaight slumped into an overstuffed chair at the side of the desk in mock resignation. He sighed audibly, folding his hands in his lap across the zipper of his dress gray jacket.

"Christ, Mr. Beatty, this is really something," said Slaight, staring at the spit-shined toes of his shoes. Beatty's shoulders sagged, relaxing, and that smile crossed his face. Slaight crossed his legs and tapped the toe of his right foot in the air soundlessly.

"I mean, you've got this file, you've got this mystery document I still haven't seen, I mean, all I'm hearing is words, and still . . ." Slaight lingered, as if he were uncertain what he should say next. Beatty eased himself onto his chair. Now the two faced each other across the connective tissue of organizations large and small, the blood of bureaucracy. Poopsheets. They made Slaight feel extremely comfortable. Words on paper. And he hadn't been shown a single one.

"What I'm trying to say, Mr. Beatty is . . . it's all so fuckin' *ordinary*." He let the word hang. Beatty didn't react, waiting. Slaight looked up from the toe of his shoe and fixed Beatty with a stare.

"So fuckin' ordinary, man. Everything I've heard about you, I expected you'd come loaded to do some real business, and here you sit behind this pile of crap, and all you're doing is saying, 'Slaight, you're either a closet queen or a faggot; you fell for Hand like the rest of us, and that's what drove you to crank this thing until you're sitting in a room with a deputy secretary of defense.' Jealousy. For crying out loud, Beatty. Is that all you can come up with? Christ, man, your act is so full of shit I can hear your ass hole puckering."

Slaight glared at Beatty, drilling him, not at all sure that his ploy would work. Beatty stared back silently. Smart. The level was verbal, one of spoken words, and so long as it remained that way Slaight figured that Beatty had the upper hand. It scared the shit out of him, but he knew that he'd have to act, *move*, if he was going to nail Beatty.

"What's the matter with these poopsheets? How come you haven't handed me the piece that's going to send me back to

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the barracks with my thumb in my ear, looking for a place to hide?"

"Unnecessary," said Beatty. "You know the facts at least as well as I."

"THE FUCK I DO," yelled Slaight, swinging his right hand across the top of the desk, scattering papers into Beatty's lap, against the wall, carrying such academy knickknacks as army mules and replicas of Civil War cannons with them. Beatty leapt to his feet, his face crimson.

"I'll see you in Leavenworth for that, mister!" he screamed in a high-pitched whine. "That's assault! I'll have you court-martialed, you insubordinate little . . ." His voice sputtered off into a series of wheezes.

"You haven't got diddly-shit in that pile, Beatty. If you did, you would have tacked me one tack at a time to the top of this desk, poopsheet by poopsheet. You're smart, Mr. Beatty. But you forgot something. If you're gonna bring guns, you'd better be ready to use them. You didn't. Elemental tactical error. They teach it plebe year. Sit down."

Beatty reached for the phone, dialing, still sputtering. Before he hit the third digit, Slaight reached across the desk and hit the cradle buttons, and the line went dead.

"This is how it shakes down. You're calling me a faggot. You wanna call names?" Slaight stood up, reaching for his cap. "Let's go. Right now. Out that door. Let's go public, Mr. Beatty. No sense in name-calling behind closed doors. Let's go public. You lay out your garbage, and I'll lay out mine. The networks and the papers will be up here in battalion force, and we'll see who comes out on top. You wanna call me a faggot? Okay by me. But you do it out there where people can hear you, because in here it don't fuckin' *count*."

Beatty didn't move. He sat down, staring at the cluttered desk, picking at a cuticle on his left hand with his right forefinger.

"It's all over, Mr. Beatty. You know why? I've got enough bad shit in my files on the David Hand murder to crack the granite this place sits on. You'll feel the tremors from West Point all the way down in your office in the Pentagon, Mr. Beatty. You'll feel the tremors right there in the office of the deputy secretary of defense, Mr. Deputy Secretary. And if my information is correct, a lot of other big dudes down there will feel the same tremors when the David Hand murder case breaks open. You know the old term 'knee-level wind,' Mr. Beatty?"

Beatty shook his head no.

"That's what happens when knees start shaking. Knee-level wind. You better get used to it, Mr. Beatty. You better invest in some paperweights for your desk, because there's gonna be a goddamn hurricane of knee-level wind when I'm finished, Mr. Beatty. When I unlock that file of mine showing the butt fucking and the cocksucking that went on, when I'm finished showing how Hand was killed, and *why* . . . Well, I leave it to your imagination. Where do you think the chopping will start? With you? Somebody else? One of the generals you wrote letters to concerning Hand? Where will the axe fall first, Mr. Beatty? You'd better start figuring."

Slaight paused, stopped pacing, and glared at William Beatty. He would get no answer. He didn't need one. The answer to his question was all over Beatty's face, a soft, doughy confection of every deal Beatty had ever made, every string he'd ever pulled, every career he'd either helped or destroyed.

"I'll be going now, Mr. Beatty. I see we've really got nothing to say to each other at this point. Maybe next week, when the fur begins to fly. Just remember this, Mr. Beatty. Your good friend David Hand . . . his death came cheap. Just like every other poor SOB who gets fucked in the ass, one way or another, up here at West Point every day. But from this moment on, Mr. Beatty, it's going to cost you. Hand was a bright, charming, pretty boy, like you said. The way you two got along . . . he deserves better, don't you think?"

Slaight walked out of the Eisenhower Suite, out of the hotel, toward the barracks.

6

"He was a pretty boy, and his loss must have been expensive—for you."

William Beatty picked up the telephone and made several telephone calls, three to the Pentagon, and two local. His conversations were brief. There was no time for elaboration. It was over.

The deputy secretary of defense started packing his bags. He would fly back to Washington that night. The next few days were going to be rough. There were so many pieces to be picked up . . . so many moves to be made . . . so many debts to be called in. And now they were maneuvering defensively. They had to move fast.

Somehow, they had miscalculated. Slaight *knew*. Beatty didn't know how, and at this point, it didn't really matter.

Slaight met with Superintendent Hedges the next day.

He thought fast. He'd learned his lesson. He'd paid his dues. The time had come for him to be the one making the deal. He held all the cards.

"I won't go public with this stuff on David Hand if you get me out of here free and clear, sir. I want to be discharged from the service. I don't want to graduate from West Point. I don't want to be an army officer."

The superintendent studied the cadet. The deal had already gone down.

"All right. I'll take care of it. But give me a few days. It's going to take me a while to get the paperwork through."

"In the meantime, sir, I want to go on leave. I'm finished with West Point."

"Done. I'll sign the leave papers myself. Now, about your files . . ."

"You can take my file box, sir. It's yours. But I must tell you I'm keeping copies of everything for my own protection. You'll have to take my word that I won't give them to the newspapers."

"I'll accept that."

The superintendent and the cadet walked down the stairs from the tower. Slaight picked up his short overcoat and hat, heading back to the barracks. It was almost 10:30. The guys in the company would be back from class.

They were waiting in his room when he got there, Lugar and Buck and Towne and even Bloomingburg. All the guys who knew what was happening. Kip, the company honor representative, walked in. They had their class shirts off. Somebody put a Buck Owens record on. Out in the hallway plebes could be heard delivering the mail, collecting the laundry. Somebody called one of them a dullard, and there was a resounding *crack* as the plebe snapped his heels together and hit the wall. Another plebe spouted the menu for lunch: meat loaf, lima beans, mashed potatoes, sir. Things were returning to . . . normal.

The guys said it was all over the corps that morning: Brig. Gen. Charles Sherrill Hedges and Commandant Col. Addison Thompson were leaving on special orders. Even Tactical Officer Maj. Nathan E. Grimshaw and Third Regimental Commander Col. Phineas Terrance King were gone, back to the Big Red One in Nam. Their departures were greeted with typical cadet enthusiasm. Having Grimshaw and King out of the way was a "good deal."

Slaight told the guys in his room about meeting with the superintendent. He told them how the com had tried to pin the cover-up on the supe. He told them everything. Then he said he was leaving. No one spoke. Leroy Buck picked up the *Times*, turning to the financial pages. Lugar pulled his Brown Boy around his shoulders.

The whole room looked up in unison when First Capt. Pete Locke walked in and broke the silence.

"The supe tells me you're resigning, Slaight. I've just come from his office. He told me everything. Listen, man. You can't do that. We need you, Slaight. You're like a symbol that the . . . ah . . . system works. You know?"

"Yeah," said Slaight. "I know what you mean."

"I've got real problems with our classmates over in the Fourth Regiment. I've been told you know about them."

"Yeah."

"Well? You gonna stay? Those guys over there look up to you, Slaight. Guys you don't even know. They've been watching you . . .

watching to see what happened to you."

"Yeah." It was John Lugar. He was standing, facing Slaight. "If you leave now, it's like . . . it's like saying they beat you, Slaight. It's like giving up. You *won,* man. You've got to stay. What good is everything that happened to you, that happened to us, man, if you take a walk?"

Slaight was sitting behind his desk, toying with a row of pencils, moving one over the other in hopscotch fashion, avoiding the eyes around him. Leroy Buck put aside the *Times*, flipping a lock of blond hair out of his eyes.

"Slaight, you fuckstick. Look around this here room." Buck's southern accent warmed the air. He pointed to the file cabinets and stacks of poopsheets and magazines and newspapers. The room was truly a headquarters, Slaight its natural commander. The presence of the first captain, Pete Locke, was testimony to that.

"You just gonna up and leave this shit, Slaight? Dontcha see there's still shit to do? C'mon, man. You leave now, and they won. Leavin' like this . . . goddamn-goddamn . . . you're lettin' them *win*, Slaight. You can't do that."

Slaight looked around the room. They were all watching him, and they were right. He was copping out. He was a leader, a natural-born leader. The day he decided to get to the bottom of the David Hand case, he had created an issue. It was as if he'd held aloft a guidon, and they had followed him. Now that he'd gotten to the bottom of it, he was telling them that it hadn't been worth it. And he was telling them something else, a secret he'd kept from them and from himself the whole time. Without saying it aloud, he was hinting at his ambivalence about his ability to lead. He was afraid of it at the same time it turned him on. The death of David Hand had caused him to catch a glimpse of his strength. For a long time he had derived an enormous satisfaction from his power to influence others. He thought he knew most of the components of power, all of its dimensions. But now he knew something about that power he hadn't known before, and he knew he had to tell his friends about it.

"The thing was never winning or losing, Buck. Not really. The thing was . . . Jesus . . . to test the system. Did the fuckin' system work? It was part of playing the game, Leroy.

"Yeah. They never got me, man. I'm leaving, but I'm leaving on *my* terms. I made the deal. You understand that?

"You guys wanna accuse me of getting out when the getting is good? You've got me. I've got no excuse. I'm doing it. But we all know how much the old West Point 'No excuse, sir' line is worth. It's supposed to work for plebes, but, hell, it didn't even work back then." Leroy Buck chuckled; then everyone laughed, recalling some private plebe experience, when "no excuse" had proved itself inadequate as an excuse. A plebe materialized at the door with a dozen Cokes. Somebody gave him a couple of dollars, and he left. Guys slurped thirstily

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"You guys have got to understand that it wasn't easy for me to decide to leave West Point." The room fell silent. Straws stood at attention in half-empty cups.

"Breaking that commitment, the commitment you make the first day of Beast . . . it was tough. But when you come right down to it, the issue was never who was gonna win, who was gonna lose. The issue wasn't whether or not I'd stay, either. The issue wasn't even David Hand. The issue was West Point. I had to make up my mind about West Point, and I did. I don't belong here. But I owe West Point one hell of a big debt.

"Lock. The system says, way down deep, either you join up or you die. That's the nut of truth inside the fuckin' combat example they're always talking about. Well, the way I figure it, Hand never joined up, and he died. The thing I learned these past few months is that I never really joined up, either. And I don't want to die. What I'm saying is this: the system works. West Point is *right*."

John Lugar walked across the room and stood in front of Slaight. His powerfully built wrestler's body bulged beneath his laundry-wracked, tattered T-shirt.

"What are you saying, Slaight? You're too fuckin' smart to try and pass gas. That you're chickenshit? Every guy in this room knows that. So what do you mean, saying the system works? You're not making any sense, at least not to me." Heads around the room nodded assent. Slaight walked around John Lugar and began pacing the length of the room. Sweat poured from his armpits, and his head ached.

"The thing was always West Point, guys. You're asking me what I mean when I say the system works. Okay. West Point will survive. That's what I mean. The institution will survive; that's what I mean when I say it works. It's the nature, the fuckin' *job* of places like West Point, to survive, to go forward. We use the word *system* too loosely. You've got to stop thinking of West Point as a machine and start thinking of it as a living thing, *alive*. Living things reproduce themselves. That's the way they survive. If they didn't, they'd be extinct. The system works because we're the system, man. We used to be kids, civilians. Now we're cadets. In June we'll be officers . . . I mean, you'll be officers. Grads. West Pointers. In July it'll start all over again. Another bunch of plebes, another Beast Barracks, another year, another class of grads. It gives birth. It's alive.

"Maybe it's right that West Point should survive this shit. I mean, look at the fuckers who were involved. A psychopath. A paranoid. A secret Nazi. A closet queen with connections that reach the highest levels of the military and civilian establishments in this country. West Point was right: the system worked, because that crew didn't count on guys like us, guys who were willing to pay the price. The fuckers who had power had it so long they forgot power is earned. Those fuckers . . . they made the fatal mistake. It's a mistake that was just sitting there waiting for them, like a pothole in a road. The oldest in the book. They forgot power is a privilege, bestowed upon those who earn it, and began thinking of power as a *right*."

"What about David Hand?" It was Pete Locke, first captain, standing over near the door, arms folded across the breast of his dress gray jacket. "How does he fit in?"

"Hand was murdered in the West Point way. Hand was the enemy. The guy who killed him was killing his enemy, the faggot in him. Trouble was West Point does not allow for the possibility that the enemy is you."

The record changer clicked, and a Marty Robbins album plonked onto the turntable. Nashville crooning eased gently from the speakers in the corners, taking the edge from Slaight's tirade. Slaight was omitting the part that hurt, the part about himself, and they knew it.

"How 'bout Hand, Slaight?" Leroy Buck asked. "You still ain't said nothing 'bout Hand."

> "Let's go public. You wanna call me a faggot? Okay, but you do it outside, where people can hear it. Inside West Point it doesn't count!"

Slaight froze. Leroy Buck had fixed him with a stare, a look that was four years old. The cadet look.

"In Hand, the cadet drive ran deeper. Hand was such a good cadet . . . you know, he just had it *down* . . . he got bored, and he began testing the system. I have an idea Hand was such a good cadet because . . ." Slaight stared out the window. "Because he was a fag. He was already a plebe before he got here, if you get what I mean. That's why he had it knocked."

"Are you saying fags make better cadets, Slaight? Or that being a cadet is faggy?" John Lugar asked the question. The rest of the guys appeared to be studying the bottoms of their empty Coke cups with unusual interest.

"All I'm saying is, Hand understood something about what goes on here at West Point that we didn't understand. I didn't understand it until now. Hand bucked the system, and he enjoyed it. He thrived on it. He loved it."

Leroy Buck looked up. "Yeah," he drawled. "You could fuckin'-A say that again." The room fell silent. Marty Robbins was singing about trains and love gone wrong, an embrace of musical subject matter only country and western singers had the balls, or bad taste, to assault. Slaight had no idea why, but it worked.

"Well, I did, too, goddamnit," said Slaight. Every head in the room turned to face him. He was standing by the window, leaning against a file cabinet.

"I've bucked the system one way or another for three and a half years, but it wasn't until this Hand thing that I discovered how much I liked it. I fuckin' *loved* it, just like Hand. Me and him were the same, that way. I knew it back in Beast last year, but I'd never admit it to myself."

Leroy Buck put a Tammy Wynette record on the stereo, "Stand by Your Man." He sat down on the bed and whistled that soft whistle of his, through his teeth.

"The thing that got to me . . . Christ, this is tough. It bothered me when I knew, down deep, how much Hand and I were alike. The other thing that really got me was, the more I fought the system . . . the more I became like it. The process was absorptive. Your couldn't get away from it, because after a while it surrounded you, and you were inside it. You become the thing you're struggling against. I saw it first in Hand, when I began to find out more and more about him. At first, I thought he didn't fit in. Then I realized he did. By the time he died, Hand had become part of the system."

Guys were studying their fingernails, playing with their shoelaces, polishing their belt buckles with their shirttails. They were listening, but they consciously avoided Slaight's gaze. Everyone except John Lugar. He spoke, his voice low, tinged with carbon steel.

"Enough of this shit about Hand and West Point and the system, Slaight. What about you? How come you're taking a walk?"

"When I figured I was getting my kicks the same way as Hand was, I decided it was time to cash my check. I never told you guys, because . . ." Slaight stopped and looked around the room. "Because if I had, I'd have had to tell you why. I couldn't tell you how much of myself I'd seen in Hand. I didn't want you guys knowing I was comparing myself to a fag.

"There's something else, too," said Slaight, choosing his words carefully. "You guys all know me. I've always been kind of an underground leader. I've enjoyed the combative feel of it, staying just out of sight but still whipping it on 'em anytime I felt the urge. Then this Hand thing forced me out in the open, and I was really tested for the first time. I found out I was good. It made me nervous . . . scared the shit out of me." Lugar looked up, startled.

"How come?"

"Because I knew then I believed the bullshit. You know. We're always joking around. Who believes this bullshit, anyway, the party-line crap they're continually feeding us? Punching each other in the arm during lectures, when some air corps major

gets up there on the stage, and he's having an orgasm about his gunship, his fuckin' mini-guns and his twenty millimeters and his recon-by-fire and all that shit. It's a gas, right?" Lugar nodded, and a couple of guys chuckled at the memory.

"But there's a bottom line to the bullshit, and the bottom line says we're better than the rest of them. We're special. We're being let in on The Secret. I found my own private version of that bottom line and discovered they're right. I am special. I am better. It bothered me. But it isn't what scared me."

Slaight had captured their attention again, every one of them, as he usually did when he turned it on, clipped an edge on his voice, widened his eyes and lit a tiny fire in them, moved his hands expertly, like a pianist's, touching the keys of control. He had them now, and he kept it up. He wanted them to remember every syllable he uttered. He had the power, and one last time he'd exercise it, touch them with invisible brushstrokes of color . . . *change them.*

"Hell, believing the bullshit is okay. Every goddamn place pushes one version or another. Up at Harvard, they think an M.B.A. is a master key to the safe-deposit vault in the Chase Manhattan main branch. Fuck. The secrets of clubs at Yale like Skull and Bones are darker than the cracks inside King Tut's tomb." Laughter. They were rolling. Time to pull in the reins.

"Once I'd accepted the fact I believed the bullshit, I started testing it, from both ends. I tested the bullshit itself: are we better? And I tested my belief in it. Fuckin'-A if the equation didn't balance!

"Once it balanced, I started factoring in a new number. Down near the end, I was just firing blind. And it was clicking, like it was coming straight out of a field manual. But it wasn't. It was coming out of me. That's when I knew something West Point never prepared me for. I was using power that was coming from a place I didn't know about, someplace . . . outside of me. I didn't understand it; thus I couldn't control it. Everything at West Point is so goddamn rational; it's so controlled. You depend on it. This feeling of power that came from nowhere, it was crazy. I guess it controlled me. The only time I ever felt anything like it was last year in Beast, when Hand was in my squad. He had it. You could fuckin' *see* it." Their eyes remained fixed on Slaight as he wound down, striking them with the name, *Hand*, like an uppercut to the solar plexus, leaving the room winded, a vacuum sucking air.

"Goddamn, goddamn," said Leroy Buck, breaking the silence, attesting to the veracity of Slaight's description of Hand. He changed the record. Johnny Cash sang "Orangeblossom Special." Buck whistled along with the tune through his teeth.

"West fuckin' Point," said Buck. He blew that soft whistle of his. "Slaight, you know somethin'? You as gray as that fuckin' area out there. You go ahead and be a goddamn civilian, and you'll still be a gray son of a bitch, Slaight, just as gray as them fuckin' trou you wearin', gray as your T-shirt, gray as fuckin' dress gray, Slaight." O+

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

grabbed it himself and shoved it down my throat. All the while he kept telling me how good it felt. When he had come, he pulled me on top of him and rubbed my clit with his still hot cock till I exploded.

This morning, as I look into my little girl's eyes, I think of my lover, husband, and friend, and I can't wait till he comes home so I can fuck him. I say three cheers for monogamy mania!—A.D.

Your response to C.J.L. in the September 1978 Penthouse *prompted me to write. You see, my husband and I are happily married sex maniacs, ready to come out of the closet. Louis and I can never get enough of each other. We met at sixteen and found ourselves deeply committed even at that early age. After a normal, healthy dating period of about four years, we married, and we have been totally content with each other for thirteen years. Both virgins when we met, we proceeded slowly and sensuously to learn every technique and response our bodies were capable of. These feelings were further enhanced through the guidance of an excellent sex therapist. We have developed great trust and respect for one another, to the point that we now try to fulfill each other's fantasies and create constantly seductive, romantic environments and experiences.*

First of all, we are committed to total communication. We provide a great deal of time to talk and share with each other our innermost thoughts and daily activities. We seduce each other intellectually each evening. After our children have gone to bed, I take the time to shower, relax, dress provocatively, smoke a bowl of grass, and, finally, emerge refreshed and eager for the evening. We often read sexy articles to one another, watch our X-rated movies, play a seductive game of pool, or dance provocatively, pausing to suck or caress each other's body.

Louis and I know how to give each other pleasure, and we often feel we could produce the most exciting porno movie ever made. (One particularly special fantasy of mine did come true when a dear friend stayed with us for the weekend. Lena confessed a bisexual interest, and after establishing a flow of feelings and thoughts, we all proceeded to enjoy one another.)

I love Louis's body, mind, and cock. Sucking and licking him sends us both to climax. My whole body quivers to his touch, and after seventeen years of exploration, he knows my body as no one else ever could. It is common for me to come through stimulation of my breasts, mouth, palms, or toes. We have a dildo, a trusty vibrator, an electric toothbrush, lots of scented oil, candles, silk sheets, water jets in the pool, water spray from the bathtub—the list goes on and on. We would never jeopardize our relationship with a frivolous affair. Where am I going to find a man who loves and respects me so absolutely and deeply?

We do try to take regular days off without our two children to reexperience dating and keep our lives adventurous. Sometimes, on such days, we will just stay home and enjoy our "den of delights" all afternoon.

By accepting one another's sexuality and reinforcing it, Louis and I have maintained a beautiful thing. I hope there are others out there who can relate to this.—Tina.

Yeah, me. Now, next time you write, give me your address, and maybe the three of us can get something going in your "den of delights."

COMING FIRE

On occasion, my sperm seems to "burn" my partner's vagina. I haven't been able to pin down any related cause, other than a possible upset stomach or a bad case of nerves. Could this be reason enough for my sperm to have an acid effect, or should I consult a doctor?

I teach a self-awareness class, which in some cases includes teaching women to feel and enjoy sex and reach repeated orgasms. Until now I have dealt with many physical and mental problems that my pupils have—except for mine—but this personal difficulty is causing problems with several students. The teacher just isn't supposed to have uncontrollable problems. If everything isn't perfect for my pupils, it makes my job even harder. What can I do?—M.R.L.

See a doctor. I won't pretend to know about burning sperm. Some time ago I got a letter from a woman who complained that her lover's sperm gave her diarrhea when she swallowed it. I laughed the letter off as a prank and told the woman to stop treating sex as a running joke. Well, did I get letters from doctors who protested my advice! Seemingly, there is something chemical in sperm that can possibly cause diarrhea in certain, especially sensitive women. How the doctors complained! (At least, they *said* they were doctors.)

Anyway, go see a doctor. There could be something in your diet that causes your sperm to burn your girl friend's vagina. I just hope it doesn't extinguish your desire for one another.

CASTING A NEW ROLE

I can never thank you enough for printing the letter from "Andrea" about plaster-of-Paris casts as sexual turn-ons. I feel as if a thousand-pound weight has been lifted off my back.

I have been irrationally, inexplicably attracted to women wearing casts for as long as I can remember. Even though I realize that my fetish is harmless, I have felt guilty about it for many years. I don't enjoy seeing anyone in physical pain, but a girl with her arm or leg in a plaster cast, particularly a thin cast covering the whole limb, gives me an immediate hard-on. I also like to see

girls on crutches or with slings, but unless this is accompanied by a cast, it doesn't arouse me. More than once, I have found myself with an embarrassing erection in public because I happened to catch a glimpse of an attractive girl with a fractured arm or leg.

The only person who knows how much girls with casts excite me is my wife, Vicki. When I told her about it, it nearly broke up our marriage. I talked her into letting me put a cast on her arm, using plaster bandages I purchased from a hospital supply service. It was very easy to do. While the cast was drying, I took some photographs of Vicki, who is usually a camera hog. But when I asked her to pose in various positions so that I could get good shots of the cast, Vicki became very upset, saying I was more interested in the cast than in her. This from a woman with a dozen corsets and dildos! At her insistence, I removed the cast.

I love Vicki, and I certainly don't want to leave her, but if she had Andrea's attitude I would be the happiest man on earth. The only time I have been tempted to be unfaithful to Vicki was when I have met girls with broken bones. Last year I nearly went crazy with visual pleasure and physical frustration when one of my secretaries fractured her right leg above the knee and wore a full leg cast for seven months. Occasionally, I have been able to candidly photograph women wearing casts, and I secretly masturbate while looking at them. Right now I am on vacation at the beach, and just yesterday I got a snapshot of a cute teenager in a skimpy bikini. She had casts on both arms, and I can hardly wait to get back home and get the pictures developed.

Even if I am not lucky enough to have a girl like Andrea who will wear a cast over the weekend to please her man, I at least know that I am not alone in my sex fantasy.—T.J.

Certainly not! But your wife's behavior disturbs me, and I wouldn't give up on her negative attitude toward casts. Doesn't she have some little fetish that you can play on? I mean, dildos are a fetish. The next time she wants to use one of them, you might try pointing out that she enjoys plastic more than she does you. I doubt that that's the case, but you might make your point about the casts. What's the Biblical line about—no pun intended—casting the first stone?

HEAD PROBLEMS

I've been chosen by a group of girls at school to write this letter. Our questions concern giving head: (1) Do all penises taste the same? (2) Do they all smell the same? (3) If a boy's semen is bitter-tasting, is there anything he can do to sweeten it by changing his diet? (4) Is semen harmful to swallow, or are there any side effects? (5) Is it harmful to swallow the juices that come out of a woman's vagina? (6) Is it harmful for a girl to swallow another girl's secretions? We hope you can answer all our questions and give us some suggestions.—N.B.L.

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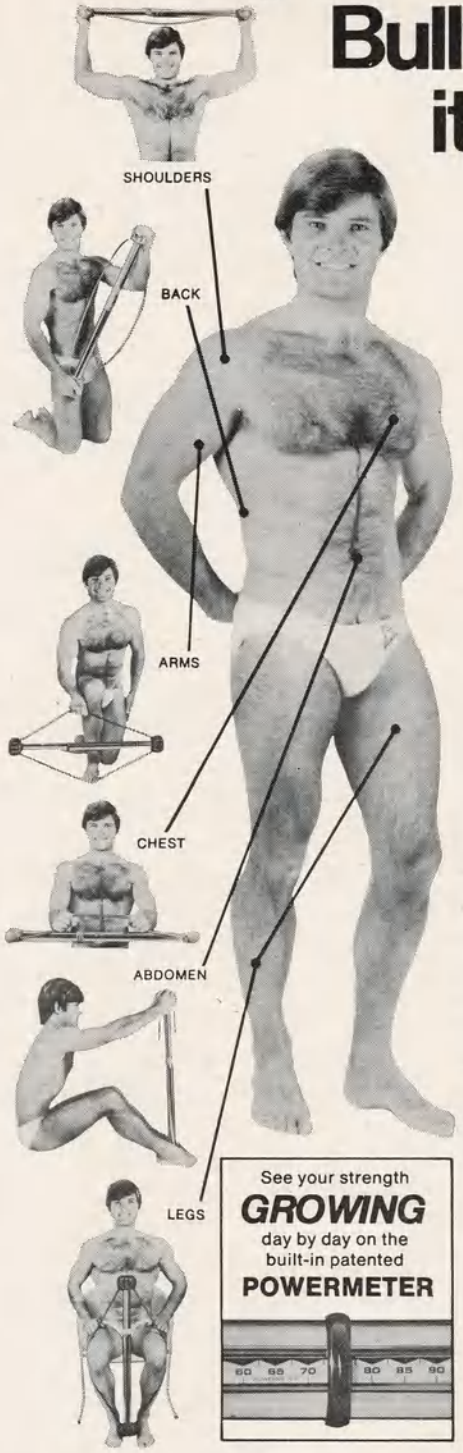

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IN THE JANUARY VIVA

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GENETIC MANIPULATION Surely you've had sex without having children. How about having children without having sex? It's not so much fun perhaps, but certainly you can be assured of more reliable results. Buying babies in the supermarket may not be such a weird, futuristic vision. *Viva*'s interview with genetic engineering expert June Goodfield tells you everything you ever wanted to know about this issue.

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PLUS New help from France for cellulite sufferers; an investigative article on the safety of ski lifts; the latest word on that white-hot rocker, Genya Raven; and a very challenging crossword puzzle from a star contributor to the *New York Times*.

exactly alike. For this reason they taste and smell different. Although I've never actually conducted a study of the problem, it's also true that the taste of semen varies. If certain spices are eaten, you can be sure that the man's semen will taste more spicy. Coffee tends to make it more bitter; sugar, more sweet. If you've read the rest of the letters in this column, you'll realize that some people do complain about bad side effects from eating sperm. Most of these effects are just in their head (and I'm not talking about their brand of fellatio, either).

For the most part, I don't think you have anything to worry about. Giving head will not make you pregnant or cause your appendix to burst. The same goes for a woman's juices, and if it were harmful for one woman to eat another woman's pussy, I'd be dead by now. What question are you going to ask me next—whether finger-fucking yourself makes your nails drop off? Come on, girls!

LADIES' NIGHT OUT TOGETHER

I'm a freshman at a midwestern college in Indiana. Every Wednesday night is ladies' night at our health spa, and I never miss a night. A few weeks ago I was swimming in the pool when I noticed that one of the girls, who looked to be about twenty-five, was staring at me. I pretended not to notice, but I still felt very strange.

Later, as I sat in the heated whirlpool, I saw the same girl walking in my direction. She came down the stairs, and since the whirlpool was crowded, she had to sit very close to me. I have shoulder-length brown hair with a thick bush to match (which my bikini did a poor job of covering). I have very large tits that I like to play with while fingering myself in the dark water of the whirlpool, but I dared not with the girl sitting so close to me. She had short blonde hair and equally large tits, which, I noticed, were bobbing up and down in the swirling water. She smiled at me and told me that her name was Marie, but I couldn't concentrate on what she was saying because of the look on her face. She seemed to be staring right through my top. I sank farther down, so that the water was now up to my neck.

Soon, we were the only ones left in the whirlpool. I was so nervous that I could feel my legs trembling. I looked over at Marie, and saw that her hands were under her bikini top, gently rotating her swollen nipples. She then lifted one breast to her lips and tongued it as best she could. Stunned, I got up and went to the steam room. I was really shaking and couldn't understand why I felt so strange. A minute later I looked up and there was Marie.

As Marie walked toward me, I couldn't keep my eyes off her huge, bouncing tits. She stopped in front of me and let her top down. Without saying a word, she sat down next to me and slipped one hand under my top and began to finger my nipple feverishly. I wanted to pull away and leave, but the way she was staring at me and the sensations I was feeling left me immobile. I leaned helplessly against the tiled wall

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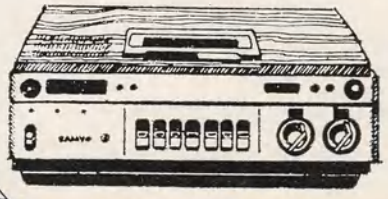

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while Marie continued playing with me. We then went to a private dressing room.

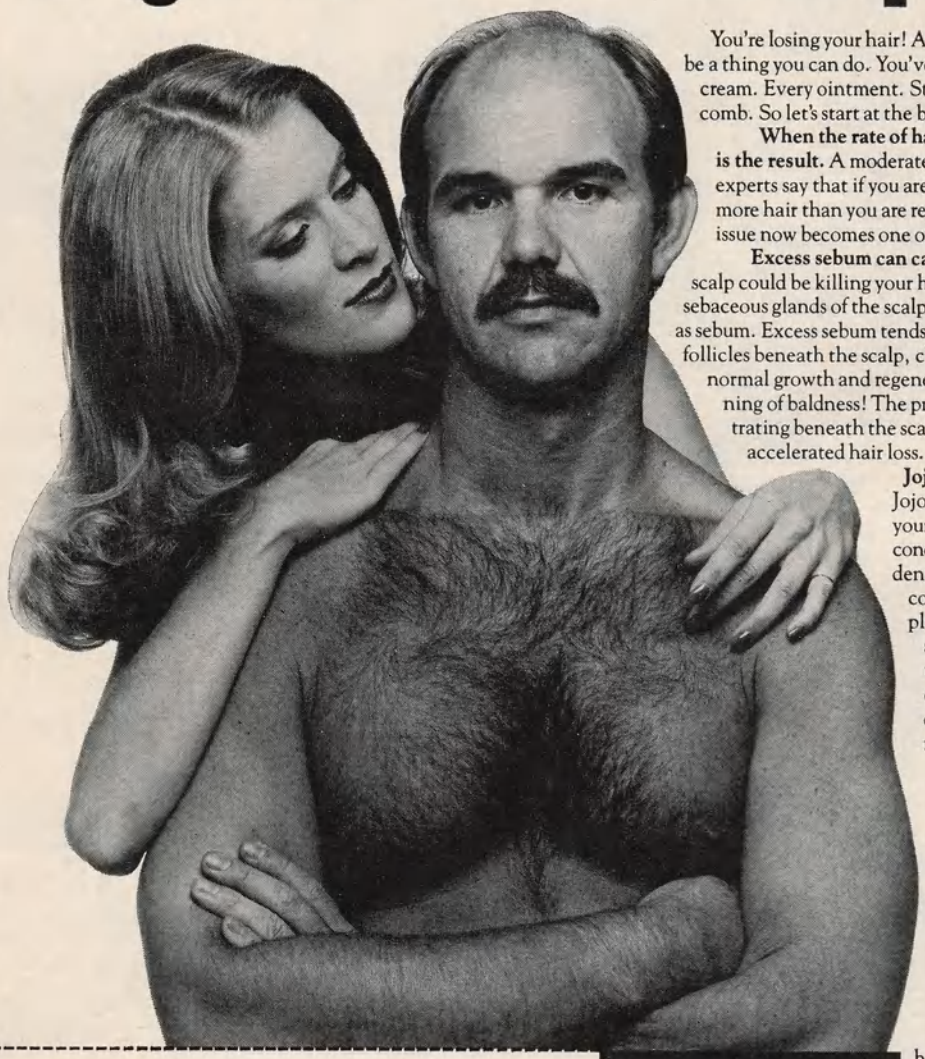
As soon as she shut the door, she started kissing me, her tongue darting in and out of my mouth. Her hand was busy rubbing back and forth across my crotch while I rubbed her tits . We finally stripped off our bikinis, and I sat down on one of the carpeted benches. Marie knelt in front of me and gently spread my legs. I coudn't help spreading my legs farther. She spread my lips and started licking and sucking with evident relish. I pushed my pelvis forward and pressed her face deeper into my pussy while I begged her to suck harder. This really turned her on, as she began to pinch my nipples. I was coming uncontrollably and told her so. Marie then dragged me onto the floor with her and, holding her breasts, rubbed her nipples over my clit. She then asked me if I would please eat her. Before I could answer, she sat on my face, grinding her pussy back and forth. She really did taste good, and I licked and sucked like a pro.

Meanwhile, Marie was screaming dirty things like, "Eat me, you bitch!" and "Suck my juices!" I didn't ever want to stop eating her, but she got off my face and started rubbing her tits against mine. She then told me to beg her to fuck me. I didn't have to be told twice. She took a large dildo out of her athletic bag and tied it securely on. Then she got on top of me and began fucking me like a man. That dildo must have been at least eight inches long, and I started having orgasms that didn't stop. Marie seemed to get pleasure out of hearing my moans, because she stopped screwing and turned me over on my hands and knees. I lifted my ass up, and the dildo penetrated me again. Marie had one finger up my ass and her other hand on my swinging tits. I reached behind and fingered her pussy until she made one final thrust. I could feel her juices coating my fingers, and I removed them and licked them clean. We stayed in this position for a couple of minutes while she whispered all kinds of exciting things to me.

My problem is that I have a boyfriend who thinks I'm straight, and I really love him. But every Wednesday I go to the spa, and Marie and I fuck and suck ourselves silly. I don't really love Marie, just the way she makes love, and I find that I think about what she does to me even while my boyfriend is screwing me. I don't know what to do. Do you think I should ask him to join Marie and me for a threesome? Please advise.—W.M.

I really don't see what the fuss is about. If you and your boyfriend have a healthy relationship, why not sound him out about the idea of introducing a third person into your lovemaking? First make sure that Marie would be amenable to such an arrangement. Obviously, she is giving you something you just can't get from your boyfriend. You might find out that the idea of another woman in bed with the two of you is a secret desire of his as well.

Jojoba Extract. A cleaner scalp could be the answer to your hair loss problem.



You're losing your hair! And there doesn't seem to be a thing you can do. You've tried every shampoo you could find. Every cream. Every ointment. Still, each morning more hair adheres to your comb. So let's start at the beginning and define the problem.

When the rate of hair loss exceeds the rate of regrowth—baldness is the result. A moderate daily loss of hair is natural, even healthy, but the experts say that if you are losing more than 100 hairs per day you are losing more hair than you are regenerating. The end result is balding, and the issue now becomes one of cause and cure.

Excess sebum can cause hair loss and slowed regeneration. Your scalp could be killing your hair. Choking it to death. This is because the sebaceous glands of the scalp can excrete too much of a fatty substance known as sebum. Excess sebum tends to accumulate, then harden around the hair follicles beneath the scalp, clogging the follicle and generally inhibiting the normal growth and regenerative actions of the hair. And that's the beginning of baldness! The problem then becomes a matter of deeply penetrating beneath the scalp to remove the sebum that is responsible for accelerated hair loss.

Jojoba is the answer to your hair loss problems! Jojoba Extract is the scalp conditioner that attacks your hair loss problem where it starts. How can a scalp conditioner do more than a hair conditioner? Independent tests in Mexico and the United States proved conclusively that jojoba (taken from the jojoba plant) is better than even the best of medicated shampoos and safely fights hair loss by removing the crusted sebum from the hair follicles. It cleans deep without drying the hair and also helps control dandruff with regular use. And because it is a natural substance, jojoba is as safe as it is effective.

Jojoba Extract attacks, loosens, and suspends hardened growth-inhibiting sebum deposits from the hair follicles beneath your scalp. A quick rinse and light shampoo later and jojoba will have literally wiped out the problem.

Jojoba Extract controls the pH of your scalp. Besides cleaning the scalp of embedded sebum, jojoba has the effect of actually making the scalp less acid, therefore the rate at which new sebum is excreted is lowered and this helps your scalp stay deposit free longer!

With Jojoba Extract your hair follicles will be open to grow and regenerate at their normal healthy rate. The sebum-founded inevitability of balding is gone as long as jojoba is around to combat the problem!

Satisfied customers testify to Jojoba Extract's effectiveness! Just read what a few of our customers have to say about Jojoba Extract:

"My hair has never felt this clean or looked this lustrous..."
J.P., Dallas, Texas

"Thanks for Jojoba Extract; my hair used to come out in clumps on my comb—especially after washing!—and nothing worked until I tried your Jojoba Extract. Now my hair isn't falling out, and it looks better than it has in years!"
S.T., Peoria, Illinois

"Jojoba works great, I've stopped losing hair, my dandruff has cleared up, and I have a thick head of hair once again."
A.J., Atlanta, Georgia

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I THINK THE WHOLE THING IS DOWNRIGHT DISGUSTING!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON
LIKE DIS?
YOU FORGOT TO CHOOSE A HEAD!
AAAGH!
OH, WELL! IN YOUR CASE IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE THAT IMPORTANT!

OR IF BEING CARRIED OFF BY A HERD OF RUTTING CENTAURS IS YOUR BAG?
SUPERB SIMULATIONS IN BODY HEAT ELECTRO LATEX — PROGRAMMED TO RESPOND TO YOUR OWN BRAIN WAVES.....
COME AN' GET IT!
THOSE ANCIENT GREEKS SURE DID KNOW A THING OR TWO!
NOW I KNOW WHAT THEY MEAN BY ANIMAL LOVERS!
THIS IS ONE HELLUVAN IMPROVEMENT ON YOUR AVERAGE HORSE!
THUD!

I THINK WE'D BETTER TAKE THIS AT A SLIGHTLY SLOWER PACE!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
WE FINALLY GOT TO GRUD!
I ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT TURNED HIM ON!

AND FOR THOSE INTERESTED IN LESS CLASSICAL FORMS OF EROTICISM AND WHO LIKE TO WORK OUT THEIR FANTASIES IN A MORE DECADENT SETTING....

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OH, YES! MINEN KERLAMITY JANE!

HE'LL NEVER KEEP THIS UP!

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MINEN BUNNY UND KLITE...
...UND DAS ROARINK TWENTIS...

GA
THE SPIRIT'S WILLING BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK.....
...AS MY DEAR OLD DAD WOULD REMARK TO MOM ON SATURDAY NIGHTS!
I THINK YOU'D BETTER GET AN AMBULANCE, MOSTRESS!

ARE YOU FEELING BETTER, PROFESSOR?
YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T WORK SO HARD!
I OWE IT TO MAN-KIND NOT TO SPARE MINE SELF!
MINE DEAR UND NOBLE MS. VON KREESUS! NEFFER IN ALL MINE LIFETIME HAF I SUCH A PARADISE SEEN!
ALL THOSE MILLIONS YOU HAF SPENT TO FREE INHIBITED HUMANITY FROM ITS MENTAL SERFDOM!
DER VORLD ETERNALLY GRATEFUL TO SUCH A BENEFACTOR VILL BE!
GOSH, BOO'FUL! ARE YOU DOIN' ALL THIS FOR HUMANITY?
I'M MY DADDY'S DAUGHTER — I'M A VON KREESUS!
THE GREAT DAY DAWNS.....
ARE THESE THE TRAFFIC REPORTS?
YES, MOSTRESS. AS YOU CAN SEE — THE FREEWAYS ARE JAMMED FOR FORTY MILES IN ALL DIRECTIONS!
OOH! THAT PERFUME!
DO YOU LIKE MY NEW HAT, BOO'FUL?
BOO'FUL! DO YOU LIKE MY NEW HAT?
NUTS!
I'M SO ASHAMED OF THE WAY I BEHAVED WITH THOSE LITTLE FAIRY FOLK!
YOU TRY TO MAKE YOURSELF LOOK NICE — BUT NOBODY'S INTERESTED!
ALL ANYBODY CARES ABOUT AROUND HERE IS MONEY!
THE OLD GOAT REALLY BELIEVES IN A PERFECT WORLD INHABITED BY PERFECT PEOPLE ENJOYING PERFECT FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION!
ALTRUISM AIN'T MY BAG! I ENJOY THIS IMPERFECT WORLD!

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

the plates and the diaphragm cause the diaphragm to vibrate in a pistonlike manner, producing sound waves. The chief advantage of electrostatic headphones is their linearity of frequency.

Most electrostatic headphones, however, need an external source of power to keep the diaphragm charged with a static field. Koss's ESP-10's have eliminated the need for an external power supply, and Koss now holds a patent on the self-energized electrostatic headphone.

Dynamic-design headphones operate very much like traditional loudspeakers. A lightweight voice coil is attached to one side of a miniature cone or diaphragm. The coil is suspended in a magnetic field, and when a musical signal flows through its windings, the diaphragm vibrates in accordance with the changing polarities. Surrounding the driver itself are ear cushions, which form an airtight seal as they press against the head. Such a sealed design is very good for bass response, but some people object to the isolation from outside sounds.

Many headphones today are constructed without airtight cushions. Though these lack some of the heavy bass response of the sealed-cup design, one can listen to the music as well as hear important outside sounds. Both Sennheiser and Revox have opted for this design in their headphones, with little if any sacrifice in frequency response. Sennheiser's Model HD-424 headphones boast a frequency range of 15-20,000 Hz and weigh in at just six ounces without cord. Revox's RH-31s also claim extended frequency response with very light weight.

Both Technics and Bang & Olufsen are pursuing a hybrid approach to the design of their headphones, combining aspects of both dynamic and electrostatic drivers. In Technics' Model EAH-830, a photo-etched aluminum voice coil is laminated to an ultrathin polyester diaphragm. When current is applied to the voice coil, a uniform drive force is distributed across the entire radiating surface of the diaphragm, causing it to vibrate in phase throughout the audible frequency range.

Bang & Olufsen's Model U-70 headphones employ a voice-coil arrangement similar to that of the Technics unit. Great care has also been applied to the U-70's comfort when worn. A head control permits the user to adjust a wide inner headband to fit his head shape and size. Also, an ear control is provided that allows for exact adjustment of each ear cushion both horizontally and vertically.

As with the purchase of loudspeakers, headphone selection is a personal, listening-based choice. Use the same criteria you would apply to loudspeakers when you audition a headphone—adequate volume levels and freedom from muddiness and distortion. ○+

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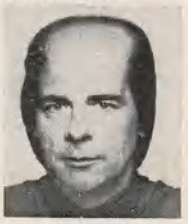

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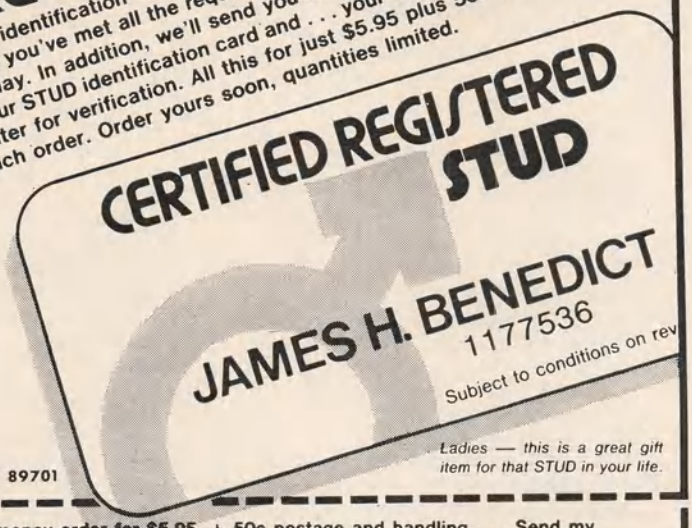

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

better year by year. But it will never provide the kind of alternative to the automobile that this country needs until we have a national policy that directs a reasonable fraction of our public-transportation investment into the rebuilding of our rail passenger system.—*Edwin E. Edel, Vice-President, Public Affairs, Amtrak, Washington, D.C.*

John Maybury's article "Amtrak Blues" was right on target. Several months ago I had the misfortune to ride the evening express from Boston to New York. For one-third of the trip there were no lights or air-conditioning because of faulty wiring. For one full hour the train simply stood in place somewhere near New Haven. It took the repairmen four tries before they succeeded in getting the lights working. I had a bad case of the "Amtrak Blues" by the time we reached New York.—*Name and address withheld*

The Olympic dream

I am writing in response to "The Olympic Nightmare" (September 1978), by Robert Stephen Spitz. I would like to voice my opinion about the parts of the article dealing with gymnastics.

I know much about the training situation and the coaches. I have a similar training program for young gymnasts and have been productive in turning out good gymnasts. I have one gymnast on the United States National Team and one gymnast on the Canadian National Team. I know much of the pressure, dedication, sacrifice, and problems inherent in coaching young girls to such heights. I enjoy coaching at this level and believe that all the problems are well worth the struggle.

I find nothing wrong with commitment to excellence, with setting a goal and striving to reach that goal. I don't view the competitive situation as being detrimental to the girls but rather as a profound learning experience. I believe that it is those people who have a commitment to excellence who make the world go round. There is a valuable lesson to be learned from setting a goal, devising a plan, working toward that goal, evaluating progress, and ultimately realizing success. The training program is by no means easy, and I insist that my girls train harder than anyone else if they wish to win. But gymnastics has one component that most people consistently overlook—the fact that gymnastics is *fun*. It is profoundly joyful to flip and spin and absolutely exhilarating to learn a new skill and execute it successfully.

I believe that the training program is a matchless learning experience. In this one year my girls have traveled to twenty-two states and two foreign countries. One of them competed in France with fifteen other nations, and another girl competed in Canada against other countries, including Communist China. Each training session or

competitive situation becomes a test and gives each gymnast an accurate appraisal of her work and her standing relative to other girls of similar ability and age. If all of that is not a learning experience, then I believe a redefinition of education is necessary.

From my acquaintance with Don Peters and Muriel Grossfeld and from my own feelings, I think that the article's contention of "win at any cost" is wrong. We all take great pains to see that each girl becomes a well-rounded human being. I regret that your readers may get the idea that these programs are as cutthroat as portrayed and that your readers may believe that all upper-level gymnastic programs are conducted in the way suggested by the tainted descriptions in the article. I believe that I take excellent care of my students—I have a team physician who sees them regularly and a team podiatrist who is one of the most outstanding in the country. It is very unusual for a girl with an illness or injury to go more than twenty-four hours without being seen. I also have five team-behavior consultants. Their purpose is not to turn these girls into rats in a Skinner box but to help them confront and deal with all their problems, whether they be with gymnastics, school, or their homes.

Most of my girls have an Olympic dream, and I believe that their dreams are the most noble of human endeavors. To quote Harry Kemp: "The poor man is not he who is without a cent, but he who is without a dream." I am proud that my girls dream what may seem impossible dreams and fight to reach those unreachable stars. They are alive and well and living every minute to the fullest.—*William Sands, Head Coach and Director, Mid-America Twisters, Inc., Northbrook, Ill.*

Cosmic comments

I am writing regarding the article "Cosmic Censorship" (October 1978), by Tony Scaduto. I, too, cannot accept the government's contention that the fear of public panic is the motivation for government secrecy surrounding UFO's. Panics are almost always stimulated by an obvious threat, to which there is an obvious response by an individual. But just how is an individual supposed to panic over the confirmation of the extraterrestrial origin of UFO's? Should we riot in the streets, hoard food, withdraw all our savings, or just run around in circles and wring our hands? If, indeed, UFO's do exist, they've been around for years, with no gestures of hostility.

What I *would* accept as a likely motivation for governmental censorship and cover-up is the realization, on the part of military, intelligence, and governmental bodies around the world, that UFO's represent a threat to their continued power, authority, and security. The validation of the existence of extraterrestrial intelligence would have a unifying—and consequent denationalizing—influence on the world. The energies now poured into maintaining

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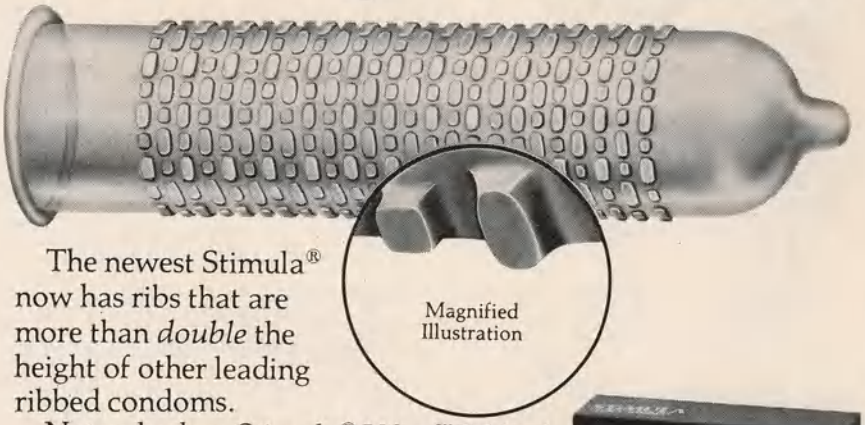

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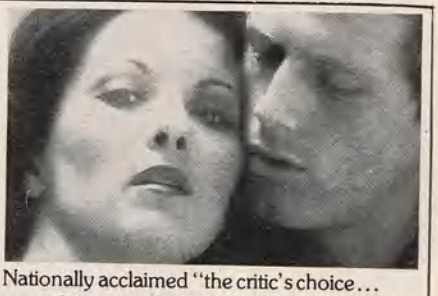

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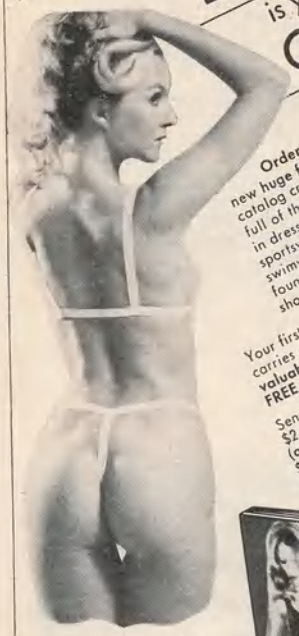

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order and security among nation states would be redirected toward establishing relations between earthlings and aliens from outer space. As a result, governments and the military and intelligence establishments that they use to support their interests would lose a great deal of power. National sovereignty at last would crumble altogether, to be replaced by world government.

Another factor reinforcing the weakening of national governments would be public appreciation of the fact that "parochial local" governments not only would be irrelevant to the interests and concerns of visiting "spacemen" but also would be incapable of enforcing their will on a species whose technology is apparently so far ahead of ours that, basically, it can do whatever it wants to.

Further destabilization of the structures of power and order would result from any advanced technology that UFOnauts chose to share with us. As an example, imagine how, after the government had admitted to the existence of the aliens, they might land and give us the secret of their noiseless, inertialess, antigravity propulsion system. Although enormous benefits would result for mankind in the long run, international economic chaos would be the immediate result. The transportation industry would be shattered, with the automotive, trucking, rail, and shipping industries being eliminated and aviation having to shift gears and then undergo explosive growth.

Similarly upset, if not eliminated, would be steel, oil and petrochemical, and energy production and the mining, construction, and defense industries.

If we advanced to an age in which the average American could take an afternoon shopping trip to Paris or Tokyo, many powerful interests would have a lot to lose. Therefore, it would not surprise me to learn that governments not only deny the existence of UFO's but also might even shoot them down. (I'm still suspicious of the alleged Soviet nuclear satellite that crashed in northern Canada last winter.) Nor would it surprise me to learn that military and intelligence agencies keep our elected public officials as much in the dark as they do the public.

Fear and secrecy in the governments of the world may be the very reason why foreign life forms avoid "official" contact with our society and focus instead on individual contact.—*R.P.B., Montclair, N.J.*

Thanks for the kind mention of the L-5 Society in the article "Science-Fiction Fever" (October 1978), by Tom Nolan. Two of the very best science-fiction writers, Isaac Asimov and Robert A. Heinlein, are on our board of directors.

If Robert Jastrow's arrogant opinions (in the October Interview) on space colonies and life extension are typical of NASA bureaucrats, it's no wonder that the organization is in such bad shape.—*Keith Henson, L-5 Society, Tucson, Ariz.*

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MOANS & GROANS

I have been buying *Penthouse* for five years now and have always been quite satisfied with the contents of the entire publication. However, I was very upset with the October 1978 "Forum" section.

Penthouse readers enjoy the "Forum" section for a variety of reasons. The main reason is that they want to read others' exciting sexual experiences and fantasize them into their own lives. However, there is nothing worse than getting into a great letter and letting your imagination run, only to discover that the subject is one male having sex with another. This has been happening in the "Forum" section with increasing frequency.

I cannot relate to that kind of sex, and, frankly, it turns me off. I'm sure that most of your readers will agree.

Penthouse has always been a heterosexual man's magazine. There are a number of other publications that cater to homosexual interests. Let's keep the two separate.—*J.M., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.*

As you say, readers enjoy the "Forum" letters for a variety of reasons. We receive many letters every month from homosexuals, who—as much as you—obviously enjoy reading "Forum." While Penthouse *in no sense "caters" to homosexual interests, neither does it censor our readers' opinions. It would be dishonest for us to ignore these people and pretend that they don't exist.*

I enjoyed very much Tom Nolan's article "Science-Fiction Fever" (October 1978) but must point out an embarrassing error. A boxed quote on page 64 credits me with being the first to conceive of the possibility of black holes in space. This idea could hardly have been original with me, because Martin Schwarzschild described black holes quite well thirty years before I was born. The basic idea goes back to the eighteenth century, to the French mathematician Pierre de Laplace.

I've already received one phone call about this statement—and expect more—as well as a stack of sarcastic letters from my science-fiction friends. Would you please let your readers know that *I* know how old the idea of black holes is, even if the person who writes those little boxes doesn't.—*Joe W. Haldeman, Ormond Beach, Fla.*

Mr. Haldeman's entire statement, as published in the Penthouse *article "Science-Fiction Fever," was as follows: "I made up the idea of using black holes as sort of a shortcut to interstellar travel, to satisfy a plot requirement. Then, a couple of years later, some astrophysicist at Yeshiva University came up with the startling news that that could actually happen!"* Penthouse *nonetheless regrets any misunderstanding or embarrassment.*

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

at the fireplace, which needed repair. When the two men arrived—one white and one black—I showed them into the parlor. They looked at the fireplace while I had another drink. I was dressed in a very sheer, pleated dress, which showed off all my curves and is rather tight around my breasts. My figure is 38-27-35, and I've always had a well-rounded but firm bottom. When I returned to the parlor, I noticed that the two men were finished with inspecting the fireplace and were inspecting *me*. The white man seemed to be the boss, and he told me that the fireplace needed only minor repairs. I offered the men a drink, and they accepted. After a few drinks the conversation became quite casual, even loose. Finally, the white man complimented me on my dress and hairdo and then said that I must have a beautiful body to go along with my dress. Feeling a little uncomfortable, I stammered a thank-you and quickly took a large gulp of my drink. I peered over my glass at the black man and noticed a very huge bulge in his trousers.

Then it began. The white man said that I should do as I was told and that I wouldn't get hurt and would probably even enjoy what would happen. I couldn't believe my ears. He told me to stand up and walk to the center of the room and take off my dress. I looked at both men and sensed right away that there was no way out. My body began to tremble as I stood up and walked toward the two men, whose eyes were glued to my flowing dress.

I reached behind my back and unzipped the dress, and as it fell forward, I pulled it down to expose my see-through, white bra. As I wiggled out of my dress, the men moaned at the sight of my matching undergarments: a lace garter belt with white bikini panties and sheer natural stockings. The white man then instructed me to remove my panties and begin to finger-fuck myself. I felt so embarrassed and disgusted, but after a few strokes across my clitoris, I began to respond in a way I'd never dreamed of.

My hips began to rotate, and I felt very excited doing this vulgar act in front of strangers. The white man asked if I liked to suck cock. I answered, "No, I've never done that before." Disbelieving me, he asked, "You suck your husband's cock, don't you?" I didn't respond. I just kept rubbing my cunt and tried to hold back my now heavy breathing. I finally told him that my husband doesn't like oral sex and that I'd never had sex with any other man except him. He then told me to get on my knees. As I did, the black man asked if I was ready. "Ready for what?" I asked. He stood up, grabbed his cock, and said, "*This*, baby." All I could focus on now was this huge bulge that was coming closer and closer until it was right in front of my face. My hand was still working my pussy, and I licked my lips unconsciously. He unzipped his trousers and pulled out the biggest and longest shaft of male flesh I'd ever seen—even in pictures. Grabbing it with his right hand, he stroked it and put it up to my mouth and then pulled it away. As I knelt there obediently, he rubbed his cock over my cheeks, nose, fluttering eyelids, and hair. When his cock came back to my mouth, I sucked it in, my cheeks caving in. I moaned as if in pain. Never having sucked a cock before, I was amazed at its velvet texture and the sensations I was receiving from the lurid act. As I sucked wantonly, he put his hands on his hips and pumped more and more of his cock into my mouth. My saliva dribbled down over my tits. Then I noticed the white man on my right, jacking his ten-inch rod just inches from my occupied mouth. The black man started to pump furiously, saying, "Suck it faster, you cock-sucking bitch!" "Yes, keep sucking that big, black, dick. All you white bitches love to suck those fat cocks," the white man said, as his hot semen shot across my face. I had an orgasm as his come splattered against my face, ear, and hair. At the sight of the white man coming, the black stud shot off in my mouth. Not being experienced in this kind of sexual pleasure, I began to choke on the hot jism. But I was uncontrollably excited. I sucked his dick until it flopped out deflated. Both men then took their cock heads and smeared their juices all over my face and neck.

After a brief rest and another drink, I took both men on in the bed and sucked each one off again before they left. The following weekend my husband went on a business trip, and I invited my fireplace masons over to fix my place of fire again.—*E.M., Bakersfield, Calif.*

Three to get randy

I have enjoyed your magazine for many years, but little did I expect to be writing to you, as my sex life has been very normal for a person who's been married a number of years to a swell woman, Lorraine. My children are all in their early twenties, and their friends have been our friends as well. To get to the point, there has been one particular girl who has been quite close to Lorraine and me. We've watched her grow into a lovely woman, marry, and have two children. Neither Lorraine nor I were fond of her husband, and we weren't surprised when they recently divorced.

Two weeks ago, after attending a party celebrating my youngest daughter's birthday, nearly everyone got a little drunk, except me and the above-mentioned young lady, Roseanne.

Driving home that night, Lorraine wanted to lie in the backseat; so Roseanne sat in front with me. When we were about halfway to her house, she put her hand on my crotch, unzipped my pants, and put her small hand on my growing hard-on. I made no move, as Lorraine was falling asleep. But as soon as she was completely asleep, I put my right hand between Roseanne's legs and found that she was wearing nothing underneath. When my finger touched

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her clit, she let out a great moan and I nearly fainted, as I was sure Lorraine had heard the sound. When we got to Roseanne's house, I zipped up, awakened my wife, and escorted both women to the door. My wife was still groggy, and the two women went into the kitchen to make some coffee.

After waiting for about ten minutes in the living room, I went into the kitchen and found Roseanne and my wife in an embrace, their hands deeply buried in each other's love nests. They both looked at me, and when they saw I was not mad, they decided to put on a great show for me.

I'd never seen my wife with anyone else, much less a woman, before, and I was incredibly turned on. Despite her younger years, Roseanne showed my wife everything there was to know about Sapphic love, and when I was finally allowed to join in, it didn't take long for me to ejaculate the biggest wad of my life. When Lorraine and I finally got home at 4:30 in the morning, Lorraine—who has a beautiful, firm body for a forty-year-old woman—gave me one of the most memorable nights ever.

The next morning, by our private pool, Lorraine told me that she'd fantasized about making love with a woman for some time, and that she had seen Roseanne and me through the car's rearview mirror when we were petting. The sight had made her all. the hotter, and the liquor had given her the courage to see how far Roseanne would go with both of us.

Before we were through talking, Roseanne—who had stopped by to surprise us and was dressed in a very skimpy thong-type bikini—tiptoed out and stood above Lorraine, who was face down on a chaise lounge, sunning her back. Roseanne knelt and spread her legs far apart. Lorraine finally looked up, saw that it was Roseanne, and put her hands around her firm buns. Needless to say, my wife then devoured her—sliding the tiny bikini bottom to one side and licking and sucking on Roseanne's downy vulva and swollen clit.

After dinner that night, Roseanne invited us to see what she had brought along in her overnight bag. First, she showed us a beautiful diaphanous gown and then a large battery-operated vibrator, which Lorraine had never used before. She told us that she had an even bigger surprise that we'd see later in the evening. I bathed both of my lovelies, powdered them well, put on some music, fixed them drinks, and waited for the next show to begin.

Roseanne spread Lorraine out on our bed and then inserted the vibrator in my wife's damp cunt. She brought her to climax after climax, pressing the vibrator against her clit repeatedly. Then Roseanne and I fucked our brains out right in front of Lorraine. When I was through, Roseanne got up and came back a few minutes later, wearing the gown she had shown us earlier, but she didn't look quite right. It took me a few moments to figure out that there was something underneath the gown. Lorraine was lying on the floor, and Roseanne stood

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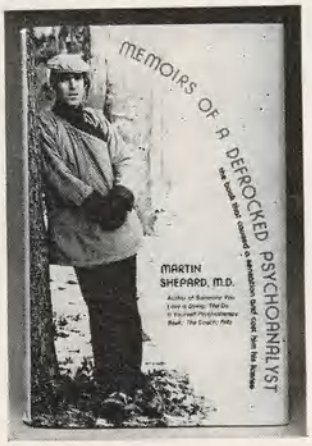

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near her, slowly raising her gown to reveal the twelve-inch dildo that she had strapped onto herself. Then Lorraine spread herself even more and asked for it all.

What a sight! Within seconds Lorraine, with the dildo buried inside her cunt, was literally being fucked by Roseanne and was also managing to give me the best blowjob ever.

As a result of this encounter, Lorraine and I have a better outlook on life. I'll never believe the saying "You can't teach an old dog new tricks," because this is one happy guy who is learning fast. Next month we're taking Roseanne—*and* another girl—to Hawaii with us for a vacation.—*Name and address withheld*

Mixed doubles

I recently had an experience that will arouse many a "Forum" reader. That is what this story is about: arousal.

I'm a college freshman at an Illinois college, and I've had my share of sexual encounters. I have also been getting *Penthouse* since I was a freshman in high school, and I especially enjoy "Forum," because it has taught me many new aspects of my sexuality.

Here is the story. When I moved to college, I also packed my collection of *Penthouse* magazines (about forty in all) and put them beside my bed in a double cabinet. My roommate and I knew that they were there and read them frequently. We thought that the cabinets were a safe place to put them, for no one would snoop there anyway.

One day my roommate and I had a tennis match with two lovely young ladies whom we had met the day before at the tennis courts. One was a well-tanned blonde with long, flowing hair down to her shoulders. Her 37-24-35 frame made us sweat with lust for her long, luscious legs, firm ass, and well-rounded tits. Her partner, a brunette, was equal in her own court getup.

It was an extremely warm day, and when the match was over, I asked the girls if they wanted a cold beer in my dorm room. They accepted, but my roommate told us that he had an engagement and would catch us later.

The girls and I went up to my dorm room, and I gave them a couple of beers from our fridge. I told them that I was going to take a shower first and that they should make themselves at home.

I then went to take the shower, for I was sweaty and hot, in more ways than one. I took a lengthy shower, jacking off at the thought of those chicks in my room. Dressed, I finally got back to the room about thirty minutes later.

When I opened the door, I almost had an instant erection. The girls had moved the beds together and were totally naked, revealing the best pair of pussies I've ever seen at the same time. They were kissing and feeling each other in every hot and soft spot imaginable.

I noticed that they had found my *Penthouse* collection and had two of the magazines open to "Forum" and another to the pictorial of the "Living Dolls" in the April 1978 issue.

The girls suddenly turned their attention to me and simultaneously jumped up, grabbed me, and tore my fresh clothes off. They threw me on the bed and were soon crawling all over me and getting me aroused. The blonde sucked me as if she were on fire and needed some come to put the blaze out. The brunette had now straddled my face and literally sat on it. Who was to complain? I began licking, probing, and sucking away at her moist pussy and swollen clit. The blonde was in a position that allowed me to finger her as well. The sound of our orgasms must have reached the end of the galaxy.

About that time my roommate walked in. Instantly, the blonde grabbed him and sat on him while I fucked the brunette in the ass as she bent over to suck John off. We continued switching partners and positions until we fell asleep in bliss.

The girls continue to "come" over regularly, and we are trying everything possible that four people who enjoy sex can. We plan on trying some new sex games and will write you if they are successful. Thank you for "Forum" and your pictorials.—*Name and address withheld*

Midnight rambler

An incident happened to me a few months ago, and I think that it might be of some interest to your "Forum" readers. My older sister, Susan, was going off to college in two days. So she was having a slumber party, for which she invited ten of her girl friends over. Susan had Bobby (my buddy) and me go get some pot from Jenny (Bobby's girl friend). Since nobody was home, he stayed at her house and I returned home.

I knew most of Susan's friends except for Nancy. When I saw her, my dick nearly popped out of my pants. I wanted her pussy desperately, but I thought that such thoughts were useless, because I was eighteen and she was nineteen, with sexiness oozing out of her very pores. I could have sworn that she kept staring at me, but I thought that it was my imagination. I wasn't about to give up on her now that I had come this far.

Then the girls went up to my sister's room to sleep. Nancy, the last to go up, turned and said good night in a sexy voice. I wanted to thrust my hand up her blouse right there! Up in Susan's room, they were telling stories, smoking joints, and drinking. From the sounds of it, I assumed they were getting totally wasted. I was reading some copies of *Penthouse*, listening to some good old rock 'n' roll, and getting horny as hell. I wanted Nancy badly—more every minute.

I couldn't stand it any longer! It was past 2:30, and so I checked to see if the girls were asleep. I knelt by the doorway, and from what I could see, they were asleep. I knelt there, staring at those gorgeous snatches, and thought of how many licks I

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could get.

Finally, I crept into the room and accidently kicked one of the girls in the head. In a falsetto voice, I said, "Sorry," and she went back to what looked like an exciting dream. Then I found Nancy. She was lying naked in her sleeping bag with her beautiful tits showing at the top! I was wearing only a pair of tight jeans, and my cock was straining to get out. When she moved, I nearly swallowed my tongue. She said in a whisper, "Who is it?" and I slowly whispered, "It's Mike." She pulled the sleeping bag up over her chest. I knelt over her and planted a long smack on her lips. She was trying to talk while I was kissing her, and I thought that she was going to scream. I finally let go of her and started madly Frenching her.

Then I pulled her up and said, "Let's go to my room." As she stood there, I could see the outline of her figure in the dark and my cock was throbbing. I ran limping to my room, because I was afraid that if I lifted my leg my dick would snap. We jumped on the bed, and she quickly pulled down my jeans and jammed my prick into her warm, wet mouth. I came within a minute. I let out a loud moan and then suddenly remembered that there were other people down the hall. So, as quietly as possible, I worked my way down to Nancy's cunt and sucked her clit like a baby.

Nancy started moaning loudly with ecstasy, but I didn't care. She told me that she was about to come, and she shoved my face into her bush and shot into my mouth with magnum force. Then she yelled, "Fuck me, fuck me, please!" I thought that she would wake up the whole neighborhood for sure, but I didn't care. I slowly moved my prick inside her, and we were both moaning loudly. She was grinding her hips into me, making me go crazy. We then had bursting climaxes. I nearly passed out. I was still holding her so tightly that she could barely breathe. We fucked and sucked until 5:30 that morning. And I'm happy to say we still have sex whenever we can.—*Name and address withheld*

Corporal pleasure

When I came to this country, my English vocabulary was very limited. I knew nobody. I was completely on my own.

A childless family rented me a room. They had a spacious, modestly equipped, nice house in a good neighborhood. The husband, Frank, had a war injury; he received a pension. He died unexpectedly after I had been living in their house for about three months. His wife, Beatrice, was a very trim, neat-looking woman who dressed very modestly and tastefully. She seemed very religious. Throughout the first four months, I never saw her in a dressing gown or any other informal clothing. She never wore any low-cut blouses or tight-fitting garments. Both Beatrice and Frank helped me a lot with English, and they explained most American customs to me. I was and am truly grateful for all this kind help. Sex in any way or form was never

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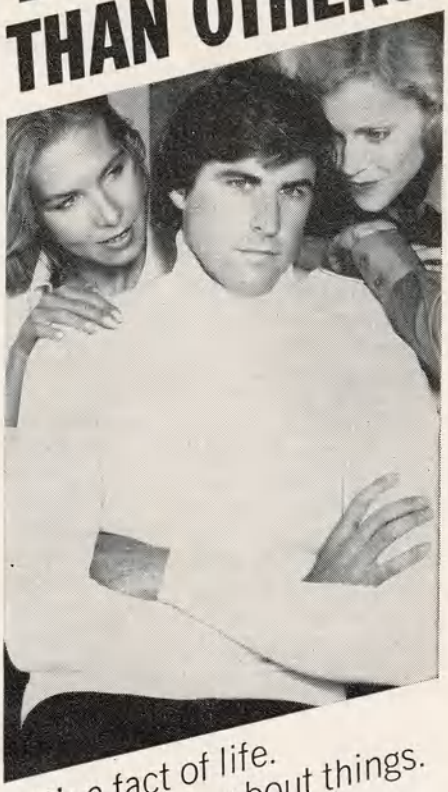

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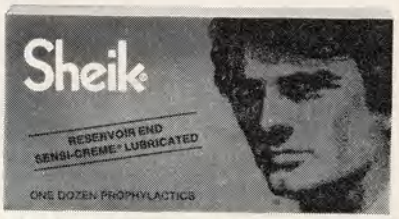

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mentioned by either Frank or Beatrice.

About eight weeks after Frank's death, Beatrice and I were sitting one Saturday morning in the kitchen to eat breakfast. She was, as usual, completely dressed and groomed. She choked on some food. I patted her, first gently and then a little stronger, on her back, trying to relieve her from her predicament. She became very red in the face and started to breathe heavily. I was afraid she might have a heart attack. Quickly, I lifted her in my arms and carried her to her bedroom and placed her on her bed. Carefully, I opened the buttons of her blouse, trying to make her more comfortable. Her brassiere looked rather tight—the edges seemed to cut into the flesh—and I gently took it off. Suddenly, she grabbed my head and began to kiss me wildly. Her tongue pried between my teeth, steadily exploring, pushing and withdrawing. Her breasts were firm, milky white. They stood erect and were rather big. While I carefully and gently massaged the beautiful breasts, first with my hands and later with my tongue, I got a strong erection. Our hands explored each other's body. Faster and more furious became our movements. Within minutes we were completely undressed. Her clitoris was wet. When I touched it, she began to moan and groan. Over and over she whispered, "Give it to me!" and I was pushing my penis very fast and hard into her. We quickly reached a climax. We repeated the same performance a few times more in the next few hours.

During the following weeks we enjoyed each other very often in the same way. On almost any occasion we kissed each other and let our hands and fingers do the exploring. Once or twice I asked her for a blowjob. Beatrice always avoided the subject or started kissing me all over my face. Her hands were always wandering, prying and tickling in every body cavity. She liked to have my erect penis between her marvelous breasts or to squeeze it and rub it until I was twisting and squirming. Still, she desired always that we assume the "normal" position for the mutual culmination of our joy. I would have liked to experiment more but was happy with the status quo.

As the weeks became months, Beatrice's friends remarked on how youthful and vigorous she looked. Slowly, she began asking questions about various sexual positions and customs among other people.

She knew that for the two years preceding my immigration to this great country I had been employed by a French family as a private tutor for two teenage girls. Naturally, Beatrice assumed I had had lots and lots of experience with women.

My French employers had been very wealthy, but they were convinced that living frugally was important and maintained strict discipline among their children and the house staff. The lady of the house ordered me at least twice a week to spank the bare posteriors of one or both of the girls. The mother was at all times present when I had to do the spanking. Especially in the beginning of my employment, she admonished me several times to spank much harder and longer. The girls nearly always had welts on their buns. I did not like any of it. The act of spanking the girls left me always in a highly excited state and with a big erection but usually without any release. My sexual experiences were limited to various country wenches who had never heard of *The Kama Sutra* or *The Perfumed Garden*.

Beatrice asked me to procure the above-mentioned books. After a lengthy and thorough study of the contents, she was more willing to experiment. I realized more and more that she was not completely happy. Blowjobs, or even taking the penis in her mouth, were still taboo. Beatrice inquired over and over again about details when I told her about spanking one or both girls.

On a Saturday afternoon, after a very lengthy, exciting, and satisfactory session, we both enjoyed a few hours' refreshing sleep. When we awoke, we somehow began to quarrel. I suddenly found myself holding Beatrice over my knees, spanking her lovely white buttocks with slow, deliberate blows to a deep, burgundy color. She squirmed, wiggled, and cried after each well-placed slap. Tears were rolling from her eyes. The redness increased with every well-placed stroke. What was a lovely pink became almost red. When Beatrice tried to cover her bottom with her hands, I told her firmly that she would receive double the intended twenty strokes if she did not remove her hands.

But I released my grip on her. She did not move away but remained in the same position, wiggling and squirming. She left her hands on her now hot-looking buns. Realizing that she indeed enjoyed it, I grabbed an old-fashioned hairbrush (which she knowingly must have placed there earlier in the day) from her dresser. Now the fun really began. I do not know how many strokes she got. She finally begged for mercy and forgiveness. These two lovely-shaped hills of flesh were in most places red and covered with welts. Beatrice suddenly turned around, grabbed my penis, and practically swallowed it. I could not hold back, and my juice flowed deep in her throat. We continued on the floor with the sixty-nine position—and all the others that were so far untried.

During the next three years, we repeated the spanking ritual many times, mainly on her request. Sometimes Beatrice replaced the hairbrush with a vicious, thin leather whip. In time I began to like spanking her as part of the whole exercise.

Professionally, I advanced, and we had to part. Beatrice was eighteen years older than I. She wanted to get married again. I miss her terribly and wish I could find another partner like her. Still, life has to go on.—*L.T., Cranford, N.J.*

Three-way split

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couple, with few outside friends. When John and Kay moved in next door, our lives immediately changed. We were soon involved with them and their friends. A couple of times we played strip poker and the like, but nothing really unusual.

Then, one night, John came over alone, and the three of us started drinking. By now I knew Donna was attracted to him, and I was excited by the fact.

After a couple of hours we were pretty well zonked. I said something about some little stones that Donna had received as a gift. They were the little glue-on, decorative type, and I had gotten her to paste one on each tit when we were alone. John immediately responded that he would like to see that. After a little coaxing, she was persuaded to model them.

She came back wearing a blouse and again had to be coaxed into unbuttoning it. I was behind our bar, and Donna and John were on stools in front. He finally got her to hold open her blouse, baring her gorgeous upper body to him. He then bet he could get the small stones off her nipples without using his hands. He was soon sucking and licking her tits. In a short time he had her blouse off, and she was returning his kisses. He then looked to me for a word of encouragement and received it. Over her protests, we picked her up by her shoulders and ankles and carried her to the bedroom.

Once she was on the bed, I quieted her murmurs of protest with my lips, and John went to work on her slacks and panties. It was only a matter of moments before she was nude, with her legs spread and John eating her hot, wet box. There was no more protest, and I took off my clothes and pushed my cock into her willing mouth. This was always one thing she didn't want to do, but this time she sucked my pecker as if she hadn't eaten all day.

She was ready and begging to be fucked in just a fraction of her "normal" time. I screwed her with more passion than I had since our wedding night. As soon as I slid off, John took my place and plowed into her wet, dripping furrow. When we were both exhausted, I received the surprise of my life when she offered us each a quarter to screw her again. Needless to say, we earned our quarters!

We never repeated the night, but I have relived it so many times in my dreams and masturbating fantasies.

This is the only time I have ever told anyone about this.—*Name and address withheld*

Brief encounter

I live in Boston, and we have quite a good bus and subway system, which frequently affords me some extremely erotic experiences.

On one occasion, the bus was nearly empty, and I was sitting near the back, where there are two sets of three seats that face one another. I had been reading throughout the ride when I happened to look up and notice, across from me, a lovely

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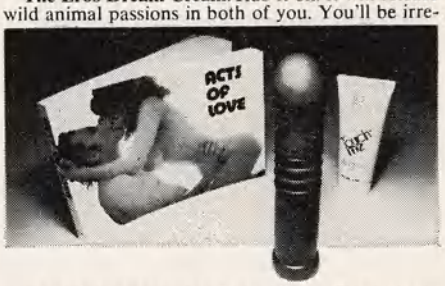

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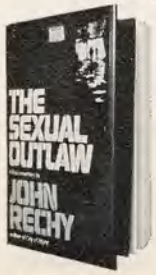

A documentary by John Rechy set in the Los Angeles gay "battlefield" Send check or money order for $8.95 plus $1.00 for p & h to Penthouse Book Society, 909 Third Ave., NYC, NY 10022. NY residents add sales tax.

young lady, who seemed to be lost in thoughts of her own. Since there was no one sitting in a position to see us, I decided to go to work.

Putting down my book, I began staring at this blonde-haired dream and fantasized all the things I would like to do to her. She was wearing a rather short skirt and T-shirt, which offered the outline of two small but perfectly shaped breasts. Her nipples were protruding ever so slightly. As I recorded these things, my cock began to stir and slowly rise.

As I began concentrating on her legs, which were pressed tightly together, my hard-on reached mammoth proportions and became very obvious to anyone who cared to notice. Unfortunately, it was going unobserved by this young lady; so I decided to be somewhat more demonstrative. With one hand I began grabbing my cock through my pants, and with the other I reached inside to play with myself, all the time staring her in the face. My movements were soon so active that she happened to look over. (Since I have done this same thing several times, I expected one of the two usual reactions—either horror and disgust or absolutely no reaction whatsoever.)

On this occasion, however, the girl's eyes widened with surprise and then pleasure. Looking from my eyes to my bulge, she slowly put aside her book and ever so slightly parted her legs. With a playful look she looked at me and said, only loud enough for me to hear, "What are you doing?" At this reaction, I was close to coming, but I knew I wanted to hold back when I watched what she began to do. She slipped out of the sandals she was wearing and slowly put her feet up on the seat.

What this revealed to me was a slim, perfectly shaped pair of legs and a crotch barely covered by thin, yellow panties. Her blonde hair was peeping out from her pants. As I unzipped myself and withdrew my aching tool, she began to stroke herself with one hand, and with the other she touched her nipples, which now seemed twice as large as before. I heard her beginning to breathe heavily despite the sounds of the bus, and her fingers soon pulled on her pants so that they rode up into the crack of her ass and between her pussy lips. As I watched the wetness soaking her panties and thighs, I again had to stop myself from coming. It was useless, however, for she pushed aside her underwear and slowly pressed two fingers into her snatch. All the while, her eyes were on my own crotch, an incredibly sexy look on her face.

Finally, she did something I would not have thought possible: lifting up her bottom, she began rubbing her clitoris with her thumb and inserted her index finger in her cunt while her middle finger worked its way into her ass hole. As she did this, moving violently up and down, I spurted what seemed to be the largest load of come I had ever brought forth. At the same time, she came with a wonderful, suppressed gasp. After what seemed a very long time, she looked at me with a foxy little twinkle and began to rearrange herself. And she did this in a way that seemed more exciting than what had just happened, if that's possible.

There were no words spoken. In a few minutes I reached my stop. Though I now sometimes regret my indifference, I never learned her name or anything about her. In a way it seems as if spoken words would have diminished the perfection of those moments.—*J.A., Boston, Mass.*

Gay convert

Ever since I can remember, I despised everything about homosexuality and gay people. I never thought that I'd be writing to you about my recent sexual encounters with a gay traveling salesman, but this lark is too delightful to keep to myself.

I am married, with three children, and have always enjoyed sex with a lot of women, on the road and at home. I'm only five feet six inches, but I've always considered myself manly and aggressive. Many of the women I've fucked are bigger than I am, and some have literally picked me up and held me like a small child when we made love, which was very erotic to me.

The other night, after checking into my motel, I headed to the pool for a quick dip. I noticed a big, burly man sitting at a poolside table, reading a paper. For some strange reason I kept staring at him and he at me. After several minutes he slipped into the water and began swimming toward me. He suddenly dove under, and in seconds I felt his hands grab me. Then he hurled me high over his head and threw me a few feet across the pool. I came down with a great splash and chuckled to myself. He laughed and swam over to me, put his left hand on my thigh underwater, and said, "I'm sorry—I don't know what made me do that." I grinned and told him I actually enjoyed it. After a while we got out and walked to his table. I admired his build. He was six foot four and weighed about 230. He was my age, in his mid-thirties, and had a hell of a body. He, too, was a salesman for a large firm and was looking for some fun. I'd always gotten pussy on the road, but this time the women were scarce.

It was really strange of me to stare at him while he talked. I kept glancing at his huge, hairy chest, tanned arms, and large hands. Then a weird sensation came over me. I wondered what it would be like to make love to a huge guy like this.

Moments later, after small talk, he asked me up to his room. Normally, I would have been suspicious, but I ended up saying that I'd love to.

Within seconds I was standing in his room, my heartbeat quickening. I guess I knew what was about to happen, but I felt powerless to do anything about it. He dropped his swim trunks to the floor and looked at me with a sweet smile. His organ was huge, and I felt a thousand needles of excitement piercing my skin. I became very excited. He walked over to me and placed a large hand on my chest. "I'm gay,"

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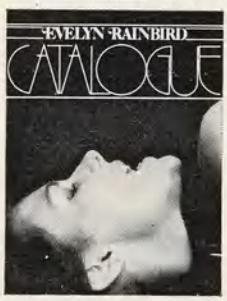

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he said in a quiet tone, "and I'd like to make love to you." Again, disbelieving what I was doing, I found myself nodding my head and saying yes.

He gently loosened the togs of my swimsuit and pulled them down and then smiled, gazing at my body. "You're a little guy, but you'll do nicely," he told me. Then I said, still in a daze, "Pick me up, John, and hold me over your head." He obeyed, and then he did what I'll never forget as long as I live: gently, he began to lower me down to his mouth. He took my already throbbing cock and proceeded to give me a blowjob that would make a lot of my girl friends blush. There I was, held like a small boy over his head, suspended in midair while he sucked me off. I wiggled and squirmed with ecstasy. "That's okay, little man, that's okay," he kept saying. I wasn't frightened at the idea of being dropped, because he had such a powerful grip on me, and I felt secure in his strength.

He held me high over his head for what seemed like hours, and I thrilled at his strength. We were both enjoying each other and I never wanted him to put me down. After I came in his mouth, he carefully put me down and kissed my forehead. All throughout this orgasm, not five words were spoken. I wanted so much to suck his terrific cock—and I soon got my chance.

He carried me over to the bed and lay me down. He then knelt at the bedside and began another blowjob. So carefully he sucked, as he ran his big hands up and down my chest, legs and arms. "Oh, John ... oh John," I moaned in delight, "fuck me—oh God, fuck me!"

With that he climbed over on top of me, missionary position, and thrust his huge cock up my ass. He pumped with such force that I thought he would kill me, and he came with such force that it felt as if a water hose had been turned on inside me. What a powerful man he was! I was completely awed by his tremendous size and incredible strength.

Afterward he got up, turned on the shower, and bathed. I lay on the bed, exhausted, with come running out of my ass hole. When he got back to bed, I gleefully jumped on top of his large, warm body, all inhibitions aside. I French-kissed him for all I was worth. I felt like a schoolgirl on my first date. In fact, all night I assumed the female role, making John the aggressor. And he was. I returned the favor of a blowjob shortly after that, drowning myself in his thick, creamy come. Finally, I fell asleep.

The next morning we fucked again until 10:00 A.M. Then I went to my room, showered, and checked out, my heart pounding with joy. Now I know what it's like to be a girl, captivated by an aggressive man.—*Name and address withheld*

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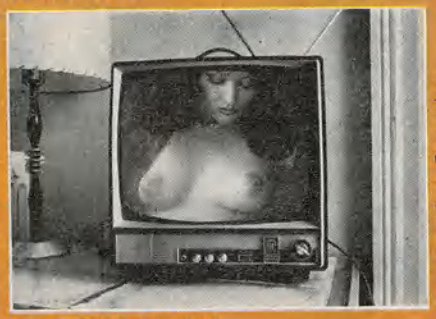

Slick Lawson

Enrico Natali Photo Researchers

LUST AMONG THE RERUNS

New Populism—The success of Proposition 13 was merely the latest indication that there is a growing revolution in this country, a thoroughly bloodless and legal one. Called the new populism (alias pure democracy), it is a process in which voters vote directly on *issues*, not on the politicians who may or may not do their bidding. The new populism doesn't seek to use the power of government but to replace it. Pure fantasy? According to author Karl Hess, twenty-two states and the District of Columbia already permit direct legislation by voters. It's the ultimate American dream, and it may soon come true.

Billy Carter—He's a one-man sideshow who has used his brother's name to hustle up more than $200,000 a year—roughly what Jimmy Carter earns for running the country. Billy loves his brother, of course, but he's also fond of Nixon, Wallace, cursing, drinking, and fighting. Joseph Treaster interviewed the president's "baby brother" for *Penthouse* and found that the nation's number-one red-neck is a pretty shrewd operator—who, like his smiling older brother—is more complex than he seems.

Lust among the Reruns—Nick Tosches tells us that television is an integral part of sex, whether we're doing it because of—or despite—the images on the screen. Here he surveys some old and new television shows and rates their lascivious content—an outrageous *TV misGuided*. Some people may channel their sex drive, but Tosches finds sex on every channel: the teacher's thighs in "Ding-Dong School," the ding-dong's breasts in "Charlie's Angels," the icy appeal of "The Addams Family's" Morticia, the potentially mortal sinfulness of the nubile "Flying Nun" . . . No wonder they call it the boob tube!

The Killer Shah—The shah of Iran's absolute control over 35 million Iranians has been praised by President Carter as a "stabilizing influence." Yet hundreds of thousands of political dissidents have been jailed, tortured, and sometimes even executed simply for disagreeing with him. In the February *Penthouse* author Robert Sherrill reports that Shah Mohammad-Reza Pahlavi is a creation of the ubiquitous CIA and that his empire was rebuilt at the bidding of the major oil companies. Sherrill explains how this situation came to be and predicts that together the shah and President Carter will take us to war in the Middle East.

The Dreamer—"Lose your dream," said Aldous Huxley, "and you will lose your mind." This is the theme explored in "The Dreamer," an exotically lyrical science-fiction tale by William Hjortsberg, who is the author of the highly acclaimed novels *Alp*, *Gray Matters*, and *Falling Angel*. The tale's hero, 105-year-old writer Par Sondak (in perfect health), entertains his fans, not with written words, but with his dreams. A writer's imaginings, however, can turn into a nightmare when he *becomes* the character he dreams about.

HOLOCAUST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

association, Foster Kennedy advocated legislation that would permit the killing of incurably retarded five-year-old children, "the utterly unfit," to relieve them of "the agony of living" and to save their parents from expense and mental anguish. "So the place for euthanasia, I believe, is for the completely hopeless defective: nature's mistake, something we hustle out of sight, which should never have been seen at all."

In rebuttal, Leo Kanner, a well-known child psychiatrist, came out against euthanasia but in favor of sterilization. Then, in an unsigned commentary entitled "Euthanasia," the two articles are compared. The editors of the *Journal of the American Psychiatric Association* do not raise the ethical issue of "murder." The word *kill* is not used. Instead we hear about "disposal by euthanasia," "merciful passage from life," "a method of disposal," and even facetiously, "a lethal *finis* to the painful chapter." But the editors were aware that, with or without euphemisms, the American public might respond with outrage and many parents with "guilt." So the editors of this august psychiatric journal suggested both a public educational campaign to overcome resistance to medical murder and psychiatric interventions to relieve parental guilt.

Ernst Rudin was very sensitive to the opinions of his international colleagues in psychiatry. In 1940 he could boast, "Not only at home but abroad as well, voices are heard which congratulate the German Reich" on its sterilization policies. It must have warmed his heart, two years later, to hear voices raised in support of medical murder within no less a body than the American Psychiatric Association.

Psychiatry bears a large share of the responsibility for the programs of mass sterilization and mass murder within Nazi Germany. Both English and American psychiatry must acknowledge their roles in establishing the attitudes that led to these slaughters and in encouraging the first stages of Hitler's implementation of eugenic psychiatry on a grand scale. Within Germany itself psychiatrists provided the first ideological justification for systematic, organized murder and then set the example by murdering from 200,000 to 300,000 mental patients. Psychiatry developed the technology for mass murder in extermination camps with gas chambers and crematoriums, and psychiatry went on to teach the SS killers how to carry out their tasks. Moreover, psychiatrists selected the first groups of Jews for the slaughter by using official "euthanasia" forms and killed them in psychiatric extermination centers.

Meanwhile, English and American psychiatrists either ignored what was going on or, in extreme instances, explicity supported medical murder. Without psychiatry the mass murders in Nazi Germany might never have taken place.

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